

AINSLEE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS



STORIES BY EDGAR SALTUS — MARGARETTA TUTTLE —
O. HENRY — H. A. BRUCE — C. A. PHELPS — A. AND — STLE — ETC.

The Line Between
the real and the artificial
is clearly drawn by



HAND SAPOLIO

Every touch of artifice postpones the day of genuine skin health and beauty. Every use of HAND SAPOLIO adds to health and charm because it cleans and revives from head to foot with an exhilaration that brings out the glow of nature, leaving the skin normal, fresh and beautiful.

FOR TOILET AND BATH.

Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.

Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only
Victor Needles on Victor Records.



Victor-Victrola X, \$75



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100



Victor-Victrola
Other styles \$200

XIV, \$150
and \$250

Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT

for March Ainslee's

The March number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE will be one of the best numbers that has ever been published. We could, in all sincerity, make that statement a good deal stronger, but we are willing to let it go at that and leave our readers to judge for themselves. Here are some facts about it, however, to show you what you may expect.

First of all, there will be the usual complete novel and the third installment of the serial by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Then there is a collection of *thirteen short stories*, a goodly cluster for those who have a weakness for short fiction; and we know, from long experience, that most of the people who read AINSLEE'S have an insatiable appetite for short stories.

MARGARETTA TUTTLE,

who has so promptly and so solidly established herself in your good graces, will come to you again with a further account of Mrs. Carson, the Reverend Wrexford Thorne, and his brother the doctor. A great many of you have told us what you thought of the first of this series, "*The Shadow of the Waste Places*," in the January number, and the hymn of praise that you have raised has been without a single discordant note. "*The Road to Jericho*" will be better yet.

Another story that you will eagerly look forward to will be one by

O. HENRY.

Not a new one, mind you, but a reprint of an old one, one of his very earliest. The response to our announcement of "*Money Maze*," in the February number, was so enthusiastic that we are going to give you another, "*The Flag Paramount*."

There will be another Western story by

ELLIOTT FLOWER,

a continuation of the adventures of Applegate, the attractive Englishman, who is getting his first experience of the free spirit of the West, and who makes friends wherever he goes because he is always trying to understand and adapt himself to his new surroundings and acquaintances.

A story that you ought by all means to read is "*The Preaching of Knud Erickson*," by Cornelia A. P. Comer. We have put it in this collection because it is a type of story that gives character to the whole table of contents, bringing out, by contrast, all the

good points of the rest. It is, perhaps, a bit somber, but it is intensely human, and so, in our opinion, it has its place in AINSLEE'S.

KATE JORDAN

is an old favorite of yours. She has been ever since we gave you that striking story, "*Time, the Comedian*," which most of you remember and often refer to in your letters to us. A short story by her, "*The Voice in the Silence*," with a touch of the detective flavor, will be one of the best of the lot.

FRANK CONDON

is a new name to you, and its owner is an author whose stories we want to commend to your good taste with special emphasis. He will make his debut in AINSLEE'S with "*Cesar's Wife's Husband*." It is a simple little domestic tale, but it is told with a charm and with so much of the story-teller's real gift that we are sure you will give him a warm welcome.

The other seven short stories are the very best of their type, any one of which might very well justify you in calling it the finest short story of the month. The authors are Jane W. Guthrie, Mayne Lindsay, Dorothea Deakin, J. W. Marshall, Owen Oliver, Carrington Phelps, and Alice Garland Steele.

The complete novel will introduce to you another new name, and the medium of the introduction of

CONSTANCE SKINNER

will be such as to gladden your hearts, for "*A Man and His Mate*" is one of those stories which you sit down to read and suddenly find that you have finished. It keeps your undivided attention because of your interest in the plot and characters, and because it is told so simply and directly that you are never conscious of an effort to understand anything that isn't clear.

Those of you who have been following the series of articles on "*Adventurings in the Physical*," by

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE,

will see, in reading the next article, "*The Law of Dissociation*," that all he has hitherto said has a very real and a very practical interest for every human being. If, by chance, any of you have not read those hitherto published, beginning in the September number, you ought, for your own sakes, to go over every one.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

If you will study advertising by mail with the school you can positively increase your earning power. Ad writers receive from \$95 to \$100 a week. Send for our beautiful prospectus: it tells you how Free

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL, 210 Page Bldg., Chicago or 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING
 At high salaries and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner better engraving than he can gain in years of rigid apprenticeship. We will also improve the skill of any engraver. Send for our catalog.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars.

School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 10, Page Building, Chicago

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR. Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog.

School of Illustration, 10 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the *World's First Prize* for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me, I will send you *Free* one of my *Favorite pens* and a copy of the *Penmanship Journal*. C. W. KANIGER, 107 Bellvue Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE AN ACTRESS OR ORATOR
 Earn \$25 to \$200 Weekly

Our course in *Elocution and Dramatic Art* is complete, thorough and comprehensive. It enables you in a short time to qualify for a good paying position on the stage or speaker's platform. Learn by correspondence the most fascinating and best paying profession in the world. Illustrated Book on Dramatic Art, free.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 144 Grand Opera House, Chicago

WHY NOT BE A NURSE

If you wish to become an up-to-date nurse and earn \$12 to \$30 a week, we offer you advantages not given by any other school; the *oldest* school; *lowest* cost; *home study*; *five* courses from which to choose; *you start* any time; *experienced* instructors; *diploma* recognized by *best* doctors.

NO MORE STUDENTS ENROLLED THAN CAN BE PROPERLY TRAINED. Beginners, practical nurses and hospital graduates accepted. You are entitled to the best. Write today for booklet telling all about nursing, *sent free*. **Chicago School of Nursing**, 1200-46 Van Buren St., Chicago

COPY THIS SKETCH
 and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$120.00 or more per week, as Illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. I fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazine qualities men work you.

Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of outstanding possibilities for Vill. The **LANDON SCHOOL** of Illustrating and Cartooning, 1444 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Make More Money

than you ever dreamed possible decorating china, burnt-wood, metal, pillow-tops, etc., in colors from photographs. Men successful as women. Learned at once, no talent required. Take as like will fire everywhere. Send stamp quick for particulars.

C. R. Vallance Co., Elkhart, Indiana

STUDY High-Grade LAW Instruction by Correspondence

Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post Graduate and Business Law. Ninth year. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog and rules for admission to the bar of the several states.

Correspondence School of Law, 580 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

CAN YOU DRAW?



We will turn your talent into money. Our Graduates are filling **HIGH SALARIED POSITIONS.**

We will open to you one of the most profitable and delightful fields of human endeavor—**THE BROAD FIELD OF ART** where the demand always exceeds the supply.

Earn \$25 to \$100 per Week

in easy, fascinating work. Splendid Opportunities await our students, because our twelve years of successful teaching enable us to offer **Many Special Advantages** which fit them for large pecuniary profit.

Individual Home Instruction

by Expert Faculty. Superior Equipment.

Financial Returns Guaranteed

Complete Courses in Commercial, Fashion, Magazine, Book, Advertisement Illustrating; Newspaper, Cartoning, Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Architectural Perspective, Photo Retouching, Normal, Color, General Drawing, etc.

ARTISTS' FREE OUTFIT

of Fine Instruments and Supplies to each Student. Write Today for particulars and Handsome Art Book free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART Founded 1899

D36 Fine Arts Building
Battle Creek, Michigan

Our Own Fire-proof Building.



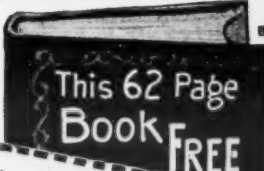
\$3,000 to \$10,000 Per Year For You

I can make you prosperous. If you want to earn more money—if you want to establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—send me your name and address on coupon below, for a postal will do) and I will mail you, free, our Big 62-Page Book, fully explaining just how you can fit yourself to earn big money in the

Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business. Our thoroughly tested successful system not only equips you fully on every point of Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, we also give you, free, a valuable course in Commercial Law. Our Free Book is of great interest to anyone, but is of vital importance to Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others who are ambitious to be in a good paying business of their own.

International Realty Corp., 1223 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago
 Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.

This Book Shows You How to Succeed in Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance



Send no money, but merely your name and address on a postal or on the Coupon below.

NAME

ADDRESS



A COMFORTING DRINK FOR COLD WEATHER

BY MARY JANE McGLURE



CN these cold, penetrating midwinter days, when you come off the street chilled and tired, nothing so promptly revives a drooping spirit as a cup of steaming hot bouillon.

I found this out after long experiment with all sorts and conditions of hot drinks.

Bouillon seems to "go to the spot"—it warms one up in a minute, is a mild stimulant, and best of all is always on tap. For modern bouillon comes already prepared.

Just get a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef and a box of crisp, salty wafers and you are ready to offer cold weather comfort to all comers. A quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, a little seasoning, and you have a delicious bouillon that home manufacture cannot equal.

Give the children a cup when they come in from school faint and tired, maybe cross. It won't spoil appetites, but will send them to the table cheerful and eager for food—keeps them from clamoring for tea and coffee.

Served after the theatre it sends you to bed warm and comfortable. Try it in place of afternoon tea. Your guests will find it far more satisfying.

But making bouillon is only one of the endless possibilities contained in a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Its delicious flavor improves every

meat dish, is a delightful addition to gravies, while as a foundation for soup it will save you long hours of standing over the kitchen range.

To learn the innumerable uses of Armour's Extract of Beef write to Armour & Company, Chicago, and ask for *Popular Recipes*, a famous little cook book sent free on request. Keep it handy and learn its rules. It will make you a good meat cook.

Two New Recipes

From Correspondents

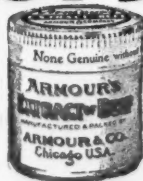
M. T. C.—Jersey City.—Take a piece of fat bacon about one inch square, cut into tiny pieces and fry until brown. Take two cups of sweet milk and add one tablespoonful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef and a pinch of salt and pepper, all rubbed together. Pour into the pan with the bits of bacon, and let it thicken. This is economical, yet very rich and nutritious.

B. K. B.—Madina, Minn.—Try this new style potato soup. Peel potatoes and boil until soft; strain, add milk, seasoning, and a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to every bowlful. Bring to a boil and serve—especially suited to invalids and convalescents.

Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF

Rich, concentrated and economical, gives the needed life and flavor to soups, meats and gravies.

Save the cap or certificate from every jar you buy and send it to us with ten cents. We will give you a beautiful silver spoon, Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA,



In an artistic design known as the Armour Lily Pattern. Each marked with your initial. We will allow each family to have 12—a set that would cost you \$6.00—for \$1.20 and 12 caps.

This offer is restricted to residents of the United States. Address Dept. D 80

ARMOUR & COMPANY

CHICAGO

AINSLIE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

VOL. XXVII

CONTENTS

No. 1

FOR • FEBRUARY • 1911

Cover Design	Henry Hutt	
Ropes of Sand. Complete Novel	Edgar Saltus	1
Slow Parting. Poem	Charles Hanson Towne	49
The Shadow of the Waste Places. Short Story	Margaretta Tuttle	50
Home-Coming. Poem	Margaret Belle Houston	60
Money Maze. Short Story	O. Henry	61
Ad Finem. Poem	Theodosia Garrison	71
Adventurings in the Psychical. Essay	H. Addington Bruce	72
VI.—The Subconscious.		
Earth Mother. Poem	Clinton Scollard	79
The Tempering. Short Story	Carrington A. Phelps	80
The Panther's Cub. Serial	Agnes and Egerton Castle	90
Coakley of Gray Top. Short Story	Elliott Flower	111
Soul of Poetry. Poem	Anne Partlan	117
With Benefit of Clergy. Short Story	Albert Kinross	118
The Assimilation of Paris Green. Short Story	J. W. Marshall	124
The Proper Study. Short Story	Jane W. Guthrie	129
Mrs. Ellys' Way. Short Story	Johnson Morton	135
The Clean-Up at the Clitheroe. Short Story	Carey Waddell	143
In Musicland. Essay	William Armstrong	151
Jaconetta and the Celt. Short Story	Fannie Heaslip Lea	156
One Song More. Short Story	Owen Oliver	162
Plays and Players	A First Nighter	167
For Book Lovers		172
Talks With Ainslee's Readers		179

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.80

SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by AINSLEE MAGAZINE Co., Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York.
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Copyright, 1911, by Ainslee Magazine Co., New York. Copyright, 1911, by Ainslee Magazine Co., Great Britain. All rights reserved.
 Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.
 Entered September 11, 1909, at New York as Second-class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.
IMPORTANT—Authors, literary agents and publishers are kindly requested to note that the Ainslee Magazine Co. only receives
 MSS. for consideration on the understanding that it shall not be held responsible for their accidental loss from fire or
 any other cause while in its office, or in transit.



**Did you ever make a Phonograph Record?
Did you ever hear yourself talk, sing or play?**

Talk about entertainment—there is nothing that approaches
the fun and fascination of making records at home on the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE EDISON will record what you or your friends say, or sing, or play, and then instantly reproduce it just as clearly and faithfully as the Records you buy are reproduced. This is a feature of the Edison Phonograph you should not overlook.

You can send your voice to a friend, preserve the sayings of children, record your progress as a speaker, a singer or a musician. Anyone can make records on an Edison. It requires no special machine. The blank records can be used over and over.

Go to any Edison dealer today and let him demonstrate this great feature of the Edison Phonograph and when you buy make sure you get an Edison, the instrument that gives you not only the best renditions of the world's best entertainers, but also the opportunity for home record making.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$15 to the Amberola at \$200.

Edison Standard Records	\$.35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)50
Edison Grand Opera Records75 to \$2.00

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 38 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.

With the EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH you don't hold up any one else's work while your dictation is going on.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

AINSLEE'S

VOL. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 1.

ROPE S & SAND



CHAPTER I.



ES, Mrs. Verplank, immediately," Mr. Johnson replied, and hung the receiver up. He fingered some letters. "Front!"

A page, greedy and impudent, in dull green and bright brass, precipitated himself at the desk behind which Mr. Johnson stood.

"Eighty-two," the clerk added. "Here are others for Forty-three."

Over the desk, through the wide lobby of the hotel, and beyond to a veranda before which the Pacific stretched, Mr. Johnson gazed superiorly. All at once his sense of superiority broke. From the veranda came a young man in a straw hat and loose flannels. He looked virile, though brutal as youth when combined with great strength sometimes will, but the brute in him was attenuated by an air of extreme good breeding.

The clerk bowed. "Good morning, Mr. Verplank. That's a magnificent yacht of yours. I have just sent up some letters."

Verplank raised his eyebrows, passed on, and entered an elevator.

Vacating it on another floor, he entered a sitting room where, at an open window, looking at the open sea, stood a woman. Tall, slender, dark, she had a cameo face, sultry eyes, and the tranquil air which those possess who have everything that life can offer. At sight of him she smiled. Then, merely with a look, she clothed him down with kisses. Verplank, advancing to the window, took and embraced her passionately.

For the moment, as they stood there, they seemed so sheerly dissimilar that they might have come of alien races. He, with his fair hair, his fair skin, his resolute and aggressive face, was typically Anglo-Saxon. She, with her delicate features, her dense black hair, and disquieting eyes, looked like a Madri-lene Madonna—one of those fascinating and slightly shocking creations of seventeenth-century art that more nearly resemble infantas serenaded by caballeros than queens of the sky. There was a deeper contrast. He appeared frankly material; she, all soul.

Leisurely she freed herself.

"One would think," she began, then paused. Another smile completed the sentence.

Verplank smiled, too.

"Yes, Leilah, one would think we were yet to be married instead of being what we are and what so few become, married lovers. However I hold you to me, I can never hold you enough."

"And I! I could be held by you forever."

On the door came a tap, rapid and assured. The page entered, the preoccupation of the tip in his face, in his hand a platter of letters.

Verplank, taking the letters, dismissed him.

"Mrs. Gulian Verplank," he announced. "That's from your father. Mrs. Gulian Verplank! From the Silverstairs, I fancy. Gulian Verplank! There is but one for me, the rest are for you. If the Silverstairs were on this side they would be going with us. By the way, Caulsen is here."

"Caulsen?" Leilah uncertainly repeated.

"The Dane that runs the yacht. The *Albatross* got in last night. She is in the bay. Caulsen telephoned from San Diego this morning. I told him to send the launch. Will you come?"

"When do we start?"

"Whenever you like. The Marquesas will keep. Bora-Bora will be the same whenever we get there. Only——"

"Only what?"

"I don't care for hotels."

"Nor I. Let us go to-night. There will be a moon?"

"A honeymoon, yes. A honeymoon rebegun."

"Gulian! As if it had ended!" In pronouncing the *u* in his name her mouth made the sketch of a kiss.

"You would not wish it to?" he asked.

"When I die perhaps, and even then only to be continued hereafter. Heaven would not be heaven without you." She spoke slowly, with little pauses, in a manner that differed from his own mode of speech, which was quick and forceful.

Verplank turned to the letter that had been addressed to him, and which he still held. Without opening it, he tore it into long, thin strips. It was,

he knew from the imprint, a communication of no importance; but, at the moment, the action seemed a reply to her remark. It served to indicate his complete indifference to everything and every one save her only. Afterward, with a regret that was to be eternal, she wished he had done the same with hers.

Yet, pleased at the time, she smiled and said: "Gulian, you do love me, but I wonder do you love me as absolutely as I love you?"

Verplank, with a gesture that was familiar to him, closed and opened a hand.

"I do not know. But while I think you cannot love me more wholly than I love you, I do know that to me you are the unique."

Leilah moved to where he stood.

"Gulian, and you to me. You are the only one." She moved closer. Raising her hands, she put them on his shoulders. "Tell me, shall you be long away?"

"An hour or two. Apropos, would you care to leave before dinner?"

"Yes."

"Have your women pack then. We will dine on board. Is there anything in particular you would like?"

"Yes, lilies, plenty of lilies; and pine-apples; and the sound of your voice."

Lifting her hands from his shoulders to his face, she drew it to her own. Their lips met longly. With the savor of her about him, Verplank passed out.

Idly Leilah turned. Before her the sea lay, a desert of blue. Below, on the beach, it broke with a boom in high white waves which, in retreating, became faintly mauve. The spectacle charmed her. But other scenes effaced it; sudden pictures of the Marquesas; the long flight southward; the brief, bright days; the nights that would be briefer still. Pleasurably for a while these things detained her. Idly again she turned.

On the table were the letters. They had been addressed to her in the care of Verplank, Jockey Club, City of Mexico. From there they had been forwarded to Coronado, this resort in

Southern California which now she was preparing to leave.

One of the letters was from an intimate friend, Violet Silverstairs, a New York girl who had married an Englishman, and who since then had resided abroad. On the other letter were printed instructions for its return to Matlack Ogston, Wall Street.

Matlack Ogston was Leilah's father. That a father should write to a daughter is only natural. But that this father should write surprised her, as already it had surprised Verplank. When he mentioned whom the letter was from she had thought he must be in error. Now as she opened it she found that he had been. Her father had not written. The envelope contained a second envelope addressed to another person. This envelope had formerly been sealed and since been opened. It held three letters in an unknown hand.

She began at one of them. More exactly she began as sane women do begin, at the end. The signature startled. At once, as she turned to the initial sentences, she experienced the curious and unenviable sensation of falling from an inordinate height, and it was not with any idea that the sensation would cease, but rather with the craving to know, which in certain crises of the emotions becomes more unendurable than any uncertainty can be, that she read the rest of the first letter; after it, the second letter, and the third.

Then, as truth stared at her and she at truth, so monstrous was its aspect that, with one shuddering intake of the breath, life withered within her, light vanished without.

When ultimately, without knowing who she was or where she was; when, conscious only of an objective self struggling in darkness with the intangible and the void, when then life and light returned, she was on the floor, the monster peering at her.

She disowned it, disavowed it. But beside her on the floor the letters lay. There was its lair. It had sprung from them, and always from them it would be peering at her, driving her mad with its blighting eyes, unless—

She got on her hands and knees, and from them to her feet. Her body ached from the fall, and her head was throbbing. With the idea that smelling salts, or some cologne water which she had, might help her, she went and fetched them from an adjoining room. They were not of much use, she found, though presently she could think more clearly, and in a little while she was considering the possibility that had loomed.

In certain conditions the soul gets used to monsters. It makes itself at home with what it must. Her soul, she thought, might also. But even as she thought it, she knew she never could. She knew that even were she able to succeed in blinding herself to this thing by day, at night it would crawl to her, sit at her side, pluck at her sleeve, awake her, and cry: "Behold me!"

It would cry it at her until she cried it at him. Then inevitably it would kill her.

She had been seated, bathing her head with cologne. Now fear, helplessness, the consciousness of both possessed her. They impelled her to act. She stood up. She looked about the room. Filled with flowers and sunshine, it said nothing. Beyond was the sea. It called to her. It told her that in a rowboat she could drift and be lost. It told her that that night she could throw herself from the yacht. The blue expanse, the high white waves, the little mauve ripples invited.

The room, though, with its flowers and sunshine, deterred. To throw herself from the yacht meant that she would have to wait. It meant more. It meant that she would have to see him. It meant that she would have to feign and pretend. These things she could not do.

There remained the rowboat. Yet, in some way now, the sea seemed less inviting. At the thought of its embrace and of its depths she shrank. To die, to cease any more to be, to succumb like the heroines of the old tragedies to fate, at the idea of that, her young soul revolted. There must be some other course.

She looked from the window. Beneath, before the ocean, a motor was passing. The whir of it prompting, flight occurred to her, an escape to some spot that would engulf her as surely as the waves. Hesitatingly she considered it. But there was nothing else. Moreover, if she were to go, she must go at once.

She turned, crossed the room, stooped, gathered the letters, and seated herself at the table. There she put the letters in another envelope which she addressed to Verplank. While writing his name, her hand trembled, it shook on the paper drops of ink. These she tried to blot and made a smear.

Trembling still, she got up, went to the telephone, and attempted to speak. At first she was too overcome to do so.

Presently she asked: "When does the next train leave San Diego? At two-five? One moment."

She leaned back against the wall. It did not seem possible that she could do this thing. But she must, she knew. With an effort, again she spoke:

"Have my women sent to me; my women, yes and—and order a motor. What? Yes, I am going. No, I shall not wait for Mr. Verplank. When he returns say—say I am leaving—I am leaving a—a letter for him."

Mr. Johnson, on the floor below, put the receiver up, and whistled. To employ a vulgarism of his own, here was something doing. But what? Why should this woman who was obviously on her honeymoon suddenly cut loose from her husband and run? He would have given a little to know. Had it been possible and merely on the chance of getting at the reason, he would have telegraphed to Verplank, who he knew was then on his yacht. But it was not possible to telegraph. The hotel was not equipped with a wireless. In the circumstances he could but do as he had been told.

A half hour later, Leilah appeared. She was veiled. The clerk could not see her face, but as he followed her out on the back porch to the motor, it seemed to him that she was ill. Her women aided her.

Mr. Johnson bowed. The motor was off.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Johnson, satisfied with himself, but dissatisfied with the situation, stood for a moment looking down the orange and lily-hedged avenue through which the departed guest had gone. Yet, though the situation did not satisfy him, it omitted to do so only because of the agreeable mystery as yet unsolved. But that mystery, and the solution of it, the letter which this lady had mentioned must contain.

The clerk considered his finger tips. They told him nothing. He looked at the sky. It was purple. Beyond was a stretch of indigo, the Caprian blue of the San Diego bay. Below in the garden was a mass of scarlet, a high heap of geranium blooms. In the air was a tropical languor, a savor of brine, the scent of roses, the sound of mandolins that are far away. The sky, the water, the fragrance, the ambient intoxicants of the air, these things said nothing to him either. He turned, brushing a speck from his coat, conscious, if at all, only of the inward and not altogether disagreeable trepidation which most human beings experience just before they commit a crime.

Preoccupied still, he reentered the lobby, got in the elevator, and was taken up to a hall, down which he went to the Verplank suite. In the sitting room a girl was dusting. He sent her off. Adjoining the sitting room was a bedroom, adjoining that a bath. In the sitting room, on a table, the letter lay.

Conscious still, but now more thoroughly, of the inward and not altogether disagreeable trepidation, he eyed it, took it up, turned it over. The envelope was gummed, but unstamped, unmailed, in no form as yet in the custody of the post office. To open it might constitute an indelicacy, but nothing else, and even otherwise there was no one except himself and his subjective self—that self who, it may be, in all men is the Recording Angel—it was only these that could ever know.

Mr. Johnson passed with the letter

through the bedroom to the bath, turned on the hot water, waited until from hot it became steaming, filled a cup, and to dissolve the gum was about to place the envelope on it, when instead he shoved the letter in a pocket, pulled at a cuff, straightened himself, assumed his least inferior air, and more conscious, though very much less agreeably of the inward trepidation, reentered the sitting room beyond.

There, looking very fit and equally inhospitable, was Verplank. Behind him the door to the hall stood open. Without speaking, he motioned at it.

"Mr. Verplank—" the clerk began.

Verplank, still without speaking, motioned again at the door.

The clerk, rubbing his hands, assumed an air which he imagined was both confidential and discreet.

"I just stopped in to see if everything was to rights." For a second he hesitated, then he added: "Mrs. Verplank asked me to tell you that she wouldn't wait."

"Mrs. Verplank asked you what?"

The question, as uttered, expressed a scornful incredulity, a disbelief that any one who did not have to, would speak to the man at all. The clerk coughed at it. He had not yet got his wind. Moreover, he was very much at sea as to what he should now do with the letter.

With the same contempt, Verplank threw out: "Are you drunk?"

The clerk coughed again. He shook his head, shook a fold of his coat, and, rising to the opportunity, pointed at the adjoining room.

"Look in there, sir. She's gone, bag and baggage."

Verplank nodded. "In a hotel run by such imbeciles I don't wonder. I will follow her to the yacht at once." For the third time he motioned at the open door. "Make out my bill immediately, and send my servant to me."

Mr. Johnson compressed his lips. He was not a dog, but if so treated he could bite. The opportunity was his; he took it.

"Certainly I'll make out your bill. It's the last one you pay for her, I'll

wager. She's not on the yacht. She's left you. She——"

The sentence was never finished, or at least such finish as it acquired was but an oath mingling with a cry. Verplank had struck him on the mouth, hurling him backward against the wall. Then, going at him again, he flung him through the door in a heap on the floor of the hall, from which as, unsteadily, for impossible reprisals he got up, he felt his arms pinioned behind.

Viciously he turned at the new assailant, a civil-faced man, cleanly shaven, soberly dressed.

But Verplank intervened.

"That will do, Roberts. Let him go."

As the man released the clerk, the latter yelled:

"I'll sue you for this. I'll have you arrested. You leave this house at once——" Impotently he gnashed.

Verplank, followed by his servant, reentered the room. The man closed the door.

Verplank turned to him. "What is this about Mrs. Verplank; do you know?"

"The hotel is full of it, sir. When I found that Mrs. Verplank was leaving, I took the trolley, thinking to find you on the yacht——"

"But Mrs. Verplank is there?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Verplank was to take the two-five to Los Angeles. It was the maid who told me. She said Mrs. Verplank told her 'like that,' to get ready at once."

The inward trepidations which the clerk had experienced, the blow that had bowled him over, the assault that had landed him on the floor without, these things, however tumultuous, affected him less than that simple statement affected Verplank. His mind became like a sea in a storm. A whirlwind tossed his thoughts.

But Leilah was still too near, her caresses were too recent for him to be able to realize that she had actually gone, and the fact that he could not realize it disclosed itself in those words which all have uttered, all at least before whom the inexplicable has sprung:

"It is impossible!"

"Yes, sir, it does seem most unusual."

Verplank had spoken less to the man than to himself, and for a moment stood engrossed in that futilest of human endeavors, the effort to read a riddle of which the only *Oedipus* is time.

His marriage to this woman had been a love match followed by an elopement. The marriage was sudden, the love was not. It had years behind it. It had grown up between them as they grew up together. The home of his wife, a great, brown house in Gramercy Park, adjoined his own. The next house was occupied by the Bridgewaters, people who lacked what is perhaps pretentiously termed social standing, but whose daughter Violet, the playmate of these young people, was destined to bring society to her feet. The Bridgewaters, who knew nobody, adored their daughter, who was to know every one, and in this adoration the girl grew in beauty, in a beauty rare even in New York, where there is more feminine beauty than anywhere else. Leilah Ogston had her own share of it, and Verplank had his share of good looks. But in what is called the home circle, adoration was lacking. For that matter, the circle was, too.

Leilah's mother had died when she was in the nursery, and her father, who had abandoned her first to servants, then to governesses, she seldom saw. When she did see him, she beheld a tall, silent, somber man, who displayed no parental endearments.

Verplank's father, Effingham Verplank, had been a great catch and a great beau. His charm had been myrrh and cassia—and nightshade, as well—to many women, among others to an aunt of Leilah, Hilda Hemingway; whose husband had called him out, called him abroad, rather, where the too charming Verplank waited until Hemingway fired, and then shot in the air. He considered that the gentlemanly thing to do. He was, perhaps, correct. But, perhaps, too, it was hardly worth while to go abroad to do it. Yet, however that may be, the attitude of the injured husband, while no doubt equally cor-

rect, was less debonair. He obtained a divorce.

The matter created an enormous scandal, in the sedater days when New York society was small and scandals were passing rare. But, like everything else, it was forgotten, even, and perhaps particularly, by the parties directly concerned. Hemingway married again; the precarious Hilda did, also; the too-charming Verplank vacated the planet, and his widow went a great deal into the world.

This lady had accepted the scandal, as she had accepted many another, with a serenity that was really beautiful. But, then, her seductive husband had always seemed to her so perfectly irresistible, so created to conquer, that it no more occurred to her to sit in judgment on his victims, than it occurred to her to sit on him. With not only philosophic wisdom, but in the true spirit of Christian charity, she overlooked it all.

The culminant episode in the matter—the death of the volatile Verplank—took place at an hour when his son was too young to be more than aware that his father had been taken away in a box. Leilah was even less advanced. It was years before she learned of her aunt's delinquencies. When she did, that lady had also passed away, as had previously passed a child of hers, one that, perhaps, did not belong to her first husband, and, certainly not to her second, the result being that, in default of other heirs, she left a fortune to Leilah, whose mother had left her another.

Meanwhile, Matlock Ogston, Leilah's father, who was also imbued with the Christian spirit, visited the sins of the parent on the child, and completely ignored the son of the deadly Verplank. To make up for it, no doubt, or, it may be, to make trouble, the boy's mother never regarded Leilah otherwise than with that smile of sweet appreciation with which she regarded all the world—all the world, that is, save those only who were not in hers. Among these was Violet Bridgewater, whose ascensional future she had omitted to foresee.

It was at Lenox, at the wedding of

this beauty to Silverstairs, a young Englishman, who had followed her from Europe, and who at once took her back there; it was at this ceremony, in which Leilah participated as bridesmaid, and Verplank as best man; it was then that both became aware of a joint desire. It seemed to them that they were born to love each other, to love always, forever. Forever!—in a world where all things must end, and do. But the eagerness of it was upon them. Leilah wrote to her father. Verplank wrote to him also.

Matlack Ogston ignored Verplank's letter, as invariably he had ignored Verplank. His daughter's letter he returned. Across it was scrawled one word. That word was No. Young people in love are unaware of any such expression. When they become so it is an incentive.

Leilah, rich in her own right, and Verplank, richer still, were married on one day, and sailed for Vera Cruz on the next. Before them lay a world of delight. Ineffably it had persisted from that day until this.

Now, like a bubble, abruptly it had burst.

At once all the imaginable causes that could have contributed to its evaporation danced before Verplank, and vanished. He told himself that her flight might be a mystification which shortly would end. But he knew her to be incapable of any such hide-and-go-seek. It might be she had wearied of him. But he knew she had not. More readily than anything else it must be that both his servant and the clerk were in error, and she was then on the yacht. If not, then clearly she had either gone mad, or else—

But there are certain hypotheses which certain intellects refuse to stomach. Verplank declined to consider that, by any possibility, she could have bolted with some one else.

He turned to his servant.

"Roberts, get me a motor. If Mrs. Verplank is not on the yacht, I will take a special, and follow her."

"Yes, sir. Shall you wish me to go with you?"

"No, stay here until you hear from me. At any moment Mrs. Verplank may return."

But Leilah did not return. Nor did the special, in which Verplank followed, overtake her. The first intelligence of her that reached him was the announcement of her engagement to another man.

CHAPTER III.

In Paris, many moons later, an Englishman, Herbert Tempest, looked in, at the Opéra, on his cousin, Camille De Joyeuse. This lady, connected by birth with Britannia's best, and, through her husband, with the Bourbons, delighted the eye, the ear, and the palate.

In appearance, she suggested certain designs of Boucher, in coloring and in manner, the Pompadour. Admirable in these respects, she was admired, also, for her gayety, her tireless smile, and her chef. She had one of the best cooks in Paris—that is to say, in the world.

Her husband, the Duc De Joyeuse, harmonized very perfectly with her. He had a head, empty, but noble, an air vaguely *Régence*. A year younger than herself, Time had had the impertinence to whiten his hair.

The duchess was forty-two. Those unapprised of the fact fancied her twenty-eight. The error greatly gratified this lady, who, familiarly, was known as Muffins.

One evening in November, Tempest entered her box, saluted her, examined the house, and, as, in a crash of the orchestra, the curtain fell, seated himself, in response to a gesture, beside her.

Camille De Joyeuse turned to him, and, with that smile of hers, said: "Do not fail to come on Sunday, Herbert. There is to be a Madame Barouffska, whom I want you to meet. She was formerly a Mrs. Verplank. Barouffski is Number Two."

"Verplank! Barouffski! What barbarous names!" Tempest exclaimed.

He had vivid red hair, violent blue eyes, and a great scarlet cicatrix that tore one side of his face. In spite of

the severity of his evening clothes, he seemed rather barbarous himself.

"What was she, a widow?"

"Yes, but with no tombstone to show."

Tempest nodded. "A divorcée, then. From what pond did you fish her?"

"The Silverstairs'. Violet Silverstairs is an American, you know—"

"Know! I should say I did know. Though, if I didn't, I would take my oath to it. It has got so that a fellow can't stir without running into one of them, and the nuisance of it is that they are all such apes, they all descend from the Lord knows what, from Alfred the Great, from—"

"Madame Barouffska, Herbert, does not descend. She is ascending."

"Muffins, if you have her, that's of course. How does Louis like her?" Louis was the duke.

The duchess displayed her beautiful false teeth. "Oddly enough, when he was in the States, he went hunting with her Number One."

"In the Rockies?" Tempest, with sudden interest, inquired. "In the Dakotas?"

"I fancy so. It was a place called, let me see; yes, Long Island, I think. I remember, he said it was very jolly."

Tempest tossed his red head. "Her Number Two, I suppose, is that chap I have seen at the Little Club. The Lord knows how he got there. He looks like a thimble-rigger."

The duchess raised her opera glass. "Possibly. Nowadays so many men do, don't you think? There is Marie De Fresnoy with the Helley-Quetgens! You will have her next to you on Sunday, Herbert. Do not lacerate her tender heart."

At the suggestion, Tempest made a face. His expression amused Camille De Joyeuse. Indulgently she added: "To make up for it you shall take Madame Barouffska out."

But now the curtain was rising. The clear brilliance of the house faded into a golden gloom.

On the Sunday following, when Tempest reached the Cours la Reine, in which his cousin resided, there was a

motor before the perron, and from it a woman was alighting. As rhythmically, with a grace that is rare in women who are not ballerines, she mounted the stair, Tempest had a vision of a figure, tall and slight, of a mass of black hair, and of a neck emerging from ermine. In the anteroom above, while a servant took from her her cloak and another received Tempest's hat and coat, he saw that she was extremely beautiful.

Immediately a footman, throwing open a door, announced, "Madame la Comtesse Barouffska!" He added at once: "Lord Herbert Tempest!"

In this marriage of their names they entered a drawing room in which were the Joyeuses, the Fresnoys, the Silverstairs; others, also, who momentarily were indistinguishable. The room—large, wide, high-ceiled—was decorated gravely, with infinite taste. Beyond it, a suite of salons extended.

Camille De Joyeuse, advancing to meet her guests, presented Tempest to Madame Barouffska.

In a voice which, if a trifle high, was fluted, the duchess added:

"My dear, this cousin of mine has a terrible reputation, and that, I am sure, will commend him to you."

With the semblance of a smile, Madame Barouffska replied:

"You know I am never quite able to decide just what construction to put on your remarks."

"Put the worst, put the worst!" answered the duchess, whose costume left her splendidly nude. From a billowy corsage her shoulders and bust emerged as though rising through foam, while the light gold tissue of her gown accentuated the royal outlines of her figure.

A servant announced: "His Excellency, Mustim Pasha!"

The man who entered was short, stout. He had a full black beard, and the appearance, slightly Hebraic, which Turks possess. After Monsieur De Joyeuse had greeted him, he saluted the duchess.

Beyond, on a sofa, Violet Silverstairs sat, talking to the Baronne De Fresnoy, a young woman who looked

very much as might a statuette of Tanagra, to which Grévin had given two big blue circles for eyes, and a small pink one for mouth, but a statuette articulated, perhaps, by Eros, and costumed, certainly, by the Rue de la Paix—though a shade less artistically than Lady Silverstairs, who always seemed to have just issued from some paradise inhabited solely by poet modistes, and who, in addition, possessed what Madame De Fresnoy lacked, a face delicately and rarely patrician.

Through what miracle it had been evolved in this New Yorker, whose grandfather had been a newsboy, constituted one of America's myriad surprises.

Turning from her to the Turk, the young baroness called:

"Here, Musty! Come and make love to us."

The Asiatic was about to abandon Madame De Joyeuse, when doors at the farther end of the room were thrown open, and the duchess put a hand on his arm.

At table, Tempest, who had taken Leilah Barouffska out, found his seat indicated beside her. At his left was Madame De Fresnoy, whom he detested. He turned to the American. At the moment some preoccupation, a nostalgia of a regret, contracted the angle of her mouth. The contraction gave her the expression which those display who have deeply suffered either from some long malady or from some perilous constraint.

Mechanically, Tempest considered a dish which a footman, his hands gloved in silk, was presenting. When he again turned to the American, it was as though a curtain had fallen or risen. Her face had lighted, and it was with an entirely worldly air that she put before him this unworldly question:

"Do you believe in fate?"

Tempest laughed. "Not on an empty stomach. I believe then in nothing but virtue."

Leilah put down her spoon. "It seems to me that our lives are sketched in advance. It may be that we have the power to amplify incidents or to curtail

them, but the events themselves remain unchanged. They are there in our paths awaiting us. Though why they are there——"

As was usual with her, she spoke with little pauses, in a voice that caressed the ear. Now she stopped and raised the spoon, in which was almond soup.

Tempest took a sip of Madeira. "A pal of mine, a chap I never met for a number of reasons, though particularly, I suppose, because he died two thousand years ago, well, he told me that we should wish things to be as they are. I have no quarrel with fate. But if you have, or do have——"

A maitre d'hôtel, after presenting a carp that had been arranged as though swimming in saffron, was supervising its service.

"Padapoulos," exclaimed the young Baroness De Fresnoy, whom the sight of the fish had, perhaps, excited, "Padapoulos told me that he dined best on an orchid soup, a mousse of aubergine, and the maxims of Confucius."

"Padapoulos," the legate of the Sublime Porte gravely commented, "is a poet, and a Greek. Add those two things together, and you get—you get——"

"Nothing to eat!" the young baroness, with an explosion of little laughs, threw at him. "Musty!" she cried. "Whom were you with at the Variétés last night? I saw you. Yes, I did. Oh, Musty, who would have thought that you would be unfaithful to me!"

"These Roumis!" the Turk mentally exclaimed. "If a wife of mine talked that way I would have her impaled."

Beyond, across an opulent bosom, De Joyeuse and Silverstairs were talking sport. They delighted in things that men have always loved, the pursuit of prey, the joy of killing, the murderous serenity of the woods. But now a file of reindeer appeared. From hunting, talk turned to the hunted, and it was with much exactness, after the fashion of an expert, that Louis De Joyeuse described the precise degree of decomposition that renders game most savourous.

Tempest, turning again to his neighbor, said: "Monsieur Barouffski is not here to-night?"

At the remark, instantly in Leilah's face its former expression of constraint appeared.

"No, Monsieur Barouffski is to join us later."

At the other end of the table, where the duchess sat, everybody was laughing. A jest circulated, and presently, in the contagion of it, the others joined. The delicately toxic fare, the slightly emotionalizing wines, loosened tongues, robbing them of discretion, and, before the servants, as though the latter were deaf and dumb, hosts and guests revealed their naked minds.

"It is rotten to talk in that way before these men," Tempest exclaimed. "They get their wages with lessons in anarchy thrown in. It's too much."

"I had not heard," Leilah replied. "I was thinking of that friend of yours whom you never met."

Tempest laughed. "The one who said we should wish things to be as they are? Ah, well! I am afraid I am not up to that yet."

"Nor I."

But now the reindeer, like the carp, had gone. A cygnet, its plumage preserved, a pond lily in its ochre beak, had also been presented, carved, and served. A salad of artichokes and truffles had departed with it. Sweets had come, pastry, light as a caress, volatile as an essence, that pastry of which the secret is known only to the Oriental and the exceptional *cordons bleus*. Devoutly, as though praying to Allah, the pasha absorbed it.

The young Baroness De Fresnoy, a wicked glitter in her big blue eyes, called at him: "Musty! Are you thinking of me?"

But the Turk's reply, passably bald, was lost. Camille De Joyeuse had risen. The others imitated her. From the gayety of the table, they passed to the brilliance of the rooms beyond.

Tempest, who had accompanied Leilah Barouffski, said, as she seated herself:

"Are you to remain in Paris this winter?"

"I fancy so. We have taken a house in the Rue de la Pompe."

"In the Rue de la Pompe!" Tempest repeated. "That is where I live. But in what part of it are you?"

"Next to the church."

A servant announced: "Monsieur and Madame Spencer-Poole! His Highness Monseigneur le Prince Paul De Montebianco! Monsieur Harris!"

The salons were becoming filled. The floor was swept by trains long and glistening. There was a multiplication of black coats, a renewed animation, a mounting murmur.

The servant announced: "Monsieur le Vicomte and Madame la Vicomtesse De Helley-Quetgen! Monsieur D'Arcy! Monsieur le Comte Barouffski!"

The last of these, a large man, very fair, with gray-green eyes, had a studied manner, which, however, his voice relieved. As he advanced and spoke to Madame De Joyeuse, it sounded supple and silken, as, indeed, most Slav voices do.

Already groups had formed. The corner in which Tempest stood before Leilah developed another. The Spencer-Pooles approached. With them was D'Arcy, a young man, abominably good-looking, famous for the prodigious variety of his affairs. Tempest moved on. He wanted to smoke, and, an habitué of the household, he knew where the smoking room was.

There, before an open fire, Monsieur De Joyeuse was telling of a stag hunt that had been held recently at Monplaisir, his estate.

"And the next one?" Silverstairs asked.

De Joyeuse turned. "On the fifteenth. We count on you, and on you, also, *mon vieux*," he added, to Tempest, who had approached.

Tempest nodded. He was lighting a cigar. The operation concluded, he drew a chair beside Silverstairs. "Now, tell me all about Madame B. Was it her interest in Number One or Number One's interest in her that declined?"

"You mean Verplank?"

"I suppose I do. Anyway, I mean her first husband. Why were they divorced?"

"Why? But, my dear Tempest, divorce in the States is what racing is with us, a national amusement. Everybody takes a hand in it."

"The right or the left?"

"Both, I fancy. Though, in the case of Madame B., I have an idea that the right turned out to be wrong. Verplank is a very good sort, whereas this Barouffski is a rotter."

Tempest flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't wonder, now, that over the soup she talked about fate. By the way, it seems that Louis hunted with this, with Whatshisname, with—er—"

"With Verplank?"

"Yes, that he hunted with him in the States. And that reminds me. What have you decided about that horse?"

Silverstairs pulled at his straw-colored mustache. "I'll let you know to-morrow. When will you be at home?"

"Any time after two."

"Very good, I'll look in on you. But, hello! What's this?"

Unperceived by either, a servant, out of livery, had entered, and was addressing Monsieur De Joyeuse.

The duke waved him away.

"No, Justin, no; I simply won't. I don't care what he says. God of gods! I have my hours for being blackmailed. Tell him so. Tell him I can be blackmailed between ten and eleven in the morning, but not between ten and eleven at night."

Tempest, who, with Silverstairs, had got to his feet, showed his teeth.

"Who is the person?"

"Person! Person!" the duke repeated as the servant withdrew. "It is not a person, it is a gulf. And the sums I have poured down it! No! And for what? But you all know the story. Know, too, that I am not to blame."

Louis, Duc De Joyeuse, Prince De Monplaisir, spoke truly. All did know, all, indeed, except the duchess, the avid reporters, the public at large, and the law.

From beyond, blue and vibrant, came the upper notes of a violin. In the now crowded salons a Roumanian, the rage of the season, a youth, very pale, with melancholy eyes, flowing hair, and the waist of a girl, was executing a fantasy of his own.

De Joyeuse brushed a speck from his sleeve, threw back his noble and empty head, gave a circular look of inquiry, a little gesture of invitation, and, accompanied by his friends, sauntered to the rooms without.

There, Barouffski, after saluting Madame De Joyeuse, had engaged her briefly in talk. But her attention had been attracted, rather than claimed, by the Montebiancan prince, a young man, extremely gentlemanly and equally modest, who, with that diffidence which royals and poets share, stood bashfully at her side.

Barouffski, bowing again, passed on. During his short and entirely fragmentary conversation with Madame De Joyeuse, his eyes had rummaged the room.

Leilah, meanwhile, rising from the sofa, where she had been seated, moved with the inflammatory D'Arcy into the salons beyond.

Barouffski would have followed. But the young Baronne De Fresnoy addressed him. Perversely, with sudden glimpses of little teeth, and an expression of glee in her piquant face, she asked:

"Was it you who performed that high act of gallantry at Chantilly today?"

"Was it I who did what?" Barouffski exclaimed.

Then at once to him, to Mustim Pasha, to others that stood about, the young woman related the story of an assault committed at the races, a typical extravaganza, in which the heroine, erupting suddenly, had, with her parasol, struck the hero over the head, and had been about to strike him again, when he, pinioning her arms with his own, had, to the applause of Paris, prevented the second assault by kissing her through her veil.

"Was it you, Barouffski?" Madame

De Fresnoy, the narrative at an end, inquired. "Was it?"

"I? Nonsense! Why should you ask?"

"It would be just like you, you know. Besides, I hear the man was tall and good-looking."

"You are exceedingly complimentary. But the world is peopled with tall, good-looking men."

"Not so much as that!" laughed the baroness. "Well, if it was not you, perhaps it is that man who is just coming in."

Involuntarily Barouffski turned, while a footman bawled:

"Monsieur Verplank!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was in circumstances which, if not dramatic, were, at least, uncommon, that Leilah Verplank met Barouffski.

At Los Angeles, after her flight from Coronado, she caught an express that would have taken her East. Even so, it could not take her from herself, it could not distance memory, it could not annihilate the past. The consciousness of that obsessed her. Each of her thoughts became a separate throb. About her head formed an iron band. Her body ached. She felt hot and ill. She had a sense of thirst, a sense, too, of fear.

In the compartment where she sat, a stranger came. She hid her face, covering it with her hands. The stranger sidled in between them, looked her in the eyes, penetrated them, permeated her, shook long shudders through her, shrieked at her: "I am Fright!"

She cried aloud. No one heard. She got to the door. In the section immediately adjoining were her women, who, at sight of her then, rushed to her.

Salt Lake was the first possible asylum. There, weeks later, Leilah recovered from an attack of brain fever. Like fire, fever may consume; it does not necessarily obliterate. The past remained. Always it confronted her. None the less, she could, she believed, barricade herself against it. The idea was suggested by the local sheet, in

which she found an item about neighborly Nevada. The item hung a ham-mock for thoughts, rested her mentally, unrolled a carpet for the returning steps of health.

Verplank, meanwhile, misdirected at Los Angeles, reached San Francisco. Learning there that a party of three women had, that morning, at the last moment, embarked on the Samoa packet, and learning, also, that of these women the central figure projected or seemed to project Leilah's silhouette, he wired for his yacht, and sailed away in pursuit.

But an accident supervening, the packet reached Samoa before him. When Verplank got there the boat had gone. Still in pursuit, he started for the Austral Seas. There, the mistake discovered, hope for the time abandoned him, and he landed in Melbourne ignorant that the surgical court of Nevada was amputating him from his wife.

In matters of this solemnity, the Nevada statutes require that one of the parties to the operation shall have resided for six months within the State. But at Carson, the capital, Leilah learned that statutes so severe were not enacted for such as she.

The information, tolerably consoling, was placed before her by a young Jew, who, as she alighted from the train, divined her errand, addressed her with easy Western informality, put a card in her hand, offered his services, telling her, as he did so, that he could have her free in no time, in three months, in less. It was a mere matter of money, he explained, and, what he studiously concealed, a mere matter of perjury as well.

Leilah repelled, yet beguiled, succumbed. Ultimately she sat in a high chair. An oaf asked her questions. Others testified. On the morrow a paper was brought her. It had on it the picture of a big building, a large seal, words that were engrossed, others in script.

She was free.

The knowledge brought no exultation. It was a hostage to joy, one of the many that she was to give.

Meanwhile, she had written to Violet Silverstairs, telling her that she had separated from Verplank, and asking might she join her. The cable replied. It informed her that the Silverstairs were then in Paris, in the Rue François 1er, and told her to come at once. That day she went.

Once in the Rue François 1er, Leilah was made to feel that she was with friends, one of whom, however, could not get over the point that she could not get at the facts in the matter.

"See here, Leilah," Violet Silverstairs said aggrievedly, not once, but fifty times, "it is downright mean of you to keep me in the dark. What was it that he did? Tell me."

But Leilah made no reply. She not only made no reply, she refused at first to go anywhere, to see any one, to be present when there were guests at dinner. But Violet, declaring that she would have no moping in her diggings, forced her. Reluctantly, Leilah yielded. Presently she did so as a matter of course. Finally, as was inevitable, she accepted invitations elsewhere. It was what her friend had aimed at, though not at all at the result. Yet that, Leilah, who had come to believe in fate, afterward regarded as destiny.

Meanwhile, it so fell about that at one dinner she had at her left a man whom she did not know, whose name she had not caught, and with whom, during the preliminary courses, she had not exchanged a word. As the dinner progressed, cigarettes were served. Twice she refused them. The second time, as she turned again to her other neighbor, she heard a cry, across the table she saw a face, the eyes staring, the features elongated. At once there was a sudden uproar, followed instantly by a crash behind her; she was dragged bodily from her chair, a piece of tapestry had been thrown about her, and in it she was rolled on the floor by the man she did not know.

Probably, at no dinner anywhere, had a woman suffered such indignities. She was so telling herself when she immediately realized that the man, and others who had joined him, were but

occupied in saving her life. Her dress had caught fire, and it was in this flaming fashion, hurled on the floor by a stranger, and there brutalized by him, that she made the acquaintance of the Count Kasimierz Barouffski.

The sack of her costume forced her to leave her hosts. But at five o'clock the next day Barouffski appeared in the Rue François 1er. He reappeared the day following, the day after, the day after that.

These attentions Lady Silverstairs viewed with suspicion.

"I verily believe," she said to Leilah, "that it was that polecat who set you on fire, and no one can convince me that he did not do it on purpose."

"Violet!"

"That's right, fly at me. I thought you would. Are you going to take him? Merciful heavens! You are not in love, are you?"

In an elaborate drawing room on the Rue François 1er, the two women were having tea. Leilah put down her cup.

"That is over for me, over forever."

Narrowly, out of the corner of an eye, Violet considered her.

"He was such a brute, was he?"

"Who? Gulian, do you mean?"

"I suppose so. There has been no other, has there?"

"Violet!"

It was at this juncture, for the fiftieth time, that Lady Silverstairs exclaimed: "It is downright mean of you to keep me in the dark. What was it that happened?"

For the fiftieth time, Leilah protested:

"Don't ask me. He knows, and that is enough. As for me, I am trying to forget."

"And you think Barouffski will help you. But has it ever occurred to you that if you were not very rich he might lack the incentive? He is after your money. But what are you after? It can't be his tuppenny title."

"Violet, how hard you make it for me! Can't you see that if I take him it will be for protection?"

"For protection! Merciful fathers! Against whom? Against Verplank?"

"No." Leilah, choking down something in her throat, replied: "Against myself."

"I don't understand you," said Violet slowly.

But she did, or thought she did, and that night told Silverstairs that Leilah was still in love with her ex.

It was in these circumstances that Leilah became engaged to Barouffski, who beheld in her, not the woman, but the opportunity. To grasp that he displayed every art of which the Slav is capable. He did more; he impressed her with the nobility, not of his name, but of his nature. He was clever at it, and successful. Shortly Leilah consented that over the perhaps insecurely locked door of her past this mask should be guardian.

The news of it, promptly cabled to the press of the United States, had, for pendant, the fact that Leilah was then stopping with Lady Silverstairs, in the Rue Francois 1er.

Verplank, arriving from Australia, in San Francisco, happened on a society rag, in which these items appeared. Since he had gone from Coronado, this, the first intelligence of his wife, was her engagement to another man. In his amazement, his thoughts stuttered. He looked at the sheet without seeing it.

But the items, already photographed on the film of the brain, prompted him unconsciously, and it was without really knowing what he was saying that he exclaimed: "Leilah, my wife, in Paris, engaged!"

The names, the words, the meaning of them, beat on his brain like blows of a hammer. Again he looked at the sheet. "What a damned lie!" he ragingly exclaimed.

But now, the names, the words, the meaning of them—all, well beaten into him, readjusted themselves, presenting a picture perfectly defined, and possibly real. After all, he reflected, it might be that Leilah was in Paris, and if there it was but natural that she should be with Violet Silverstairs. These two items were, therefore, not improbably correct.

That view reached, the deduction followed: If they are correct, the other may be. Yet, in that case, he argued, obviously she must think him dead. On the heels of that, an impression trod; the ease and dispatch with which she had become consoled. Enraged at once, angered already by what he had taken for a lie, and then infuriated by what he took for truth, the primitive passions flared, and it was with the impulse of the homicide that he determined to seek and overwhelm this woman who accepted men and matters with such entire *sans-gêne*.

By the next train he left for New York. Before going, he sent a cablegram to the address which the paper had supplied.

Just apprised of the studied insult of your engagement to some foreign cad. Leaving for Paris at once.

As he signed it, deeply, beneath his breath, he swore.

"That will show her," he added.

It so happened that it showed her nothing. Leilah was not then in the Rue Francois 1er, but in the Rue de la Pompe, where the message followed, but only to be received by Barouffski, who read it with a curious smile.

"Foreign cad, eh?" he repeated. "Bon! We shall see."

Presently the opportunity occurred. For it was in these circumstances, a fortnight later, that, directed by the young Baronne De Fresnoy, he turned and saw Verplank entering the room where he stood.

CHAPTER V.

With the unerring instinct of the man of the world, Verplank, on entering the crowded salon, divined immediately, among all the women present, the hostess, whom he had never seen.

As he bent over her hand, the duchess, who had not an idea how he came there, said, in her fluted voice:

"This is really so nice of you. I did not know you were in Paris."

"Nor did I—until this moment," answered Verplank, looking, as he spoke, into the eyes of his hostess, who, after

the one imperceptible glance with which the *mondaine* judged and classified, was wondering in what manner this man, with his virile face and impeccable presence, had forced Leilah Barouffska to leave him. "But," he added, "Monsieur De Joyeuse, whom I saw this afternoon, told me that you would be at home, and assured me that I might venture to present my homages."

The duchess displayed her tireless smile.

"I am only sorry not to have had them sooner." She paused. Between her smile her teeth showed, false, but beautiful. "There is Lady Silverstairs trying to get you to look at her, and very well worth looking at she is."

Beyond, at the farther end of the room, notes rippled. Standing near a grand piano, the Roumanian with the flowing hair was preluding a fantasy of his own.

In the hush that succeeded, Verplank moved to where Violet sat. Smilingly, without speaking, she gave him her hand, and indicated a seat beside her. Then, raising a fan, she whispered:

"Demon! Where do you spring from?"

Verplank, seating himself, answered:

"I got here this morning. But why am I a demon?"

From behind the fan, Violet asked:

"What did you do to Leilah? Why did she leave you?"

"That is what I am here to find out."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know?"

"I haven't an idea—unless it was because of this Count Thingumagig. It was in New York, only a week ago, that, for the first time, I learned of the divorce."

Violet Silverstairs furled her fan, looked at him, looked away, looked about the room. The fantasy now was swooning. At once, to a murmur of applause, the Roumanian, raising violin and bow above his head, bent double to the duchess, his flowing hair falling like a veil before him.

"He may play again," said Violet. "I want to talk to you. Let us go into the next room."

As Verplank rose at her bidding, others, who had been seated, rose also. Interrupted conversations were more animatedly resumed. A servant announced additional names. The first salon now was thronged. The second was filled. Verplank and Violet passed on. Beyond was a gallery. At the entrance stood a woman, her face averted, talking to a man. As the others approached, she turned. At sight of her and of the man, Violet would have turned also. It was too late.

"Leilah!" Verplank exclaimed.

For a second, in tragic silence, two beings whom love had joined and fate had separated, stood, staring into each other's eyes. For a second only. At once the man interposed himself.

"Monsieur!" he insolently threw out.

"My name is Barouffski."

With superior tact, Lady Silverstairs intervened.

"Good evening, count. It never occurred to us that we were interrupting a tête-à-tête." She paused. Hostilely the two men were measuring each other. In Verplank's face was a threat; in Barouffski's a jeer; in Leilah's absolute terror. Of the little group, Violet alone appeared at ease. "Leilah," she added, "don't forget that you are to have luncheon with me to-morrow. Good night, my dear. I shall be going soon. Good night, Barouffski."

She smiled, nodded, took Verplank's arm, took him away. But the arm beneath her hand was shaking, and she realized that it shook with rage. Sympathetically she looked up at him.

"I thought they were in the other room, and it was just to avoid a thing of this sort that I got you out of it. You won't do anything, will you?"

Verplank now had got control of himself, his arm no longer shook, and it was with the smile of a man of the world—the smile of one to whom nothing is important and much absurd—that he answered:

"Why, yes; it was very civil of this chap to introduce himself. I shall leave a card on him. But here's Silverstairs. I wonder will he introduce himself, too."

The young earl was advancing, his hand outstretched.

"I say! I saw a man marching off with the missis, but I had no idea it was you. Where are you stopping? Will you dine with us Tuesday?"

"Yes, do," said Violet. "Rue François Ier, at eight."

Verplank nodded. "I shall be very glad to." He turned to Silverstairs. "I am at the Ritz. Stop by there tomorrow noon, won't you, and let's go somewhere for luncheon?"

From the salon beyond came a woman's voice, clear and rich, rendering, in a lascive contralto, a song of love and passion. The Silverstairs and Verplank approached. From the diva's mouth notes darted like serpents on fire.

Verplank, detaching himself from the Silverstairs, felt his dumb rage renewed. He conceived an insane idea of going below, waiting without until Barouffski and Leilah appeared, and he saw himself confronting the man, tearing the woman from him, carrying her off, and making her again his own. But now the song was ending. There was new applause, the discreet approbation of worldly people, easily bored, as easily pleased, and with but one sure creed: Not too much of anything.

Verplank must, also, have had enough. When, presently, the Silverstairs looked about for him, he had gone.

Violet, meanwhile, had summarized the situation to her lord.

"You don't suppose anything will happen, do you?" she asked.

Silverstairs, bored by the entertainment, anxious only to get away where he could have a quiet drink, tugged at his mustache, and, with unconscious remissness, answered:

"I don't know, and I don't care. I don't care what happens, as long as it does not happen to me."

CHAPTER VI.

"There are too many of us," Verplank, the day following, found himself saying to Silverstairs.

The two men were lunching at Vois-

in's. Without, a fog blurred the street, but in the restaurant was the usual glowing atmosphere of wealth and ease.

Meditatively, Silverstairs lit a cigar. Meditation, however, was not his forte. The twentieth of his name, he was tall and robust. He had straw-colored hair, a skin of brick, and an appearance of simple placidity. At the moment he was mentally fondling certain memories of the Isis, and certain bouts with bargees there.

"You know," he announced, "if I were you, I would just march up to him and knock him down."

Verplank nodded.

"I dare say. But not if he had taken your wife."

The suggestion, penetrating the earl's placidity, punctured it. He threw back his head.

"By George! If he had, I'd kill him."

"There, you see!"

Silverstairs puffed at his cigar. His placidity now was reforming itself.

"Yes," he answered. "But then, in taking yours, he did it after she was divorced. You can't have him out for that."

Through an adjacent door a man strolled in. In one gloved hand he held an umbrella, with the other he smoothed a black mustache. Deferentially a maitre d'hôtel addressed him. Ignoring the man, he waved his umbrella at Silverstairs.

"Here's De Fresnoy," the young earl announced. "He can put us straight."

Rising, he greeted the Parisian, invited him to the table, introduced Verplank, speaking, as he did so, in French, with an accent frankly barbarous, which De Fresnoy seemed to enjoy. The latter raised his hat to Verplank, gave it with his coat and umbrella to the waiter, gave him an order as well.

"I see you have breakfasted," he remarked, in an interval of these operations. "If you don't mind my eating while you smoke—"

"We have not only breakfasted," Verplank easily, in fluent French, replied, "we have had an argument. In your quality of Parisian, will you de-

cide it? Can a man have another out for looking impertinently at him?"

De Fresnoy patted his neckcloth.

"But most assuredly. To look impertinently at a man constitutes an attack on his self-esteem. To omit to return a man's bow, to neglect to take his proffered hand, to regard him in an offensive manner, are one and all so many assaults on his dignity."

Verplank smiled.

"Thanks. Mine has been assailed, and I want to rebuke the aggressor."

"It is Barouffski," Silverstairs threw out.

"Barouffski!" De Fresnoy repeated, his head held appreciatively a little to one side. "In a bout he is very clever. Barring D'Arcy, Helley-Quetgen"—and myself, he was about to add, but throwing the veil, he desisted—"I don't know his equal. How he is on the field, personally, I cannot say. On the boards, fencing is an exercise, it is an amusement. On the field, it is another man's blood—or yours. Though, after all, one is rarely killed, except by one's seconds. But, pardon, I monologue." He turned to Verplank. "You fence, or is it that you shoot?"

Verplank leaned back in his chair.

"Oh, I suppose I can fire a gun."

Silverstairs laughed.

"I say now! You are too modest by half!" He looked at De Fresnoy. "Verplank is the crack pigeon shot of America."

De Fresnoy nodded.

"Monsieur Verplank should demand pistols then. Has he his seconds?"

"I'll be one," Silverstairs answered, "and, perhaps, you will be the other."

The Parisian smoothed his mustache.

"I shall be much honored. But, in that case, I must ask to be made acquainted with all the facts."

But now the waiter, bearing a dish, on which were oysters, green as stagnant scum, approached, and, with an air of infinite tenderness, much as though it were a baby, placed it on the table. Leisurely De Fresnoy began to eat.

"The facts," said Verplank, "are simple, and even stupid. At the Joyeuses, last evening, I was about to speak

to Madame Barouffska, when he put himself between us, and eyed me in the manner which I have described."

De Fresnoy, considering him over an oyster, replied:

"In that case, he was guilty, not only of a grave offense to you, but to Madame De Joyeuse as well. The duke would be the first to resent it."

With an idea of making it all very clear, Silverstairs stuck an oar in.

"Madame Barouffska, you know, was formerly Madame Verplank."

De Fresnoy bent a little. Yet any surprise he may have experienced he was too civil to display.

Verplank helped him out.

"This lady had been divorced from me, and it may occur to you that there might be circumstances that rendered further acquaintance between us inadmissible. I may assure you that there are none, and, without wishing to intrude my private affairs, I may assure you, also, that, to this hour, I am unaware why the divorce was obtained."

Pontifically, in his deepest note, Silverstairs threw out:

"In the States they give you a divorce for a Yes or a No."

"For married people," De Fresnoy remarked, yet so pleasantly that the sarcasm was lost, "America is the coming country."

As he spoke, the waiter, after supervising the removal of the first dish, produced, with the air of a conjurer, another. De Fresnoy glanced up.

"Bring me paper and ink."

"Perfectly, monsieur le baron."

Slowly De Fresnoy attacked the food. After a mouthful, he said to Silverstairs:

"When the writing materials come, we can get off a note to Barouffski. If he has any explanation he can advance it. Otherwise—On guard!"

But, presently, he pushed aside his plate.

"Well, then, Léopold, am I to sit here the entire day?"

Serviceably, a *buvard* in his hand, the waiter advanced.

"I have subventioned a new pen for the use of monsieur le baron."

De Fresnoy, the *buzard* before him, looked at Silverstairs:

"With your permission, in our joint names, I write." He looked at Verplank. "Will you pardon me if I ask how your name is spelled?"

Verplank, getting at his case, extracted a card. De Fresnoy glanced at it. Then, taking that new pen, he wrote as follows:

MONSIEUR LE COMTE BAROUFFSKI,

MONSIEUR: Monsieur Verplank has requested the Earl of Silverstairs and myself to arrive at an understanding with two of your friends concerning an incident which occurred last evening in the Avenue Cours la Reine. Lord Silverstairs and I will be obliged if, as soon as possible, you will request one of your friends to appoint a meeting at which we may deliberate.

Receive, monsieur, the expression of my distinguished sentiments.

BARON DE FRESNOY.

He handed the letter to Silverstairs. "Is that to your liking? Good! We will send it to the Little Club, and we will have a reply to-day. Meanwhile, there are matters that claim me."

With an uplift of the chin, he summoned the waiter. A little pantomime followed; the presentation of the bill, the click of gold on porcelain, the carelessly gathered change, the meager tip, the reappearance of the hat and umbrella, the bowing waiters, the craning necks, and the Parisian's departure.

Verplank, emptying a glass of Chablis, looked out of the window. Suddenly a picture appeared there. Before him, arrested by a congestion of traffic, a motor was stopping. In it and in the mist was Leilah.

Verplank sprang to his feet. With the idea of going out to her then and forcing an explanation, he looked about for his hat.

Silverstairs also got up. He had not seen. He also was looking for his hat. Placidly he remarked:

"I have an appointment with a chap named Tempest. Will you come with me?"

But now, the congestion relieved, the motor shot on. Verplank had the spectacle of a face fading instantly in the fog and the future.

"Will you?" Silverstairs repeated.

"Will I what?"

"I have to see a man about a horse. He lives just off the Bois de Boulogne, in the Rue de la Pompe. Will you come up there with me?"

"Yes, if you will go on foot."

Silverstairs tugged at his mustache. "It's no end of a walk. But, no matter, I'm with you."

CHAPTER VII.

That morning Leilah had two appointments, one with a modiste, the other with Violet Silverstairs. She did not feel equal to either. The episode of the previous evening had been to her like the supreme torture which medieval legislation devised. It was all she could bear—and more!

When, abruptly, she found herself face to face with Verplank, it was as though she were confronted by the dead. The sense of it numbed her, and the numbness was heightened by a horror that has no name. Into the seats of thought there entered the realization that, in spite of all, she still loved him, that in spite of all he still loved her. In the core of these convictions fear centred, fear of him, fear of herself, a sensation of common peril and mutual perdition, so blinding that Barouffski's rudeness she barely noticed, and it was with a look the damned may have that she saw Verplank turn with Violet Silverstairs, and go.

As they passed, Barouffski, with the air of one commenting on a triviality, remarked:

"How odd it is that the Joyeuses should care to hobnob with *demi-castors*. Shall we go?"

That *demi-castors* meant bounders generally, and, in this instance, specifically, she might not have known. But she did not hear. Moreover, the remark required no reply. Even otherwise she was unable to speak, and it was not until Barouffski reiterated his suggestion that mechanically she acceded to it with a movement of the head.

Her demeanor then in traversing the

salons, her leave-taking of the duchess, her bearing in descending the stair were as mechanical as her reply to Barouffski, and it was not until after the motor had dropped him, as he had asked that it should, at the door of the Little Club, that, at last alone, the mental anchylosis fell by.

At once in a sort of retrograde vision, she relived the past. There had been the flight from Coronado, the halt at Salt Lake, the descent into Nevada, the divorce, the journey abroad, the altar before which she had become Barouffski's wife. These—the succeeding episodes in the drama of her life—were so many hostages to joy, barricades thrown one after another between Verplank and herself, and unavailingly thrown, since, with but a look, they were almost destroyed.

They had seemed wholly impregnable, but she knew then that unless re-enforced by surer bars, they would one and all collapse. At the foreknowledge of that she appreciated what the heroines in the old tragedies endured, when circled by the seven-times-twisted coil of fate. Yet, though they had yielded, she would not yield, and it was with this determination that she alighted in the Rue de la Pompe.

The house there had a church for neighbor, and stood between a court and a garden. Before the court was a high, white wall. The garden extended back to the parallel street, where, also, was a wall. The entrance to the court was a double doorway, the entrance to the garden was an iron gate. In summer the garden was attractive with shrubbery, with flowering urns, with gay parterres. Now the shrubbery remained, but the urns were empty, the parterres bare. It was silent, too. Always, summer and winter, except when stirred by music from the church, it was quiet. But that was in the order of things. It lacked the usual stable and garage. These had been secured elsewhere.

Apart from that detail, the arrangements generally were satisfactory. The house was commodious, and agreeably furnished. On the ground floor were

the usual offices, beneath which the servants slept. On the floor above were the salons and dining hall. Above these were the bedrooms. On this upper floor the apartment which Barouffski occupied gave on the street, while Leilah's overlooked the garden.

Adjacent to her suite was a stairway designed for servants, but which, because of its convenience, she occasionally used. It led directly to the dining hall, and from there she could descend into the garden.

It had a superior advantage. It enabled her to avoid the hazards of the main stairway, which was used by Barouffski, whom the nearer acquaintance of matrimony had discovered to her without the mask—without one mask, that is—for histrion that he was, he had many, but the best, the feigned nobility of noble pride, the assumed *parage*, had gone, dropped in the first days of their life in common, and, in its absence, revealing unimagined depths of grossness, from which revoltedly she had turned.

In accepting the man she had hoped that with him she might learn, if not to forget, at least, not to remember, that he would be a companion with whom she could be at rest. The humiliation of her error shocked from her the hope forever. Since then, she had required of him nothing, had given him nothing, save money only, and her presence when jointly they were entertaining or entertained.

Barouffski, satisfied with the perquisites, and elsewhere consoled, accepted her attitude with an ambiguous smile. Hitherto he had lived by expédients. Opportunity had come to him. He had grasped it. For him the economic problem of life was solved. He asked little else, merely that the solution should endure, and that his dignity, of which he had a humorous conception, be outwardly preserved.

In addition to his dignity, or to his idea of it, he had another attribute. He was not exacting. It is a great charm in any one. But with him it did not extend to money. Freely he demanded it, and as freely she gave. What he

did with it she did not know, nor, as long as its disbursement took him from her, did she care.

On this evening, when, after the usual din at the doors, the motor entered the court, and she alighted at the perron, two footmen in canary livery busied themselves in aiding her.

Leilah, without removing her furs, passed on and up into the dining room, through it to a balcony, and down a flight of steps to the garden, where, for a while, she walked along the path that led from the house to the gate.

The garden was cloistered, the night serene. The influence of both affected her. The darkness put her thoughts into relief, the solitude relaxed the tension of her nerves. Another thing was helpful, the determination which she had reached, though for that determination to be maintained there must, she saw, be further hostages, new barricades. But what other hostages could she give, she wondered, what firmer barricades could there be? Barring flight or an appeal to Verplank, some message, begging him to leave Paris at once—she could not imagine any.

Already, several times, she had crossed the garden. Now she found herself at the extreme end, facing the iron gate. From within the gate opened readily, but to open it from without a key was necessary. Generally the key hung from a box near by.

Leilah felt for it, found it, took it, opened the gate, walked to the corner, and, returning, opened the gate again. The little tentative evasion had been successful. At any time, unseen, even by a servant, she could leave the house, disappear utterly, be forever engulfed. But the knowledge that she could escape into darkness, and be lost there, offered little more than a choice between tears.

It presented a form of suicide, which was superior only to actual death. She hoped she might be spared it. She hoped an appeal would suffice, though in what manner it could best reach Verplank, or, for that matter, reach him at all, she found it difficult to decide.

To make it personally was impossible. To attempt it through Violet Silverstairs would involve an explanation, and that was impossible also. The idea of employing one of her women occurred to her. There were manifest objections to such a course, though the particular woman she had in view she trusted entirely.

Slowly she returned to the house. There, when at last her servants had gone, and she was alone, she uttered a prayer for the earthly peace of his soul and of her own. She knew that no prayer could affect destiny, but it soothed her a little as prayer does soothe the distressed. The prayer concluded, she began another. She prayed that some time she might be somewhere, where all things broken are made complete, and found again things vanished.

It was on the morning succeeding these incidents that she felt unequal for the appointments she had made. But however she felt, she always did what she had planned. In this instance nature punished her. On the way to the first appointment, a *malaise* overtook her, enveloped her, beat at her heart, and although, gradually, it fell by, she was still conscious of it when, in the Rue Cambon, the motor stopped at the modiste's door.

"The fitting of Madame la Comtesse Barouffska!" a fair young girl in black immediately and authoritatively announced.

Before landscapes of silk, in the delight of new modes, customers were sunning themselves. At the announcement they turned, while Leilah, conducted by another girl, crossed the laboratory enchantments, and entered a room where the *première* stood.

The latter, a tall, dark woman, dressed severely but well, said, indicating a gown which an assistant held for inspection:

"It will ravishingly become madame."

Leilah looked at it, wondering the while where she would wear it, whether indeed she would wear it at all. Then, before a sheet that had been placed on the floor and on which the

assistant arranged the gown in a circle, she dropped her cloak, put down her muff, and undressed.

At the spectacle which she then presented, the *première* exclaimed: "Madame la Comtesse has a figure truly divine. But who could have laced her?"

She turned to the assistant.

"Ernestine, draw the stays of madame a trifle closer."

Ernestine, a girl with tired eyes, undid the corset, pulled at the strings. But she pulled them perhaps too tightly.

Leilah gasped, turned, sat down, and fell forward. The *première* hurried to her. She had fainted.

When she came to, it was with a sense of nausea, one that was not only physical, but psychical. She felt that she was *enceinte*. That her briefly detestable marriage to Barouffski should have so culminated was intolerable to her, though originally, with a view to the surest hostage of all, she had had the heart to hope that it might.

But in the past twelve hours that aspect of things had changed. If Verplank rejected her appeal, and flight were forced on her, it would be only for a time that she could hide her identity, for she would lack the right to conceal that of her child. The situation was clearly intolerable. Meanwhile it was impossible to go on with the fitting. To that end she instructed the *première* who with ceaseless attentions aided her to dress and accompanied her to the door.

"Rue François 1er," Leilah told the groom.

The machine shot ahead. Arrested shortly by a congestion of traffic, it halted before a window behind which Verplank and Silverstairs sat.

Leilah, unconscious of their presence, gazed at the murky cinematograph of the street, filled at this hour with faces sordid, petulant, indifferent, or frankly gay, with the passing forms of workmen, idlers, shopgirls, vagabonds; the swarming Parisian crowd which did not, she believed, contain one soul as miserable as her own.

The congestion relieved, the motor

shot on. The *malaise* now had subsided. But the air was raw, very chill, and she wrapped herself closer in her furs. It was not so long ago that she had been on her way from the brilliance of Mexico to the glare of California. She was happy then, happy with a happiness so perfect that it lifted her into the ultimate ecstasies which love and life comport. It was not so long ago, only six short months, only that brief eternity of sorrow which, unended yet, had been the damning penalty of that joy.

But now the motor had stopped. Leilah, telling the groom to wait, was presently in the drawing room of her friend.

At once, clearly in her limpid voice, considering her with brilliant eyes, Violet aimed and fired.

"You're a liar." Pausing to note the effect of the shot, she added: "Also, you are late."

"I know I am late, and I am sorry," Leilah, removing her furs and gloves, replied. "But how am I a liar?"

"Come to luncheon, and you will precious soon find out."

But the luncheon, perfectly served in a beautiful room, was a repast for sybarites, not for the suffering. After the first morsel, Leilah was unable to eat.

"Where is Silverstairs?" she asked when that morsel had been consumed.

"With your ex."

Leilah put down her fork.

"With Gulian?"

Violet laughed.

"Have you more than one? But it was just through him that your lie cropped out. Last night he swore by bell, book, and candle that you had never told him why you cut and ran."

It was at this juncture that Leilah found herself unable to eat. Instantly her mind shot back. She was at Coronado again, in the sunshine and frippery of her sitting room. She could see Verplank as he left it, see the letters that had been brought, see herself as she opened one of them, that one which with its inclosures she had redirected and left for him. The possibility never

before conjectured, that he had not received it, girdled her with a zone of ice. For a moment she looked fixedly at one of the windows through which the pale daylight fell. In the beautiful room, companioned by her nearest friend, she felt that sense of utter loneliness which in the great crises of life is experienced by all. Yet was it true?

"Violet!" she cried. "You are jesting."

But the lady, determined then or never to learn the truth, cocked an eye at her.

"I am not, nor was he."

At that, Leilah felt the girdle of ice sending its shivers through her. The plan she had made must, she saw, be foregone. If Verplank did not know why she had separated from him, never would he leave Paris until he did. But what must he have thought, she agonizedly reflected, and what must he think!

Violet, who had been watching her, said:

"Why don't you tell me?"

Leilah, taking up her fork again, tried, for countenance sake, to affect to eat. The effort was beyond her. She put it down.

"I can't," she at last replied.

Violet, her brilliant eye still cocked, almost winked.

"Yes, you said that before. But you see, don't you know, that whether you can or cannot tell me, you will have to tell him, and, in the circumstances, would it not be best to have me do it for you? To be sure, if you had taken my advice and omitted to marry Barouffski, I would say have it out with himself. But your marriage does not seem to have simplified matters, which, so far as I can make out, are now pretty thoroughly mixed."

The lady spoke better than she knew. Matters were complicated, though how profoundly she had no idea, nor was Leilah aware that the situation, already tortuous, was to become even more intricately labyrinthine.

"Of course," Violet, in her bell-like voice, threw out, "after running away, getting a divorce, and marrying another

man, I can fancy that you don't much want to see him. But what will you do?"

Leilah, her thoughts afar, made no reply.

"What will you do?" Violet repeated.

From afar the question floated, descended, from among the tender places of Leilah's soul. At the pain of it she winced.

"God help me, I do not know!"

Violet, cautiously considering her, insinuated:

"Let me take a hand." She hesitated; then, for clincher, threw out: "He dines here to-morrow."

"Here!" Leilah exclaimed, half rising, fearful now that at any moment he might appear. "Here! With you?"

Violet nodded.

"Why, yes; why not? If I can't confess you, perhaps I can him. At least I can try. Goodness gracious! If I don't get at the bottom of this, I shall simply go mad."

But now Leilah, who a moment before had half risen, stood up.

"Violet, I am not well. You must let me go. Yes," she added at some suggestion. "Yes, yes."

She would have said yes to anything. Hurriedly she got into her things and away.

Without, the motor waited.

"Home," she told the groom.

She got into the car, the door closed, the machine started. Girdled with pain, she sank back. A little before she had thought herself the most miserable of beings. Now her misery had unbearably increased. She did not know what to do, where to go, to whom to turn. To these uncertainties was added the precarious position of Verplank's enlightenment.

The truth must reach him, yet how? See him, she could not. To write was beyond her ability. For there are things no pen should write, as there are others no tongue should tell. Then, for a little, she considered the advisability of instructing one of her maids. But that, too, seemed impossible. In prophetic forecast she beheld the woman's startled face.

From the picture she turned. Beyond was a church, the frontal draped with black. The motor had stopped. It had reached the house in the Rue de la Pompe, and, pending the opening of the doors, whirled as it blocked the sidewalk.

It was then that she turned. Beside her, arrested by the car, was Verplank.

Before he could speak, the machine slid on. The doors had opened, and, as the car entered the court, noisily they closed behind it.

CHAPTER VIII.

On alighting at the perron, Leilah had as always to endure the ceremonial of two footmen assiduously assisting her.

"Emmanuel," she said to one of them. "Is Monsieur Barouffski at home?"

"No, madame la comtesse."

Leilah passed on and up. For a moment, in the hall above, she hesitated. Then, pushing a portière aside, she entered a salon, went to the window, and looked out. Crossing the court was Verplank.

Fear and the fear of it, the throttling sensation which children know when pursued, enveloped her. With an idea of telling the servants that she was out, that she was ill, that she could see no one, she turned. On a table near the entrance was a service of Sèvres. Its tender hues were repeated on the ceiling. Beneath was the mirror of a waxed and polished floor. On the glistening woodwork her foot slipped. She staggered, recovered herself, got to the door.

Already Verplank had entered. She could hear him. He was not asking, he was demanding to see her. The form of the order mounted violently.

"Tell your mistress that I am here."

Even then, with the idea that she might still deny herself, Leilah drew back into the room. Mentally she was framing a phrase when Emmanuel entered.

With that air domestics have when tidying something objectionable, the

footman reconstructed Verplank's command:

"There is a monsieur who inquires whether madame la comtesse receives?"

"Tell him——"

But the injunction, as yet not wholly formed, was never completed. Verplank, brushing the man aside, strode in.

Leilah, retreating before him, motioned at Emmanuel, and the servant, with an affronted air of personal grievance, vacated this room that was charged now with the vibrations of hostilities begun.

Retreating yet farther, her eyes on the foe, Leilah stared at him, and, as she retreated, Verplank, staring, too, advanced. In his stare were threats so voluble that she thought: "He will kill me." At the thought, there appeared before her Death's liberating face, the mysteriously consoling visage which it reveals to those alone who have reached the depths of human woe.

Beyond, from the church, came the music of an organ. A requiem was being held. Leilah felt as though it were her own.

Verplank, his hands clenched, the look of an executioner about him, threw at her:

"For six months I have been looking for you. I am come to have you tell me why I have had to look at all."

"*Dies ira, dies illa*," admirably, in a clear contralto, a woman's voice rang out.

Neither heard it. At the menace of the man, Leilah shrank, and in an effort at defense cried pitifully:

"Gulian! I left a letter for you."

Angrily he tossed his head.

"I received none, nor did I need any to tell me that there are women on the street, others in jail, that are less vile than you."

"*Teste David cum Sibylla*," clearly and beautifully the voice resumed.

"Gulian!" Leilah cried again.

With whips in his words, he added:

"No harlot could have acted more infamously than you."

At the lash of the outrage, Leilah,

joining her hands, held them to him. "Gulian! You are killing me!"

"It is what you deserve. There are no penalties now for such turpitudes as yours. But, when there were, women like you were beaten with rods, they were lapidated, stoned to death, and death was too good for them; they should have been made to go about, as they afterward were, as you should be, in a yellow wig, in a yellow gown, that even children might point and cry: 'Shame!'"

The words, which he tore from his mouth, he hurled at her. She cowered before them. On a chair near by she had put her muff. Her cloak had fallen from her. In the church now the hymn had ceased. The ringing of the Elevation was beginning.

"Gulian! As if shame had not cried at me! Gulian, I have been scourged, I have been stoned. If I live, it is to implore of you mercy."

Her hands, still joined, were still extended, and in her face was an expression of absolute despair. But this martyr attitude seemed to him the most abominable of hypocrisies, and it was with anger refreshed that he lashed her again.

"Mercy? Yes, you want mercy, you, who were merciless in your treachery to me. A sweep would have had more decency, a scullion more heart. I put in your hands my trust, my love, my honor, and you who want mercy dragged them in dirt."

"Gulian!" Within her now was that invincible need of justice which impels the weakest to protest against the savagery of wrong. "Gulian! When you know!"

"I do know. I know you and your lies, and the infamy of them too well. At Coronado——"

"Gulian! You are not killing me merely, you torture my very soul."

He sneered.

"Am I? Am I, indeed! No, you compliment yourself. It is what I want to do, but you cheat me even there. No woman with a soul could have done this soulless thing."

The brutality of the arraignment

shook her. She leaned against the chair for support. She felt hopeless, helpless, defenseless, and it was but because that need for justice still impelled her, that she protested anew.

"Gulian, if only you knew! If only you had had that letter! Had it reached you, you would know that there was no deceit, that I left you for your sake as well as my own. Gulian, if I had not gone you would have seen and made me tell you, and then it may be you would have taken me and thrown me with you from the yacht."

There were tears in her words. With one hand she held to the chair, the other she raised to her head. It pained her. She felt bruised and looked it.

*"Ecce panis Angelorum
Factus cibus viatorum——"*

Beyond, sustained by the arpeggios of the organ, the voice of a singer mounted sheerly like a thread of gold. It lowered and heightened. Presently, on a note, as if abruptly snapped, it ceased. The organ continued. It renewed the canticle. It projected a scale that ascended slowly, as though upward and onward, over the limitless steps of eternity, it were lifting the soul of the dead.

Leilah wished it were her own. Sadly she added:

"God knows it would have been better. Anything would be better than that you should speak to me as you do."

There is an innocence that appeals, a sincerity that disarms, a candor that outfaces every proof, and Verplank, who had been bent on overwhelming this woman with a contempt which he felt wholly deserved, was impressed, in spite of himself, by the evident ingenuousness, by the evident wretchedness, too, of her words.

He moved back.

"You say I would have made you tell me?"

"Yes. Yes. You would have."

"But made you tell me what?"

Leilah, still holding one hand to her head, raised the other from the chair,

and with it made a gesture slight, yet desolate.

"What was it?" he asked.

Before replying, she looked away.

"What I hid from you rather than repeat."

"But repeat what?"

Her face still turned from him, she answered:

"Something my—something Mr. Ogston sent me."

"Mr. Ogston!" Verplank exclaimed. The formality of the nomenclature astounded him. "Do you mean your father? What did he send you?"

But Leilah would not or could not speak. Her mouth contracted as though she were choking, and she put a hand to her throat.

"Tell me," he insisted.

She turned, and beseechingly she looked at him.

"Gulian, I cannot."

At that Verplank moved nearer, and so dominantly that again she extended her hands.

"Gulian, I will get some one else to tell you. I had intended to. Believe me, it is better so."

"It concerns me?"

"Yes, you."

"And you?"

"Yes, both of us."

"Then you shall tell me, and tell me now. Do you hear?"

"Gulian!" she cried. She raised her clasped hands to him. "Gulian!"

But Verplank, his jaw ominously square, confronted her.

"I say you shall."

"Don't look at me then," she pleaded.

"Bend your head, bend it lower. One second, then I will. One second. One. Ah, God! I cannot."

Verplank, who at her bidding had stooped, straightened himself, and caught at her.

"I say you shall."

"Gulian, a moment. Give me a moment. Now bend your head again. One moment, Gulian; your father, your father——"

"Yes."

"My mother loved him."

"Your mother loved my father!"

"Gulian, I am his daughter."

"You are what?"

"I am your sister."

As she whispered it, she covered her face. Verplank started, straightened again, raised his arm, and, with a gesture wide, elemental, absurd, and human, struck at the empty air.

Savagely he turned to her.

"And you believe this?"

Leilah, her head bowed, her face covered, shook with sobs.

"You believe it?" he repeated.

"There were letters," she stammered. "Three letters. No one could read them and not—and not——"

"And it was for this you left me?"

A fresh access seized her. He could not see her tears, he heard them.

"And it was for this you got a divorce?"

On the chair beside her was her muff. She felt in it, and got out a handkerchief.

"And it was for this you took that cad?"

Slowly, with infinite hesitations, the bit of cambric held to a face that was wet and white, she turned to him.

"I thought you would forget. I thought you would marry. I thought you would be happy. I hoped so that you would. But my leaving you, the divorce, the marriage, these things were done with no idea of happiness. They were to serve as barriers between us."

Impotently he stamped a foot. He was furious still. But his anger had deflected. He was enraged less at her than at circumstances.

"Rubbish! That's what your barriers are."

Leilah, wiping her eyes, turned from him. The barriers, however fragile, were not rubbish to her.

Violently he continued:

"As for Barouffski——"

But Leilah, turning to him again, interrupted:

"Gulian, let me tell you. Last night I planned to have some one ask you, for my sake, to go away. Gulian, I thought you would, but I determined if you would not that I would go."

Verplank moved back.

"Go! Go where?"

"Ah! God knows! Anywhere. Wherever I could hide myself. Wherever I could hide my love for you."

Her eyes had been raised to his. At the confession they lowered of themselves. Then again she looked him in the face.

"Gulian, it is that which cried shame at me. It is that which scourged me with rods bitterer than those of which you spoke. You say the barriers are nothing. Gulian, you are wrong. To me they are eternal."

"Yes," he angrily retorted. "Yes, if your story were true. But it isn't. It's arrant nonsense."

In miserable protest, she half raised a hand.

"Gulian, when I read those letters my youth died in me. Never since they reached me have I had the heart to smile. If you had seen them you would have felt the truth in every line."

"I would have felt nothing of the kind; the fact that you still care for me ought to show you that they are false."

"Gulian, I tried to think that, too; but even in trying I felt that I was pleading for myself."

"Then, for the love of God, stop pleading and act! Look at yourself, look at me! We could not be more unlike if we came from different planets."

She was making an effort to answer. He stopped her.

"Listen to this. If you can't act, I shall. To-morrow, the day after, as soon as I can, I will go back to the States. I will see your father. When I return here it will be with proofs. I will bring them if I have to drag that old scoundrel with me."

He paused. Though angry still, her story had pacified him. He felt it to be false; none the less, she had believed it, and the fact that she had absolved her of much that she had done. However she had erred she had at least tried to do right. He closed and opened a hand, looked at it, and from it looked at her.

"Meanwhile, before I go, I have

rather an idea that there may be a deficit among us."

But the expression, in itself perhaps overprecise, was too much for her, and the fact that it was showed itself in her face.

"I mean," he resumed, "that I am, I suppose, to meet this Barouffski to-morrow."

Again she extended her hands. They were shaking.

"In a duel? Gulian! He is one of the best swordsmen here. He will kill you."

Verplank nodded. "Unless I kill him."

"As is possible," some one was saying.

Verplank wheeled.

At the entrance, Barouffski stood. With an ambiguous smile, he bowed.

"As is possible, but not probable."

Already he had touched a bell.

"Monsieur," he continued, "permit me to inform you that your presence here is an insult."

He looked about him. At his side, Emmanuel had come. Smiling still, he indicated Verplank.

"Show that person——"

The sentence was never finished. Verplank sprang forward. At the same instant, to meet and repel him, Barouffski also sprang forward. But he had started overhurriedly. On the slippery woodwork of the floor, his feet went out from under him. Behind him the table tipped, the service on it crashing musically, as is the fashion of Sèvres when it breaks, while he, to arrest his fall, caught at the portière. It broke from its fastenings, tumbled over him, covering him as he fell.

Verplank turned to Leilah.

"I never could tolerate interruptions."

From Leilah he turned to the footman. The servant's pursed lips ineffectually concealed a perfectly human desire to laugh.

"Here, you!" Verplank called at him. "Get me my hat and coat."

Then Leilah had a spectacle, curious in itself and probably vouchsafed to no other woman, that of one husband de-

scending the stair while another arose from the floor.

Shrilly from the church burst the fresh voices of boys chanting that final phrase of the pater noster, which prays for deliverance from evil:

"Sed libera nos a malo!"

CHAPTER IX.

At Neuilly, the day following, Verplank and De Fresnoy descended from a cab, at the wheels of which was another. From the second cab Silverstairs and a surgeon alighted. Before them was a horse mart, a brick building with a blue roof that served sometimes for fencing matches, sometimes for more serious affairs.

At the entrance a bandy-legged man bobbed at them, showed them down a brief, dark hall, and into a room that smelled of harness and the stable.

De Fresnoy turned to him.

"Are the other gentlemen here?"

The groom touched his forehead.

"They are in the court, monsieur le baron."

De Fresnoy looked at Silverstairs.

"If it suits you, we will join them."

From Silverstairs he looked at Verplank. "We await you."

Verplank, who was removing his coat, nodded. The night before he had dreamed pleasurably, as the great beasts of the jungles dream, of blood and the joy of killing. He had dreamed also and less agreeably that Leilah's story was true. However he had denied it, he did not know but that it might be. None the less, he doubted it. He doubted because he wanted to. He doubted it, moreover, because of the dissimilarity between Leilah and himself. The contrast was so marked that they might have come of alien races, from different zones. It is ridiculous, he had told himself. None the less, he dreamed that the story was true.

Meanwhile, the note dispatched from Voison's had resulted that evening in a conference between his seconds and Barouffski's. These latter, Tyszkiewicz, a Pole, and Palencia, a Corsican,

had begun by insisting that it was their principal who was aggrieved; that Verplank, in attempting to address a lady whom he knew did not wish to speak to him, had been wholly at fault, and was in consequence deprived of the choice of weapons.

To this De Fresnoy objected that Verplank knew nothing of the kind; but assuming him to have been in error in thinking that the lady did not object to being addressed, her slightest indication to the contrary would have been supersufficient to make him desist, the result being that Barouffski's intention reflected on his good breeding, and was therefore an insult.

Then, as though to demonstrate the truth of the paradox that a man is rarely killed except by his seconds, Silverstairs suggested that they toss for it. The plan was adopted. Barouffski's seconds won. Foils were chosen, and the meeting was arranged for high noon the next day.

Now in the dressing room that smelled of the stables, as Verplank undid his collar, he smiled. He would have preferred pistols, but the encounter was the main thing. He felt sure of himself, sure of killing Barouffski. The prospect was pleasant, compensatory as well.

Beside him, bending still over his case, the old surgeon mumbled. The hour, high noon, displeased him. He believed in duels, they were a source of revenue to him, but he did not believe in fighting on an empty stomach and at high noon.

He looked up at Verplank.

"Monsieur, you are young, you are brave, I doubt not you are also adroit. But had I been you, when your seconds asked, as I may suppose they asked: 'Which shall it be, the pistol at twenty paces or the sword?' I would have said to them: 'Give me the sword at twenty paces.' Yes, that is what I would have said."

But now Verplank was leaving the room. Mumbling still, the surgeon followed.

Beyond, at an exit, stood the man with the bandy legs. Without was a

court, surrounded by walls, flanked on one side by an edifice in process of being built, and, on another, by the mart. Laterally were trees, poplars tall and denuded. Above, like a dirty sheet, stretched the sky.

In the centre of the court Barouffski stood, barearmed, a coat over his shoulders, without his hat. To one side, beneath a poplar, the seconds, grouped together, were concluding details. Near them, emptying a case on the ground, was another surgeon, a young man with a serious face. Beside him, placed upright against a wall, were two long green bags. From the street came the usual rumble, the noise of trams, the cries of hawkers, the snorting of stallions, the clatter of hoofs.

As Verplank appeared, Silverstairs, abandoning the others, went over to him. His cheeks glowed. The white of his eyes was as white as his collar.

"De Fresnoy has been chosen director," he announced.

Verplank, from his trousers pocket, had taken a pair of gloves. The palm of one of them, previously moistened, had been dusted with rosin. Now, as he put it on, he looked across at Barouffski, who was looking at him. The man's bare arms were hairy, and the sight of them was repugnant to Verplank. At once all the jealousy, all the hate of the male, mounted like wine to his head. He colored, his hand shook. Then, resolutely, he reacted. In a moment he had again control of himself, and it was idly, with an air of indifference, as he finished with his glove, that, in reference to the dinner that evening, he said:

"Are you to have many people to-night?"

Silverstairs, delighted that Verplank, showing up in such form, should be so sure of the result, laughed.

"No, it is to be small and early. Afterward we go on to a play. The missis has a box for something, the Gymnase I think."

Verplank bent over, and turned up the ends of his trousers. In the dressing room he had been considering methods of attack, in particular a direct

riposte after a certain parade, and it was springingly, as though delivering it, that he straightened.

But now De Fresnoy approached. Silverstairs moved to one side, where he was joined by Tyszkiewicz, a thin, tall man with a prominent nose and an air vaguely pedagogic, and by Palencia, who, with great black eyebrows that met and a full black beard, looked like *Fra Diavolo* disguised as a clubman.

From one of the long green bags De Fresnoy had taken a pair of foils. These he offered, hilt foremost, to Verplank, who grasped one, and then to gauge its temper, or his own, lashed the air with it. The movement revealed a suppleness of arm, a muscular ease, the swelling biceps which training alone provides.

Save Barouffski no one noticed. For a moment his eyes shifted absently. It was as though he, too, had meditated a coup, and now was meditating another. Meanwhile he also had received a foil.

"Messieurs!" De Fresnoy called.

He spoke in a loud, clear voice. He had moved back, and stood at an angle to Barouffski and Verplank. Opposite, at an equal angle, were the seconds and surgeons. All now were so stationed that they formed a sort of cross.

"Messieurs, I do not need to remind you of the common loyalty to be observed. What I have to say is that the encounter will proceed in engagements of three minutes, followed each by three minutes of repose, until one of you is incapacitated."

De Fresnoy looked from Barouffski to Verplank. At once in his loud, clear voice, he called:

"On guard!"

The two men fell into position. De Fresnoy moved forward, took in either hand the foils at the points, drew them together until they met, left them so, and moved back.

"*Allez, messieurs!*"

At the word *Allez*, or in English Go, and, without waiting for the term *Messieurs* that followed, instantly Barouffski lunged. His foil perforated Verplank's lower lip, broke a tooth, cut the

tongue, passed through the cheek, grazing, as it went, the upper jaw.

Verplank had a vision of the bandy-legged man waving his arms, a taste of something hot and acrid in his mouth, a sense of pain, the sensation of vulperine fury.

De Fresnoy, brandishing his umbrella at Barouffski, cried: "Monsieur! Your conduct is odious. You shall answer to me for it."

Barouffski bowed.

"For the expression which it has pleased you to employ, you shall answer to me."

"Permit me, permit me," Tyszkiewicz interjected. "To what do you object?"

Angrily De Fresnoy turned at him. "Your principal drew before the order. He——"

"Permit me, permit me," Tyszkiewicz interrupted. "The word *Allez* is an order. The moment it is uttered hostilities begin. The term *Messieurs* is but a polite accessory, a term which may or may not be employed."

Insolently De Fresnoy considered him.

"I have no lessons to receive from you."

"Permit me, permit me——"

But De Fresnoy had turned on his heel. Before him Verplank stood, Silverstairs on one side, the old surgeon on the other. The young surgeon had joined them. Beyond, Barouffski was examining the point of his foil.

From Verplank's mouth and face blood was running. The wound had not improved his appearance. The old surgeon, on tiptoes, was stanching it, Verplank brushed him aside, shook his foil, and called at De Fresnoy:

"Are the three minutes up?"

"Monsieur!" the old surgeon protested.

The young surgeon intervened.

"But, monsieur——"

De Fresnoy motioned at them.

"Is he in a condition to continue?"

"Why not?" Verplank scornfully replied.

He raised his left hand, and with a gesture of excuse turned and spat. He

looked up. His mouth was on fire, his jaw burned, the wound in his cheek was a flame. Yet these things but added to the intensity of his eyes. They blazed. There was blood on his face, on his chin, on his shirt, on his feet. He was hideous. But he was a man, and a mad one.

"He ought to be horsewhipped," muttered Silverstairs, glaring as he spoke at Barouffski, who was talking to his seconds.

"On guard, then!" called De Fresnoy.

"Permit me, permit me," cried Tyszkiewicz. "The point of my principal's sword is broken."

"Give him another then," De Fresnoy roughly threw out. Insolently he added: "And teach him how to use it." In a moment, when, from the other bag, a foil had been got, "On guard!" he repeated.

Again he united the foils. Again he gave the command.

For a moment the weapons clashed. With a sudden clatter Barouffski's fell. With a sudden snarl he fell also. Verplank's foil had penetrated his arm. But so vehement and headlong was the force with which the thrust was delivered that the bodies of the two men met, and in the violence of the impact Barouffski was bowled over.

In the doorway the bandy-legged man waved his hands.

"That is pugilism!" Palencia, with his bandit air, was shouting. "That is——"

"Permit me, permit me," Tyszkiewicz cried.

Verplank, lifting his foil, held it like a lance. The movement was so unusual, and as he effected it his appearance was so terrible that Palencia, thinking he was about to hurl it at Barouffski, rushed forward. But Verplank, with the same scorn as before, lowered the point, turned, and spat again.

"Damn him! I haven't done with him yet!"

Palencia looked about. Barouffski now was on his feet. The young surgeon was examining him. The in-

cision in his arm, while jagged and bleeding, was relatively slight.

The surgeon turned. His serious face was grave.

"Monsieur!" he called at De Fresnoy. "My client is disabled."

With technical terms, with words drawn from the Greek which even his colleague did not understand and which made the puncture seem terrific, he described it.

"I oppose myself," he added authoritatively, "to a continuation of the engagement."

But now Verplank was also calling to De Fresnoy: "Let us have pistols then. That man can use his left hand, and I will do the same."

"Permit me, permit me," Tyszkiewicz cried.

De Fresnoy shook his head.

"The conditions of the encounter were that it should be with foils, and continue until one of the principals was incapacitated. The decision of the surgeon is final. I declare the meeting at an end."

Verplank tossed his foil aside.

"Then there will be another!"

He strode on to the door. Silverstairs and the old surgeon followed.

De Fresnoy, looking after them, nodded.

"And a third! Silverstairs," he called, "we shall want your signature. A *procès-verbal* must be drawn."

Silverstairs turned back. Barouffski, his arm washed in antiseptics and already bandaged, was putting on his coat. With an ambiguous smile, he watched the seconds consulting over the terms of the report.

Beyond, in the dressing room, the old surgeon ministered to his young client's wounds.

"What I like," he confided, speaking the while very unctuously as though what he was saying would be a comfort to Verplank. "What I like is to attend to gentlemen whose wives have deceived them. Outraged husbands, monsieur, that is my specialty."

Gravely, as befitted his wounds and unassuaged fury, Verplank replied:

"Your clientele must be large."

CHAPTER X.

Verplank's wounds prevented him from dining with the Silverstairs, but not from going to the States. When, three weeks later, in the snow of a December night, he reached Saint-Lazare, the wounds had healed, only a scar was visible. Leaving his servant to attend to his luggage, he drove to the Rue de la Pompe.

In New York he had readily got at the facts of the story which Leilah had told him. The letters sent to her had been written by his father, but not to her mother. They had been written to her aunt, Hilda Hemingway, the precarious beauty with whose husband his father had gone out. This lady, obsessed by that desire to preserve incriminating correspondence, which is the characteristic of certain temperaments, but afraid to keep the letters herself, had, for safety, turned them over to her sister, among whose effects they had been found by Leilah's father, who had thought them addressed to his wife.

It was Verplank's mother who sweetly and proudly told him of it all.

"Why, Gulian," she said, when he put the matter before her, "after the death of Leilah's mother that man next door came here and showed me three letters which he believed your father had written her. But I knew better, and, for the best of reasons, I had already seen them, and seen them before they were sent. Your dear father had no secrets from me, Gulian. Those letters he wrote to Hilda Hemingway, and very beautiful they were, as were all his letters, though sometimes he would mispell, and that was one of the reasons why he always liked me to see them before they went. But I did not undeceive Leilah's father. It would have been too cruel. He believed so thoroughly in his wife's infidelity! And now tell me, Gulian, what is that dreadful thing on your face?"

There had been further reminiscences, additional details, but in the main that was the gist of it.

Now, on his way to the Rue de la

Pompe, Verplank had no plan of action, a purpose merely. It was to see Leilah and carry her off, if he had to knock the footmen down and rummage the house to find her.

But, at the perron presently, Emmanuel, a servant whom he had previously seen and since forgotten, asked would he be good enough to wait. Three weeks before, the man had made a similar request. Verplank then had not had the necessary patience. Now, his hat and coat still on, he permitted himself to be shown into a reception room, from which shortly he was taken to the slippery salon above.

At the moment, it was untenanted. Verplank, removing his hat, was about to put it on the mantel, but noticing that there an ash receiver had been overturned, he put it on a piano instead. As he did so, Leilah entered.

After the pretense of a dinner attempted in the Rue François Ier, she had but a moment earlier got back. About her was a fur cloak, on her head a black fichu.

"It was as I told you," Verplank began.

Summarily he repeated what he had learned.

Leilah listened. Imagine a blind man dazzled. That is the way she felt. From sheer emotion she swayed, her pale skin colored.

He, at sight of her cloak and the fichu, fancied that she was as ready to go as he was to take her, and it all seemed very simple.

"Come," he added, "let us be off at once. I have a cab for you."

But at the suggestion which was a command, she undid the fichu, loosened the cloak.

"Gulian, I cannot."

"Cannot!" he angrily repeated. "Why can't you? Have you not heard what I said? You are not my sister, you are my wife. Your place is with me. Come!"

"Gulian! You do not know what you ask?"

"I know perfectly well. If you hesitate it is because you do not believe

me. But would I urge you if that malignity were true? Would I?"

"Gulian, no, you would not."

"There, you see, you have to believe me."

"It is not that."

"It is the divorce then! But you are no more married to that dismal dad than I am to one of your maids. Except in Nevada, the decree has no effect whatever. But, without bothering to have it set aside, come with me, and let this *maquereau* get another."

"Gulian, he never will."

"Certainly, if he is paid enough."

"Gulian, you don't understand, but for the present that is out of the question."

"Then your marriage can be annulled."

"Gulian, no, of all things, that is impossible."

"Impossible! There is nothing impossible. Why do you say so? Why do you make so many objections? You should not make any. You hear a cock-and-bull story, take it for gospel, run away, get a divorce, marry a damned scoundrel, and, when you find the story is a brutal lie, stick like a leech to him."

"Gulian! If you but knew! My position is horrible."

"Of course it is, and all of your own making. By God! You can make up your mind to one thing. You'll come, if I have to take you by force."

As he spoke he looked so brutal that she shrank.

"Gulian, you will kill me. I thought so before. I know it now."

"It is only what you deserve."

"Gulian! And you said you loved me!"

"Yes, but you make me doubt it."

The cloak, which previously she had loosened, she let fall on a *bergère* beside her, and put the fichu on the mantel.

"Gulian, you must give me time."

The words were simple, plaintively uttered, but her action with the cloak and with the lace gave them an emphasis which added to his irritation. Moreover, by her dress he now saw

that these accessories had not, as he imagined, been assumed for him, and that also inflamed him. Matters were less simple than he had fancied, and, as he was yet to learn, more complicated than he had thought.

"Nonsense," he retorted. "You have had time enough. Now you must act."

"Gulian, I will, but not now. I am not able. Really I am not."

Roughly he considered her.

"What do you mean? You are not ill?"

She caught at the chair.

"Gulian, I am sick unto death. Later I will go with you, but not now, not——"

"And why won't you, I would like to know? Any one else might think you cared for that——"

"Gulian, in all the world you know I love but you."

Verplank raised the cloak, reached for the fichu.

"Put these on, then, and come."

But Leilah, with a gesture that was less of resistance than of appeal, motioned them from her. The gesture infuriated him. His face flushed. The scar on it reddened. He threw the cloak about her.

"By God! You shall put them on. What's more, you will come whether or not you want to."

As he spoke he seized her, lifted her.

To Leilah it seemed as though she were about to be carried off violently, like a prey. Unresistingly she raised her face to his.

"Gulian, kill me. It will be better; it will end it all."

Something, the words, the tone in which they were uttered, the helplessness of them and of her; but, more than anything else perhaps, the fact that as he held her he felt her tremble, stayed him. He put her down. His arms fell from her.

Catching again at the chair, she steadied herself, and added:

"But if I am to live and love you, be patient, Gulian." She hesitated, looked at him, looked away; then, suddenly summoning her strength, she cried: "Gulian, if you would stop to

think, to realize, you would be patient, and you would pity me, you——"

He started from her. "You don't mean——"

She bowed her head.

On his face the flush heightened, the scar deepened. He clenched his hands and raised them.

"Then may you be forever damned!"

The malediction passed from him, descended, reached her, weighted her, pressed her down. Her bowed head bent beneath it. Her knees sank, sank lower, sank her till she was at his feet.

"Gulian! Gulian! I thought it another barrier between my love, between what I thought my criminal love for you."

He had not heard. Hitherto, with the egotism of the male, he had cajoled his imagination with the idea that Barouffski stood to her as husbands sometimes did in Rome, as they still sometimes do elsewhere, entities hired for their name, and who as such, the service, paid, cease otherwise to be husbands. The idea, passably naive, had been reinforced by her statement that she had taken this man to be a barricade between them.

Now, at the odiousness of the confession, perspiration came to his forehead, started about his nose and mouth. With the fichu which he held, he wiped them. But on the mantel, from which he had taken it, was a layer of dust and ashes, the refuse of an ash tray that had been overturned. It streaked his face, griming him with a mask comic and sinister.

Before him, bowed to other dust, she knelt.

"Gulian! What is there I would not give to have spared you this? My life, this other life, everything; freely, I would have given all. I did not know, Gulian. Gulian, I did not know."

He had not heard. The violence of his anger had waked the primitive, the aboriginal self that lurks always, and, save in the high crises of the emotions, sleeps always, within us all. He was in that condition in which men slay with bare hands, and afterward con-

sider them marvelingly, wondering at whose command they could have worked.

"Gulian, I loved you so wholly that, to destroy that love, it was myself I sought to harm. Not you. No, no, not you."

Still, he did not hear. But one of his selves, the obscurest, perhaps, of all, not only heard, but actively, like a zealous agent, noted, registered, and transmitted the plaintiveness of the woman's words, sending them upward from the cellars of the subconscious, upward to his objective self, influencing him without his knowledge, lighting the darkened chambers of his brain.

A fresh appeal began. "Gulian——"

His hands, still clenched, menaced her. Another might have wondered why they did nothing. But why, without having struck, will lightning re-scale the sky? Unknown to him, the vehemence of his anger was lessening. Insensibly his hands relaxed.

An idea had come to him, one that visited him in Melbourne, again in New York, to desist from further effort, to leave her where she crouched, behind the barriers she had raised. At the moment, he believed he desired her no longer, loved her no more, had never loved her at all. But the idea, wholly cerebral, proceeded from the brain, not from the essential essence that constitutes the ego, and in accordance with which each individual acts—to his own surprise, it may be, ignorant as the majority are that it is the essence that commands and the individual who obeys.

Now, already the idea was fading, dissipated by that very force. But, occupied still with its vestiges, he looked at this woman who had ruined her life, ruined his own.

Weighted by the malediction, her head was still bowed, and it was irresistibly, actuated by the subjective influences, that he stooped and raised her. At the contact, memories latent but active surged. They engulfed the vestiges, swept them away.

Remotely he considered her. Then at once he threw out:

"It is for this, then, that you won't go with me?"

She was seated now on the *bergère*, her cloak at her feet. She looked up. The grime on his face did not astonish her; it seemed natural after what they had both gone through, and it occurred to her that her own appearance must be even more bizarre.

"It is, isn't it?" he repeated.

"Gulian, whatever I have done has been done with loathing, but however mistakenly I have acted it was from a sense of duty. I have another duty now, the last, the very last, I hope."

"And meanwhile?"

At the question a curtain lifted. She saw the impasse which they had reached; saw, too, that in the absence of some concession he would be prompted to leave her, and be justified if he went.

She stooped, gathered her cloak, put it about her, and, from the piano, gave him his hat.

"Come," she said.

Then, preceding him, she passed through a second salon, entered the dining room, and moved down to the garden below.

Passably mystified, he followed. Over the snow, she led him to the gate, where, getting the key from its box, she turned to him, and, for the first time in months, she smiled.

"Gulian, take this, go out by the front door, that the footmen may see you leave; drive away, then come to this gate and open it. Will you?"

Verplank drew her to him. His lips were on hers. Slowly she disengaged herself. But when they reached the dining room again, turning to him anew, she said:

"Kiss me once more."

In the unique syllables of the words, which in a woman's mouth are so fluid, there was a love so real that his spent anger and the memory of it passed.

"Go!" she said at last.

Before him, the salons stretched dumb and empty. On the floor below, Emmanuel appeared suddenly, as though sprung from a trap, a smile

irritatingly inquisitive compressed in his tight-closed lips.

Without was the cab. At the corner, Verplank dismissed it, and, on foot, went on and around to the gate.

Within was a woman, who, as he entered, said, with a rising English inflection: "Mr. Verplank?" He nodded, and she added: "Her ladyship instructed me to come for you. This way, sir, if you please."

She had a trained attitude, a deferential manner. As she moved along the path, it seemed to him that she walked a-tiptoe, as those do who are accustomed to execute delicate commands.

He looked at the house. Like the garden, it was silent. Two lights alone were visible. One proceeded from some apartment above the dining room, the other from the dining room itself.

When he had entered, the woman, lifting the heavy tissue of a tapestry, said, in the same undulant voice:

"If you please, sir, this way."

Before him now was a narrow stair, up which he went. The woman followed him. At a door on the floor above, gently, with two fingers, she tapped, opened it, moved back, and, as he entered, silently behind him closed it.

CHAPTER XI.

Thereafter, each night, at a little before twelve, at that hour which in the gayest of capitals, is the gayest of all, Verplank unlocked the gate, passed through the garden, and up to Leilah's rooms.

Sometimes he reached the gate earlier than he had intended. Sometimes as he loitered an officer eyed him, divined his business, sauntered on. Sometimes the furtive forms of human vermin flattered about him, faded away.

Paris, particularly at night, especially at the outskirts, is never sure. Though the forms faded, their return was possible. As safeguard against aggression, Verplank went armed.

Leilah, meanwhile, had entered another phase of existence. The unutterable relief that her nightmare was dissi-

pated; the intolerable dismay at the quicksands into which she had slipped; the fact that her attitude, while indexed, was licit; that she could love without shame, though not without scorn; the conflicting emotions created by the cessation of an agony; the persistence of a joy and the horror of a position in which perhaps no other woman was placed before; these things, with their diverse affects, alternately elated and depressed, but collectively confused.

There were moments when she thought herself the happiest woman in the world. There were others in which she regarded herself as the wretchedest. But always, whether depressed or elated, the abhorrence of her position was clear. Naturally candid, essentially honest, true above all things to herself, there were times when she felt that she could absolve herself in her own eyes only by putting the entire situation before Barouffski.

This project she mentioned to Verplank.

"Do nothing of the kind," he told her. "It would be absolutely stupid. He would appreciate your frankness, of that you may be sure, but you may be sure, too, that he would appreciate it only because it would give him a hold on you stronger than he has. When the time comes, leave him to me."

"What will you do?"

"I'll tell you presently."

Verplank was standing before her mirror, readjusting his cravat.

"I dare say," he continued, "that he is aware of the situation already. He may even like it. Many of these gentry do."

"But how could he know?"

"That ape downstairs, what's his name? Emmanuel? Well, the night I got back from the States, he let me in. You may be sure he told him. The same night that new woman of yours who met me at the gate——"

"Parker? I would trust her with anything."

The tie adjusted, Verplank put on his white waistcoat, then his evening coat. He turned to her.

"It is a great pity you did not keep

the women you had. They at least knew me."

"Gulian! It was because of that I had to let them go."

"Well, at any rate, he knows me; but not, I think, as well as he will. Has he been bothering you for money lately?"

"Yes."

"More than usual?"

"Yes."

"Then he does know. The next time he asks, refuse him, and you will see."

"Gulian, you are wrong. But supposing you are right, why should I? The money is no more to me than he is. Besides, he is entitled to it. It is what he married me for, and you know what reasons I had for marrying him. That those reasons no longer exist is not his doing. I have still my part of the bargain to perform."

"But not forever, thank God!"

"No, certainly not."

"Meanwhile, the shortest way round is the quickest way out. The moment I get the chance, I will have another go at him."

"Gulian, I implore you, not that! At Coronado I thought I should go mad. I don't think it now. I know I shall if anything were to happen to you. I heard and told you that he is one of the cleverest swordsmen here. Since then you have discovered that he is one of the trickiest. Think what that means. Think what would become of me if—"

Verplank had put on his overcoat; he was buttoning a glove.

"I am a little interested in the matter myself. Besides, there are other weapons than the foil. If I can shoot pigeons, and I believe I can, I ought to be able to land a buzzard."

The glove buttoned, he took up his hat.

"What time did you say he gets in?"

"Parker says usually between three and four."

"It is nearly three now."

From the overcoat he took a revolver, looked at it, put it back.

"I think you may trust me," he added, yet so gravely that she found com-

fort less perhaps in the words than in the tone.

But when he had gone, the comfort departed with him. She drew a long, helpless breath, and, moving to the window, looked out. Through some miracle, the night was clear. Through some other miracle, the vile Parisian winter had been displaced by a temperature almost summery, treacherously caressing, that brought with it the sense of grasses waving longly over untended graves.

Now, from the balcony beneath, she could hear Verplank descend the steps. She watched him as he went on. She saw him fumble for a moment at the gate, she saw him open it, saw the night engulf him. Again she sighed. She wished the morrow had passed. She wished that instead of seeing him go, she might see and hear him come.

During the day she had been nowhere. But in these days there was nowhere that she wished to go. Occasionally she dined in the Rue François Ier. Otherwise, since that evening at the Joyeuses, she had refused all invitations, and extended none. The seclusion thus obtained had not passed unremarked.

"*On en jaserà*," objected Barouffski, who, though he spoke English well, preferred French.

With an air that closed and bolted the subject, she had replied: "*Je m'en moque*."

She spoke truly. She did not care. The secret drama of her life, the blight, the hostages to joy, the child to be, made her indifferent to the triviality of the "What will they say?" and indifferent also to the money which Barouffski, under pretext of losses at baccarat, demanded calmly, constantly, with a curious, ambiguous smile.

That day, for instance, pretexting a fresh loss at cards, he had made on her a demand that was relatively exorbitant. In stating the amount which he required, he had smiled again, in the same manner, and well he might. At the Little Club, the night previous, in lieu of losing he had won.

Of that she was ignorant. Had she

known, it would have made no difference. Tacitly she had agreed to give. That was her part of the bargain.

The bargain had been a folly, useless, unhappy, and, as she had latterly come to know, entirely insane. It had, though, been of her own making. Now, however, a plan which, gradually, since Verplank's return, had been forming itself, recurred to her. It was a project of offering Barouffski half her fortune, on condition that after the birth of her child, he would aid her in having the bargain dissolved. The child he might have, also. If need be, not half, but all, her fortune as well.

Long since she had fathomed, or thought she had, the nature of this man, and, affected unconsciously perhaps by Verplank's remarks, she felt that while he might be aware of the situation, he would not affront her because of it, unless, indeed, affront there were in his smile. But, quite uninfluenced by Verplank, she felt, too, that he would refrain so long only as her check book remained open.

On the other hand, she felt also that if it, its contents, and the rent rolls behind them were assured him, he would do anything she wished. She was quite right. In the soul of the Slav, as in that of the Oriental, there are occasional abysses that are tolerably dark. It was from the darkness that light had come.

Now, as she turned from the window, she determined that the next day she would make the offer. If he refused, she determined also that, in spite of Verplank's veto, he should be told the truth. Almost anything would be better, she told herself, than the false atmosphere of pseudo-intrigue.

She tried to sleep. It was long before she succeeded. When she awoke, it was late. After Parker had dressed her, she sent Barouffski word to join her in the salon. But Barouffski had already left the house.

The day passed, evening came. Still he did not return. The proposition must, she saw, be postponed. Then, a little before midnight, she dismissed Parker, darkened the room, drew the

curtain, opened the window, and looked out. Idly, for a moment, while awaiting Verplank, she thought of Barouffski, and she fancied him sitting somewhere, gambling still.

She was mistaken.

That morning he had fought with De Fresnoy, and got pricked on the chin for his pains. For that evening he had something more hazardous on hand, an enterprise which, since Verplank's return, he had been arranging, and which, with the collaboration of a detective agency, he had planned for this night.

Now, in pursuance of it, with two companions whose acquaintance he had not easily made, and whose movements he had some difficulty in guiding, already he had entered the house.

But his companions he had not detained there. Through the dining room he had shown them out.

It was a little after he had done so that Leilah darkened her room, drew the curtain, opened the window, and looked out. From beyond came the rumble of Paris. Above, a moon full, but pale, shone directly on the garden beneath.

It was not, however, at the garden which she looked. It was at the gate. But something among the shrubbery, some other thing besides, attracted her, bewildering her with the abrupt enigma of their presence, exciting her first with wonder, then with amazement, then with alarm; yet so rapidly that the various emotions fused at once into terror, and she shrieked.

The gate had opened. Verplank had entered. At him those things had sprung.

Again she shrieked. Verplank, overwhelmed, had fallen. Answering the shriek, mingling with it, were snarls, the gnashing of fangs, the din of great hounds ferociously struggling for blood, tearing vehemently at flesh, at a flesh, though, that rebelled.

Verplank rose up between them. With a kick that might have sickened an ostrich, he sent one of them sprawling. But, in the recoil, torn at by the other hound, he stumbled. The dog was at

his throat. In protection he held his left arm against it. With his right hand he got at the revolver in his overcoat pocket, and, through the pocket, fired twice into the brute. Gnashing still, it rolled away.

But now, from the other side, the second hound was on him. He saw its eyes, felt its breath, felt its fangs. Again he fired. As he did so, his hand relaxed. He heard a woman shrieking, the sound of hurrying feet. The wall before him mounted. His senses scattered into night.

Suddenly the garden was filled with people. Through the open gate, two *sergents de ville* had come. These, forms furtive and uncertain followed. From the house, led by Barouffski, the footmen ran. Above, from the window, still there issued a woman's shrieks.

Barouffski stopped, and turned. He looked up in the moonlight. He smiled. With one hand he tapped his breast, with the other he pointed at Verplank. Then, in French, reassuringly, he called:

"My dear! See! You may be tranquil. I, I am unharmed. It is the robber."

At the ignominy of that flouting jeer, Leilah, impelled by the impulse to do something, though it were but to beat her head against a wall, rushed from the window, and, strangling with spasms, fled out of the room and down the stair, where horror so suffocatingly enveloped her that in it her brain tipped, and she fell.

When consciousness returned she was in bed, her women about her.

As there, stunned and stricken, she lay, it was with the knowledge of premature travail and of a life erased.

CHAPTER XII.

Leilah, on recovering from the swoon, learned from Parker that Verplank had also recovered. She fainted again. When once more she recovered, she realized with thanksgiving that destiny, which has its tyrannies, has its mercies as well.

The ambushade devised by the man she loathed for the man she loved, and which, through a ricochet of fate, resulted not in the killing of the living, but of the unborn, had snapped the last link of a chain. Still in prison, she was no longer bound.

The jailer remained. The day before she had planned to bribe him. She would have paid her entire fortune to be free. But the man's attempted slaughter of his rival, that had succeeded only in destroying his child, opened gates which he did not know existed.

None the less, he remained. In remaining, he had rights. He had had no liaisons, at least to her knowledge. He had not publicly insulted her. He had been led into none of the technical violence and cruelty for which a divorce may be had. In consequence, he could keep her in prison, he could constrain her to follow him, to live with him, to supply his needs from her purse.

It was superficially only, after the uncertain fashion of most women of her class, that Leilah was aware of these things. She was less versed in statutes than in ethics. What the law required she did not know, but she did know what duty exacted.

Barouffski she had admired. In taking him she had thought he would prove a companion with whom she might learn to forget. Through sheer contrast, he had made her the more acutely remember. What she had admired was an actor. What she had thought would be companionable was a nature in which a reptile coiled and uncoiled.

But the marriage had been one of her own concluding. Accordingly, she had tried to bear the man's name, at least at arm's length. She considered that her duty. Even afterward, when realizing the insane folly of her bargain, she had determined to stand by it to the extent of her wealth. She considered that her duty, also. But she knew now that, however it might be legally, ethically her duties were done.

So soon then as she could get from the bed into which the horrors of the midwinter nightmare had thrown her, she went to the Ritz, where she found

Verplank amply attended, abundantly bandaged, severely, but not dangerously, hurt.

"One of the brutes nearly chewed my arm off," he told her. "If the other omitted to eat me entirely, it was not because he did not try. I did for them, though," he added, and smiled as he said it. After the manner of man, he took comfort in the feat.

"But not for the worst brute," Leilah answered, wishing in spite of herself, wishing instinctively and even ungrammatically that some good fate might.

From beneath a bandage, Verplank laughed:

"Bah! I'll do for him, too."

But Leilah did not hear. She was speaking to the surgeon, whom—with a bravery which in itself was a little defiant, and which in any event might have been more discreet—thereafter, daily and openly, she supplied with that which every surgeon wants, a nurse obedient, attentive, skillful, alert, and who, in addition, ministers for love.

With this mission Leilah took it for granted that Barouffski had acquainted himself. The fact did not trouble her. She had a real perplexity to consider—the increasing quandary of a position that had led her into an alley which, walled at one end, opened at the other into the mire of social disgrace.

There was the quandary. For if with the man she loathed she chose to remain in the alley, that alley, for all the world cared, might become a labyrinth of intrigue. But, once honestly out in the open with the man she loved, there would follow the lifted skirts, the averted heads, the disdainful eyes, the very slight and very fiendish tortures that are visited on the woman who has gone and done it.

Irremissibly she would be dishonored. Yet, any sense of dishonor must, if it is to ashame, come not from without, but from within. It may be a matter for blushing to be looked at askance by others; it should be intolerable to be unable, without blushing, to look at one's self. Perhaps, though, it is all a matter of conscience, of which some women have two.

Leilah had but one. If she went, it would acquit her, she knew. She knew she would not feel dishonored; but she knew that she would be disgraced.

Leilah liked the world, and the world liked her. None the less at Coronado, and again after Verplank's irruption at the Joyeuses, she had resolved to renounce it. It may seem, therefore, that the loss of what she had twice determined to relinquish could not be severe. But because one may be willing to migrate, it does not follow that one cares to be banished. Between the hermit and the outlaw there is a difference.

Moreover, on the occasions when Leilah had contemplated the hermitage, she had done so because of the blight. The blight put its mark on her. It made her feel old, think old, believe that life was at an end.

Now the blight had gone. She was young again. She loved passionately. She was as passionately beloved. As in the Mexican honeymoon, life stretched before her its string of delights.

Only now it stretched them tantalizingly, just beyond reach. If she made a dash and grabbed them, clearly they would be hers; but as clearly, also, she would lose the accessories that gave them their frame. It was for her to choose between the substance and the shadow, without knowing whether, if she chose the substance, it might not turn to shadow itself.

But she had to choose. It is disagreeable to be in a blind alley. It is worse to be nowhere at all.

Leilah had the sensation of being in a vortex, of being pulled down from places where she did not wish to be, to places that she did not like. But one may not argue with a vortex. It is useless even to struggle. Whether you will or you won't, you have to let yourself go.

Presently, Verplank was able to be up. The surgeon said that in a day he would be able to be out. Verplank, who knew as much without being told, asked Leilah to arrange to go with him on the morrow.

Leilah, conscious of the vortex, consented. But in consenting she made one stipulation. Characteristic in itself, it was that there must be nothing clandestine, that he must come for her in the Rue de la Pompe, and that from there, her boxes put on whatever vehicle he brought, they would leave for darkness by daylight.

The plan pleased Verplank. He agreed at once. He told her that he would come at noon the next day.

When he had, she added: "To-night I go to the Opera; the Helley-Quetgens have asked me. It is my last look at this world."

Then, shortly, the arrangements for the evasion completed, she left the hotel.

Without, her motor waited. She told the groom to have it follow her. The air tempted. Though cold, it was not raw, but the sky was dirty. She thought of the brilliancy of Mexico, of the California glare, the eager glitter of New York. She wondered would they go back there. Perhaps, she told herself, we shall at last see Bora-Bora.

Her walk took her through the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli to the fountains of the Place de la Concorde. From there she was about to enter the Champs Elysées when she became conscious of being accosted.

"Chère madame," some one was saying. "I precipitate myself to renew the expression of my homage."

D'Arcy, hat in hand, was before her. At once, with a view to what the French agreeably describe as the placing of landmarks—*pour poser des jalons*—he asked to be permitted to accompany her.

Leilah smiled.

"Not for the world!"

She motioned at the motor. Then, with that graciousness which is natural to the *mondaine*, with perhaps the desire also to attenuate whatever there were of brusqueness in her reply, she added, as she got in the car:

"I shall be at the Opéra with the Helley-Quetgens to-night. Could you not look in?"

D'Arcy, habituated to the abruptest

victories, accustomed to inflame with but a glance, by the mere exhibition of his Olympian good looks, and, therefore, indifferent when not bored by the celerity of his successes, but piqued by the tranquil air with which this woman had always regarded him, thanked her, assured her that he would not fail to be there, and replaced his hat.

Immediately he raised it again, straight from the head, high in the air. Looking with brilliant eyes from a brilliant brougham, Violet Silverstairs was dashing by.

The motor flew off. Leilah sank back, wondering at herself, trying to discover what influence, malign and unhallowed, could possibly have prompted her to ask this man, whom she disliked as—in spite of a theory to the contrary—honest women do dislike a man of his type. But though, at the time, she could not understand what had impelled her, later it seemed to her that it must have been fate.

Up the Elysian Fields the motor flew, and on through the Avenue du Bois. Veering there, it entered the Rue de la Pompe. On alighting, Leilah asked for Barouffski.

Since he had called to her from the garden, she had encountered him only in the hazards of entrances and halls. On such occasions, she had passed with an air of being unaware that there were anything save chairs and tables about.

But he, with the suppleness of the Slav, had bowed, bowed low, convinced that with time, which is the great emollient, her attitude would change. Besides, whatever he had done was within his rights. Moreover, the law was with him. He proposed to see to it that she was also—she, and, with her, her purse.

The one menace to both was Verplank. Twice he had failed with him. But he knew that soon they would be at each other again, and, for the next encounter, he had in view a trick which he felt would do for him forever. He was quite sure then that her attitude would change. If not, a sojourn in the

solitudes of Lithuania might alter it. Things more surprising have occurred there.

On this day, it was she who surprised him. She sent for him, and, her head raised, said distantly:

"The Helley-Quetgens have asked us to the Opéra. I am going. You are free to do as you like."

Oilily he rubbed his hands.

"But how then? I am at your orders.

It is a festival to be where you are."

But as he did nothing without an object, he wondered what hers was. For a month past there had been invitations from the two Faubourgs, from Tout-Paris. One and all, she had refused them. Now, suddenly, from a dark sky, came an acceptance. Obviously, there was a reason. Yet, what?

He was too adroit to ask. Even otherwise, he lacked the opportunity. Leilah had gone from the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the golden half light of the Opéra, a chorus, soprano voices on one side of the stage alternating with contralto on the other, vaporized the subtle sensuality of the scene.

Violet Silverstairs, turning to her husband, who was seated behind her, remarked:

"How much better the Italian school is than the French."

Silverstairs, ignorant of either, and indifferent to both, promenaded his glass about the house.

"I wonder why Tempest doesn't show up? There is Marie De Fresnoy! I saw De Fresnoy to-day for the first time since his duel with Barouffski. What a ridiculous affair that was! I suppose one of these days he will have another with D'Arcy."

Violet turned to him again.

"Because of Marie? How absurd you are! D'Arcy doesn't interest her. No man could unless he drove at her with a four-in-hand, and D'Arcy has nothing."

Silverstairs, still promenading his glass, exclaimed:

"There he is now!"

"Who? D'Arcy?"

"Yes, with the Helley-Quetgens, in that box between the columns. Isn't that your friend Leilah whom he is talking to? By Jove, it is, and Barouffski is there, also."

Violet, who had also been promenading her glass, put it down.

"Well, he ought to be. I do think she has acted scandalously. What is said at the club?"

"About Verplank? It is forgotten already. Barouffski, you know, claimed that it was a mistake, and as it appears that Verplank agreed with him, as from neither the one nor the other any charge was forthcoming, the police could do nothing but get Verplank back to the Ritz."

Impatiently Violet unfurled her fan.

"Yes, where she has been every day; every day, that is, when she has not been with D'Arcy."

Silverstairs pulled at his mustache.

"I did not know that she had taken up with him."

"I don't know that she has, either. But she was with him to-day in the Champs Elysées."

"Oh, come now! Things haven't got to such a pass that a woman can't walk with a man——"

"No, but no honest woman can be seen alone with D'Arcy. Leilah ought to know better. As she doesn't appear to, I propose to tell her."

"Do as you like," replied Silverstairs, who would have said the same thing, no matter what his wife had suggested. Violet had not entirely Americanized this Englishman, but she had at least made him realize the futility of argument.

"Do as you like," he repeated. "There are the Orlonnas. There are the Zubaroffs."

But now, to the volatile sweetmeats of the score, the curtain was falling. In the stalls there was a movement. Men stood up, put their hats on, turned their back to the stage, or prepared for a chat with the vestals in the greenroom.

To the quick click of an *ouvreuse's* key, the door of the box opened, and Tempest appeared.

Violet called at him:
 "Where is Muffins? I thought you were to bring her?"

"So I was."

Silverstairs laughed.

"I'll wager you forgot her. It would be just like you, you know."

Tempest moved forward, and sat down between them.

"Muffins has gone to Monplaisir. I am afraid something is wrong with Louis. They told me in the Cours la Reine that she had started at a moment's notice. I have telegraphed her to wire if she needs me."

Thoughtfully, Violet considered her guest.

"You don't fancy that he has been injured, do you?"

Tempest stuck out his chin.

"He is in no end of a mess, I know."

"You mean," said Violet, "that story about——"

She did not complete the sentence. Accustomed though she were to the free-and-easy of London dinner talk, always her plebeian origin had prevented her from joining in it. Nor could she then continue. It was no doubt provincial, but that did not prevent her from looking more patrician than any woman in the house.

Tempest nodded.

"Yes, and he is as innocent as you are, but appearances are against him. Because of them he has been black-mailed pretty nearly out of his boots. Of course, if it were I, I would send everybody to the devil, and be deuced glad of the chance, but——"

Violet furled her fan.

"Why doesn't he, then?"

Silverstairs, pulling at his mustache, exclaimed: "You little Yankee! Joyeuse is related to the Bourbons, to the Branzas, to——"

Tempest nodded again.

"That's it. Yesterday he said to me: '*Mon vicar*, under a monarchy this thing could not occur.' He was right, it could not—on the Continent, that is. Personally, I am a republican. I am a socialist, for that matter; but I admit that the monarchical régime has its uses, and would have in a case such as this.

Under a monarchy, quietly, but firmly, the whole thing would be squelched."

"And it can't be?"

"Hardly, and for this reason——"

The curtain had risen. They had not noticed. A man in doublet and hose was singing divinely the divinest of arias. They did not hear. They were engrossed in this story, that, for an hour, was to engross Paris, and, for a minute, the world.

At the conclusion of the act and of the story, Silverstairs stood up.

Violet turned to him.

"I do wish you would look in on the Helley-Quetgens, and ask Leilah to come to luncheon to-morrow. Say I have a bone to pick with her. That may fetch her, if nothing else will."

Tempest ran a hand through his vivid hair.

"A bone over what, if I may ask? You may not know it, but I greatly admire Madame Barouffska."

Violet smiled.

"She's a dear. But I saw her to-day with D'Arcy, and I propose to scold her for it."

Tempest showed his teeth.

"D'Arcy is not a man's man, though he certainly is a woman's. Yet, when you come to that, not such a woman as Madame Barouffska. What an odd thing that was about her first husband!"

"You mean about the dogs?"

"Yes. I never got the rights of it. What was he doing there? Is she living in the past?"

Violet raised her opera glass.

"She would be very lucky if she could be; living in the present is so expensive, don't you think?"

Again there was a quick click. The door opened. Silverstairs, filling the entrance with his tall stature, reappeared.

"Violet," he began, "the Helley-Quetgens are going on to some dance in the Faubourg, and Leilah wants the three of us to sup with her at Paillard's. What do you say?"

Violet laughed.

"I say it will be just my chance."

She turned to Tempest. "You will come?"

"Thanks, yes; but I shall have to send word in case there is a wire. Isn't that De Fresnoy with the Zubaroffs?"

Silverstairs, without sitting down, raised his glass.

"Yes, and I was just saying, this is the first time since his duel that I have seen him. But what an asinine affair that was! He lunged at Barouffski's neck, Barouffski knocked the foil up and pricked himself on the chin with it. Then Barouffski's surgeon stopped the fight on the ground that it might interfere with his breathing. Fancy that! Afterward, in the account given to the press, the surgeon described the prick as an incisive wound in the hyoidian region, accompanied by a notable flow of blood. Any one who did not know would have thought that Barouffski had been nearly done for. But that's a French duel for you—a funeral at which everybody giggles."

Tempest looked gravely up at his friend.

"What did you have for dinner?"

Suspiciously, Silverstairs considered him.

"Why do you ask?"

"You are so expansive and brilliant."

On the stage, the drama continued poignantly, beatifically, in a unison of violins and voices that was interrupted at last by the usual stir in stalls and boxes, by the haste to be going, to be elsewhere, and a defile began; a procession of silken robes, gorgeous cloaks, jeweled headgear, black coats, white ties; a procession that presently filled the subscribers' rotunda, from which, at sight of it, grooms fled, then hurried back, touching their hats, eager and zealous.

Between the columns groups loitered, regarding each other with indulgence, with indifference, at times with a loftiness that put isolating zones about them; and women assumed that attitude which women alone can assume, that attitude of being not only apart from the crowd, but of being unaware of the crowd's existence.

In the centre, Madame Orlonna, an

Italian princess, with a slight mustache and an ancestry that extended to the super-Neronian days of Heliogabalus, stood, laughing and talking, lisping *Bonjours* to everybody.

Another princess, a Russian, Madame Zubaroff, with a young girl at her side, and an escort of blond giants, passed, inclining her head to the left, to the right, bowing with a grace mechanical, but sovereign.

Beyond, Leilah appeared, D'Arcy on one side, Barouffski on the other. Her face, ordinarily pale, was flushed, and her manner, usually subdued, was animated. She was laughing, not loudly, but noticeably.

Violet, accompanied by Tempest and Silverstairs, approached. As the men, after saluting the women, greeted each other, Violet tapped Leilah with her fan.

"My dear, I have a bone to pick with you."

Leilah, with a levity that was rare with her, interrupted:

"It is just for that we are going to supper. How will you have it, grilled or deviled?"

"Her ladyship's carriage is at the door," a groom announced, in English.

Another added, in French: "The motor of madame la comtesse is advanced."

"Yes," Violet retorted. "But my bone belongs to a different kettle of fish. Now, you come with me." With a smile, she turned to the others. "We will go in the brougham, and you take the motor."

Stooping, she lifted her train, and the two women, accompanied by the men, followed the groom to the carriage.

There, after seeing them in, Barouffski called:

"To Paillard's, Chaussée d'Antin."

CHAPTER XIV.

At the glass door, which a *chasseur* opened, Tempest stopped, spoke to the man, gave him an order, emphasizing the directions. As the others, conducted by a maître d'hôtel, approached a table, a fat woman in a pulpit charged

them, before they were seated, with the use of the napkins and the cloth.

Beyond, a band of Bohemians, costumed in crimson, were loosing, with nervous and dirty fingers, whirlwinds of notes. The atmosphere, filled with vibrations, fevered by the fury of the violins, dripped with its scent of flowers, with the bouquet of Burgundies, the smell of champagne, the odor of tobacco and food.

At adjacent tables were *demi-mondaines* and foreigners, *mondaines* and sportsmen, a sprinkle of the cream of the cream of the vena, the exotic, and the ultrachic, whom omnibuses and waiters, marshaled by *maitres d'hôtel*, served with the same deference and zeal.

For the Barouffski party, these latter had turned two tables into one, at which Violet Silverstairs occupied one end and Leilah the other. Violet had Barouffski at her right, Tempest at her left, while Leilah had Silverstairs at her left and D'Arcy at her right, a disposition natural enough, and otherwise fortuitous, which placed Tempest next to D'Arcy, with Barouffski and Silverstairs opposite.

In the rising storm of the music, Leilah turned to D'Arcy. What she was saying the others could not hear, and all, save Silverstairs, who was munching a *hors d'œuvre*, addressed themselves to Violet.

Presently, in a lull of the gale, Tempest would have tried to talk to this woman, who, in abandoning her Madonna air, had now the merit of suggesting both the Chimera and the Sphinx, but something in her attitude to D'Arcy prevented. It was not, to employ a vulgarism, that she was making eyes at the man, but she was obviously permitting him to make eyes at her.

D'Arcy was seated, his arms on the table, talking in her face. His plate was empty. An entrée had been served. He had refused it. A pheasant had followed. He had refused that, also. The glasses at his side he had turned upside down. It seemed a pose of his not to eat or to drink that he might do nothing but talk.

Leilah herself had not eaten. But as soon as champagne was served, she had drunk of it; she had drunk since, and in her manner, in the way she held herself, in the inflection of her voice, there had entered a trace of the excessive which the *mondaine* avoids. It was this that had deterred Tempest. Moreover, she had been laughing, and that surprised Violet, who, except a little earlier, in the rotunda, never, since Leilah reached Paris, had seen her laugh before.

Now, her head drawn back, her eyes half closed, she was gratifying D'Arcy with that look with which a woman can appear not to listen merely, but to drink the words, the appearance even, of the man by whom she is addressed. While perhaps flattering to him, it was too marked for good taste.

Barouffski, conscious of the impression produced, conscious that his dignity was just that much impaired, leaned forward and said, in French:

"But! My dear! You eat nothing!"

Silverstairs, laughing inanely, threw in:

"If this is a private conversation then——"

"What nonsense!" Leilah threw back.

"I was about to say," Silverstairs resumed, "that if it is a private conversation, I'd like to hear it. If it isn't, never mind."

Barouffski, still leaning forward, continued:

"I pray you, take a bit of this."

With a movement of impatience, yet otherwise ignoring him completely, Leilah turned again to D'Arcy. But Barouffski was not in a mood to be ignored; not in a mood, at least, to be ignored publicly. Summoning his ambiguous smile, he called out:

"If the *chaudfroid* says nothing to you, try the pheasant."

Leilah was raising a glass to her lips. She looked over it at him, and, much as though he were a servant, said:

"Do me the favor to attend to your own affairs."

Barouffski colored. With a tone of authority, which, in the Rue de la

Pompe, he would studiously have avoided, angrily he retorted:

"Then do me the favor not to drink any more."

Leilah, the glass at her lips, paused, looked over it again, and very gently, almost sweetly, with the pretty air of a spoiled child, nodded at him.

"Only one sip."

She touched the glass to her lips, for a moment held it there; then, offering it to D'Arcy, rather languorously she said:

"*Beau sire*, will you drink the rest?"

Instantly, Violet intervened:

"Leilah! Behave yourself!"

"But with delight," D'Arcy was saying.

From Leilah's extended hand he took the glass, raised it, drained it, put it down, looked at her.

Barouffski was looking at him. Quietly, without emphasis, he asked:

"Will you drink mine, too?"

Half rising as he spoke, he had taken his own glass in his hand, and, with a sudden gesture, flung the contents at him.

"Barouffski!" Violet indignantly exclaimed.

She glanced about her. At her elbow an omnibus, a lad undersized, but stout, stood gaping. At the adjacent table were *demi-mondaines* and South Americans. They had turned.

At the table, Tempest, his teeth visible, was contemplating his host. Silverstairs, tugging at his mustache, was considering Leilah. The latter was looking—and with what a look!—at Barouffski. But no one spoke. With the idea of doing or of saying something that would disrupt the spell, Violet turned to D'Arcy.

Delicately, with a coroneted handkerchief, he had wiped his face, and was then mopping at his shirt. Interrupting the operation, he looked up and laughed.

"Oh, la la! The dangers that may be avoided in remaining at home! These are the accidents of restaurant life." He laughed again. The laugh humanized and deformed the Phidian beauty

of his face. He bowed to Leilah, bowed to Violet, and collectively added:

"Mesdames, I have ceased to be presentable. A thousand pardons. You will permit me?"

In a moment, after another bow, circular this time, a bow which, while managing to omit Barouffski, included the rest of the table, he had gone.

"He looks like Keats," said Silverstairs, unconsciously animated by a desire to second his wife, and break the spell which persisted still. Ordinarily he would have taken her and gone. But he had to consider Leilah.

"Keats!" Tempest, coming to his aid, exclaimed. "I'll lay a guinea you would not know his picture if you met it in a pantry."

Amiably, Silverstairs tugged at his mustache.

"Well, perhaps not. What I meant was that he looks like a poet."

"I don't agree with you. To begin with, there aren't any. Besides, latterly there have been but two—Hugo, who looked like a greengrocer, and Swinburne, who looked like a bookseller's assistant. Moreover, I hate poets, though, as some one said somewhere, an inability to write in verse can hardly be regarded as constituting a special talent."

"Excuse me," Silverstairs, with affected meekness, threw out. "And thanks for the lecture."

Tempest nodded.

"You're entirely welcome."

He turned to Violet. "She was looking at Leilah, who was looking at Barouffski. The latter was examining the fingers of his right hand, against which his thumb passed and repassed mechanically. But now, aroused by the entire cessation of talk, he glanced about him, summoned a waiter, settled the score. The Bohemians, who, momentarily, had been silent, abruptly striped the air with spangles from their bows.

Meanwhile the *chasseur*, a bit of blue paper in his hand, was approaching Tempest:

"In obedience to the orders of milor, I sent to the Little Club, and this dispatch has just been received."

Tempest opened the message and read aloud:

Terrible calamity. Come at once.

CAMILLE.

"You don't suppose——" Violet began.

She was rising. Leilah had risen. Barouffski and Silverstairs were helping them with their cloaks.

Leilah passed on, Violet joined her. The men, buttoning their coats, putting their gloves on, followed. At the door were the eager grooms. As one of them touched his hat to Leilah, Violet turned to her.

"My dear, I can't thank you for a very pleasant evening. But come to luncheon to-morrow. That bone isn't picked, and, what's more, now I've got the sauce for it."

She turned to Tempest.

"Say to her, won't you, that if there were words that console I would try to express them? But there are none, there is only sympathy; she has all of mine."

Already Leilah had entered the motor. At the door Barouffski stood. He raised his hat. Leilah looked at him. She had had, she thought, her last glimpse of the world, and this was her last glimpse of him. The sight was so repugnant that she almost sickened, and the nausea which she felt her face expressed.

Barouffski tried to smile, but the unconcealed candor of her abhorrence made his lips twitch. But now the motor was starting. He had replaced his hat, and, as the car whirled away, he drew his coat about him, turned up the collar, and stuck his hands deep in the pockets. There had come to him that odd sensation which homely fancy attributes to some one walking on your grave.

CHAPTER XV.

When Leilah awoke the next day, it was late. Morning had come before she had slept. The incident in the restaurant, events that had preceded it, anterior complications, subsequent developments, these things, like the Bo-

hemians at Paillard's, stormed at her, attacked her fibers, wrenched her nerves, striating the darkness of her room with variations on the tragedy of her life.

In what manner the affair in the restaurant had terminated, she had no one to inform her, but she could readily fancy that shortly D'Arcy and Barouffski would go somewhere and fight, or pretend to, and then return, none the worse and none the better, but with honor satisfied and their names in print.

The entire episode was shameful. A drop of the champagne which Barouffski flung had fallen on her. That drop she felt had stained her within as well as without, and it was with the after taste of disgust that she arose the next day.

When dressed and while waiting for Verplank, she directed her women regarding the packing of such effects as she proposed to take. Meanwhile, coffee had been brought. With it was the morning paper, and, as the servants busied themselves in an adjoining room with her dresses and jewels, she looked the sheet over.

The first thing she saw was the death of the Duc De Joyeuse.

The account continued:

We shall say nothing more now, but later we will return to this painful event of which certain circumstances are of a nature to deeply impress our readers.

That sentence, technically the *mot de la fin*, meant merely that the writer of it was as ignorant of the circumstances to which he referred as were his hypothetical readers. But through it, Leilah divined that Tempest had been right, that the duke had killed himself, and she marveled at this new enigma of fate that could abolish a Joyeuse and preserve a Barouffski.

But now, something eternal, a sound from without, aroused her. She stood up and went to the window from which, since the night of the ambuscade, she had had no heart to look.

Below, a footman in a canary coat and black knee breeches was walking, bareheaded, straight on. At the gate

he stopped, fumbled with the latch, drew back the door, held it open.

A man entered. Tall and broad-shouldered, he had a rigid face, calm eyes, the air of a judge. His beard, intensely black, the beard of a Saracen, was close cut and pointed. He was dressed in black.

Another man followed. Shorter, fairer, distinctly fat, he had a box under his arm. About the box were broad bands, sealed with red wax.

A third man appeared. Older than the others, he had gray hair, glasses rimmed with tortoise shell, and a bag.

All three were in black, all were grave, all were silent, and as they stood before the gate they partially concealed a fourth man, who, in black also, wore white gloves.

What they had come for Leilah could not imagine. Then, at once, from underlands of memory, mounted shreds of forgotten lore, the rigors of French justice, a husband's ability to cage an erring wife, to put her away, indefinitely, among the demented and the depraved, and at the sight of these men, at the thought of the Byzantine abysses of Barouffski's nature, abysses perhaps unsounded yet, dread shook her. She shuddered.

But now another procession appeared, one that issued not from the gate, but from the house, a procession also composed of four men, also grave, also silent. One of them she vaguely recalled, and her stumbling memory tried to put a name on him, Dal, Mal, Pal-Palencia! Another, too, she remembered, Tyszkiewicz. A third also, and, to her cost, she knew. It was Barouffski.

In the first procession there was now a fourth acquaintance. The man with white gloves was raising his hat. As he did so she recognized D'Arcy. Then at last she understood, and, lest they should see her, drew back.

Meanwhile the footman had disappeared. From the first procession the man with the umbrella and the man with the box detached themselves. From the second, Palencia and Tyszkiewicz advanced.

For a little, grouped together, they conversed inaudibly, but amply with gestures and movements that included the tossing of a coin.

A pantomime followed. Tyszkiewicz, Palencia, and the fat man moved to one side. The man with the umbrella drew with the ferule of it a line on the ground. Then, his head bent, one foot put directly in front of the other, he walked slowly until he had covered a space equal apparently to about fifteen yards. There he drew a second line, straightened himself, turned to Barouffski, who went to that line, while D'Arcy stationed himself at the other.

Immediately the fat man handed his box to Palencia. Palencia looked at the seals, broke them, opened the box, and, going to where D'Arcy stood, presented it. D'Arcy removed a glove, removed his hat, which he put brim upward beside him, and, taking a pistol from the box, pointed it at the ground.

Palencia went back, restored the box to the fat man, who presented it to Barouffski. Another pistol was extracted. The fat man moved to one side. The man with the umbrella placed himself at an angle to D'Arcy and Barouffski. In front of him, at an equal angle, Palencia, Tyszkiewicz, and the fat man stood. These the old man with the bag and the fourth member of the Barouffski party joined. The man with the umbrella took out a watch, and held it open in his hand.

"Attention!"

The pantomime had ended. Leilah leaned forward. Of Barouffski she could see now but the back of his head, the back of his tight-fitting coat. But D'Arcy, who stood sidewise, his heels drawn together, might have been posing for a photograph.

The sky was leaden. The shrubbery resembled it. From behind an urn a cat appeared. It meowed and vanished. For a moment more there was silence.

The man with the umbrella looked from D'Arcy to Barouffski.

"Messieurs, after I give the command Fire, I will count from one to ten, leaving between each number an interval of ten seconds. It is unneces-

sary, but it is my duty to add, that to fire before I have given the word, or after I have counted ten, constitutes attempted assassination and, should death ensue, murder."

He paused, looked at his watch, looked again at D'Arcy, again at Barouffski.

"Fire!"

Simultaneously the two men raised and extended their right hand, D'Arcy in such a manner that the forearm and butt of the pistol masked the abnormal beauty of his face. The hand was bare, but the left, which hung at his side, was gloved.

"One! Two! Three!"

With the ridiculous noise of a fire-cracker a pistol went off. D'Arcy, lowering his right hand, raised and shook the left. The delicate material of the glove had reddened, and on the ground specks of crimson dropped.

"Four! Five!"

D'Arcy's left hand fell back. He raised the right.

"Six! Seven! Eight!"

Measuredly, monotonously, but more loudly than before, the final numbers were being called. Infinitesimally the point of D'Arcy's pistol moved. His heels were no longer drawn together. His right hand was held less high. His left hand burned. Otherwise he was entirely at his ease.

He had withstood Barouffski's fire. It was Barouffski's turn to withstand his. He had time and to spare. Slowly, coolly, deliberately, he was taking aim.

It was very agreeable. He was smiling. He was enjoying himself. He was enjoying Barouffski's presumable suspense. He was savoring his equally presumable agitations. The man's face had turned ashen. The fact that it had, that he could see that it had, delighted him. He felt sure of himself, and his thoughts were pleasant.

He was thinking: "That glass of wine of yours was the last you will ever ask me or any one else to drink."

He had become aware of Leilah's presence. That, too, delighted him. If he had a regret, it was that Tempest,

the Silverstairs, all the *demi-mondaines* and exotics of the night before, the Bohemians to boot, the waiters as well, were not present also. Though in appearance divine, at heart he was human.

Again, imperceptibly, the point of his pistol moved.

"Nine!"

The trigger had been pulled. There was a fresh detonation. D'Arcy handed his pistol to the fat man, bent over, took up his hat, put it on, took it off, raised it straight upward, and, for a moment, before replacing it, held it high in the air.

Leilah, without noticing the salute which was intended for her, saw Barouffski turn completely around, sink on his knees, press his hands to his side, and pitch forward.

It was a feint, she thought, histrionics for the gallery, perhaps for her. But now the old man and his colleague were bending over him. Behind them, Palencia, Tyskiewicz, and the man with the umbrella leaned. Barouffski's coat and waistcoat were opened, his shirt torn apart.

Leilah heard what to her was the meaninglessness of technical terms. She saw the men that had been bending arise. She saw the others remove their hats. At the significant action she saw that the garden had been again invaded, this time by Death.

She turned, clutching for support at the velvet of a curtain, overwhelmed at the knowledge that no evasion was needful, that her prison had crumbled, that the jailer was gone.

It had been her destiny to have sorrow spring into her life, fell her, make her its own, and to what end? Tearfully she had put that query to walls as callous as fate. Tearfully she had come to believe that she was damned in this existence for sins committed in another. It is this life that is hell, she had told herself. But now, abruptly, the malediction was lifted. Still in hell, she was at the portals, the gates were open, she was free!

Yet was she? At the moment it seemed to her that it was all a hallu-

cination; that, if she looked again into the accursed garden, she would see Barouffski tapping his breast with one hand, pointing to some prostrate form with the other, and, with his ambiguous smile calling to her:

"See, my dear, I, I am unharmed."

So poignant was the impression that she did look. A litter had been improvised, and on it Barouffski, an arm pendant, his head fallen back, his face a gray green, was being put.

On the door behind her sounded the muffled tap of fingers furtive and discreet. She turned. At the threshold was Parker.

"If you please, my lady. Will your ladyship receive—"

"No," Leilah answered. She was about to add that she was at home to no one. But she caught herself. "Who is it?"

With that air which those acquire who attend to delicate matters, the woman answered: "Mr. Verplank."

Leilah drew a long breath. She went to the mirror. The curtain had disarranged her hair. She readjusted it, and passed out and down the slippery salon.

Verplank was leaning against the piano. His left arm was in a sling, and the left side of his face from the nose to the ear was bandaged.

Before either could speak there came from the hall a murmur of voices, the sound of lumbering feet, the noise of people laboring upward.

Verplank looked at Leilah, and from her to the door.

"What is that?"

On and upward moved the steps, the noise decreasing as they passed, the sound subsiding with them.

"What is it?" Verplank asked again.

Leilah's under lip trembled. The deliverance from the vortex, the after shudder that comes when some great peril has been barely escaped, the sensation of strength overtaxed, these things fusing with the consciousness that the last barricade had been taken, that there were now no more hostages to joy, induced in her one of the most curious of physical phenomena.

With tears running down her cheeks,

she smiled. Then, sobbing and smiling still, she answered him:

"The key of the prison."

Verplank nodded. He did not in the least understand. But the singularity of her appearance, joined to the singularity of her reply, aroused in him again a great pity for this woman who had ruined her life, ruined his own, and who then seemed to him demented.

"Pardon, madame la comtesse. Monsieur Palencia and Monsieur Tyskiewicz ask if madame la comtesse will receive them?"

At the door, behind her, was Emmanuel.

At once another phenomenon occurred. Galvanized by that instinct of form which, when requisite, enables women of the world to banish instantly any trace of emotion, Leilah turned to the footman a face in which the tears had been reabsorbed, and from which the smile had gone.

"Say to these gentlemen that I appreciate and thank them, but that I can see no one."

Emmanuel compressed his lips. He wondered how she knew. There was a great deal occurring in this house that perplexed him. Moreover, Verplank's bandage and sling interested him very much. But, trained to his calling, he bowed and withdrew.

"What do they want?" Verplank asked, memories of his own duel surging at mention of their names before him.

In Leilah's face the tears and smiles reappearing, mingled.

"Barouffski is dead," she answered.

Verplank closed and opened a hand. His mouth opened also. He was sure now that she was crazy.

"Dead! How? What do you mean?"

Leilah made a gesture.

"There, a moment ago, in the garden. D'Arcy shot him."

Verplank started. The definiteness of her reply divested him of his idea concerning her, but it produced another which was also, though differently, disturbing. His eyes blazed. The

old scar, the scar on the right side of his face, reddened.

"Who the devil is D'Arcy?"

For a moment he stared. Then, angrily snapping two fingers, he cried:

"In taking you from this damned house to-day, I had intended to leave a card for him, not a p. p. c. either, one with our address on it and the hours when I would be at home. If there was any shooting going on, I intended to be in it. Now some duffer must interfere."

With a rapid intake of the breath, he considered her. At the moment, he doubted it could be true. Yet her face, with its hysterical blending of joy and sorrow, seemed to certify that it was so. After all, he reflected, however the odor may occur always the smell of an enemy's corpse is sweet. But, uncertain still, he threw out for clincher:

"Is that what you meant by the key of the prison?"

She moved to him.

"Gulian, yes, and never can I be thankful enough that it was not your hand that turned it."

Verplank tossed his bandaged head.

"So this is the end!"

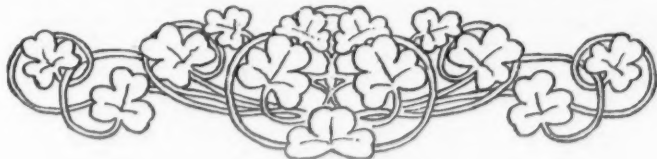
Leilah looked up at him.

"Gulian, no, not that. The end of the beginning, if you like. Hereafter we will be beginning anew. Hereafter——"

She paused. The word had been evocative. Its repetition showed her that which she had not yet had time to consider; the decencies of life, the decencies, too, of death, the funeral, the widow's weeds, the delay which the world exacts, new hostages to joy, real though unpermanent.

She told him of them.

From the church next door the organ pealed, and as they then remade their plans—those plans which mortals think they make, and which always are unmade unless intended for them—a ray of sunshine entered; the organ pealed louder, the beauty of the melody hushed their voices, and for a moment, to the appoggiatura of Stradella, on that shaft of light, Leilah's thoughts ascending mounted into realms where all things broken are made complete, and where are found again things vanished.

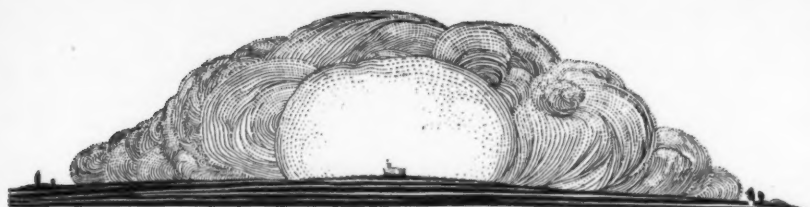


SLOW PARTING

THERE was no certain hour
Wherein we said good-by;
But day by day, and year by year
We parted—you and I;
And ever as we met, each felt
The shadow of a lie.

It would have been too hard
To say a swift farewell;
You could not goat your tongue to name
The words that rang my knell;
But better that quick death than this
Glad heaven and mad hell!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



THE SHADOW OF THE WASTE PLACES

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

CARLETON THORNE was too busy a specialist to be much interested in weddings, but both he and his brother, the rector, had been in college with Jeffries, and, having begged off from being an usher, it was only seemly that he should be present himself at the church for the noon ceremony. He waited for the guests to go, and then went into the vestry room to speak to his brother.

"Pretty bride," said Carleton Thorne. "Is it the Miss Whitney Jeff ran over with his automobile?"

"Yes," said the rector, laying his white stole on the table.

"Well, I thought Jeff was far too busy getting himself talked about attending Mrs. Carson to be thinking of marriage; but, of course, it is not every day that a man runs over a girl like Miss Whitney."

"Oh, nonsense," said the rector. "He has been interested in Miss Whitney a long time."

His brother laughed.

"Yes, but he has also been interested in Mrs. Carson a long time, has he not? Another case, I suppose, of an attractive woman who cannot marry a man preparing him for marriage with the first girl he meets who comes anywhere near the mark the other woman has set."

Wrexford Thorne slipped out of his cassock.

"Who gave you such insight?" he said shortly.

His brother gave him a quick look.

"Specializing on nerves gives a man nearly as much chance at such insight

as specializing on souls. As Mrs. Carson is your parishioner, and as I do not know her at all, I conclude it is soul with her, and not nerves."

"You also evidently conclude that you are the only nerve specialist in New York. Mrs. Carson would be amused, I am sure, over being called anybody's parishioner. Have you never met her?"

"No—but—" Carleton Thorne chuckled. "I was gathered up by Jeff's sister, Mrs. Morris, coming to the church this morning. My machine was not quite ready. On our way we passed Mrs. Morris' friend, the archdeacon. The lady had just been breathing congratulations, apropos of the wedding, that there had been nothing at all in the talk about her brother and Mrs. Carson—that is really what reminded me of the talk—when her eye lit on her erstwhile admirer. She finished her sentence as only a woman can, with the hope that somebody would rescue the archdeacon from Mrs. Carson's snares. I said to myself that Colin Carson's wife was doubtless attractive to many different types of men if in one sentence I was to hear of Jeff's escape and the archdeacon's danger, but to the bereft lady at my side I said that I should think she was quite the proper one to attend to the archdeacon's rescue."

The rector's somewhat grave gray eyes lightened with what might almost be called laughter.

"Carl," he said, "the small community of even as large a parish as this is the most fertile place imaginable for the growth of gossip, but I have never before known you to be affected by it."

Carleton Thorne gave another chuckle.

"Your ministerial manner grows on you, Rex," he said. "You need an adventure or two in which you will have a chance to be a real man, and not a choice figurehead, or you'll forget how to do everything but preach."

"In your way," said the rector, now ready for the street, "you are almost as much inclined to preach as I am. Did you come for anything especial?"

"To tell you the truth, which, of course, I should have done at once, I was trying my hand at the handle of the pump. But you are not to be worked, or else the well is dry. I have received a summons to go out to the Belle Terre Sanitarium to deliver expert opinion on the condition of Colin Carson's remnants of mind, and I cannot communicate with Mrs. Carson."

"Then you were not summoned by Mrs. Carson?"

"No, it was Harding who asked me to go—the lawyer who manages the estate. The doctor at the sanitarium also telephoned me. They are expecting me at two, and I am going out from here. I told Harding that an hour's ride out by automobile and another back, with possibly an hour at the sanitarium, would run up a sizable bill, and he answered that he would be responsible for the bill; that Carson had shown improvement lately, and they wanted expert opinion from a physician who was not an alienist alone. I told him that I would go, and then I tried to reach Mrs. Carson, but she could not be located—which seems a bit odd to me."

Wrexford Thorne thought it by no means odd that Mrs. Carson was not to be communicated with on Jeffries' wedding day, but he did not say so. Instead, he said:

"But the man is a paranoiac, is he not? No improvement is possible."

"I do not know what he is. I was not one of the doctors who had him put in the sanitarium. I recall that when she married him he was merely an eccentric millionaire, and generally, in the papers, doing some fool thing. He must have led her a joyful life! You know

nothing, then, of Mrs. Carson, or how to reach her?"

"Not a thing save her address. These women of immense wealth are hedged in as royalty is. If they do not wish to be intruded on it cannot be done."

"Well, I've done all I can. It is really her own affair. Has she brains enough to manage her own affairs?"

Wrexford Thorne considered his brother a moment.

"She is abnormally clever," he said. "So clever that not many men seem to find it out."

"Do you suppose, considering the many different types of men fortunately blind to her cleverness, that she wants Carson let loose?"

"I have not the least idea," said the rector, "what she wants."

He paused, and for the hundredth time there returned to him the memory of a booklined room of rose and gold; a rich background for a woman's face—a face subtle in its reserves, seductive in its appeal, with dark-ringed Celtic eyes and bright bronze hair, and over all the veil of an ineradicable fatigue. And with equal clearness there returned to him her voice as she had answered his appeal to her, made for the sake of the young girl Jeffries had just married, and because he was Jeffries' friend—the voice, subtle in its reserves, like the face, and inexpressibly tired.

Wrexford Thorne found himself wondering, too, what she wanted—out of her life, out of her world of power and privilege, what did she want? Then he heard his brother speaking again.

"I would suppose that she preferred to keep him where he is. Perhaps that is why Harding is acting."

They left the vestry, and went out on the street. The doctor's machine had been brought to the door after the departure of the wedding carriages. He dismissed the garage man, and took the wheel.

"I would not trust Harding with my affairs," said the rector, "but that is entirely a personal prejudice on my part. I think you may be sure, however, that no matter what Mrs. Carson's prefer-

ences are in the matter, she would consult her husband's best interests."

"I would be surer if it were not for Jeffries escaped, and the archdeacon endangered, of which I heard this morning," said the doctor, laughing. "Good-by."

The rector stood in thought until the motor rounded the corner on its way to the Long Island Ferry.

Earlier that same day, the Belle Terre Club, deserted now by its summer guests, and preparing to put on its denim coverings, and board up its long windows overlooking the sea, received word that Mrs. Colin Carson and her maid would arrive in time for lunch, and would stay overnight.

When, several hours later, Mrs. Carson came out on the deserted veranda and looked out over the fading foliage touched with its first frost, there was in the desolation of the place something that fitted in with the shadow that lay on her brilliant face.

Nothing is more desolate than a deserted summer resort, with its ghosts of past gayeties and its silences after laughter and music. Mrs. Carson moved to the railing of the veranda, and looked down on the terrace where, but three months ago, she had had her last dinner with the man who was even now being married to another woman.

Ultimately, in almost every case, a man's interest in the woman he could not marry was at the mercy of any attractive girl whom he could marry. She supposed that was as it should be. Yet, at its beginning, how incapable of abrupt end had seemed her friendship with this young debonaire of the bright blue eyes and the laughing voice, and the delicately repressed homage. How gay their little dinner in the open air, with the sound of the sea in their ears, had been—how reckless their ride home!

And then Miss Whitney's white face as Jeffries had carried her into Wrexford Thorne's study—and then—Wrexford Thorne himself! He was probably marrying Jeffries to Miss Whitney now—and she had thought of nothing

better to do on this wedding day than to visit the semblance of a man whose name she bore that she might, perhaps, arrest this curious sense of desolation that she found within her by some visualizing of the real facts of her life.

She studied the mental pain an instant, as it fastened itself on her nerves at the acknowledgment of a need to arrest it. Surely it was not the pain of love foregone. For all her knowledge of love, love as she had seen it, sometimes sordid, sometimes reckless, sometimes sad, faint voices of the spirit raised themselves within her to insist that she knew little of real love; that she had always been an onlooker.

This man had been but a casual guest of her heart, the guest of a sun-filled morning and an idle dusk, and this pain was only the emptiness left by a dream foregone—yet it was heavy enough.

There were many dreams foregone in her life. They made a great waste place of her youth, whose shadow weighed her to the earth.

She moved listlessly down the steps, and stood on the bluff that looked over the sea, where the blue-and-gold water blazed into a million jewels in the afternoon sun.

"And I am blind to its beauty," she said, "all because of a foolish pain. Sick of it all, from its beauty to its black ugliness. Somehow I must find a cure for this sickness that is folly itself."

She looked out over the sunlit water to the dim shores of the Connecticut hills, searching for an answer, and heard only the denied voices of the spirit murmuring the answer born in Bethlehem of Judea: "He that loseth his life shall find it." Only by forgetting self can self be cured of such sicknesses.

Ah, but that was what she had done in this affair with Percy Jeffries—deliberately given him up—and there had been no pleasure in it, no cure of the familiar *weltschmerz*.

Then the mocking imp that lived always in a corner of her brain laughed softly, and "You gave him up because it was wise, not because it was right," it answered her, "at the wise moment be-

fore he could give you up. There was no forgetting of self there—you did not love him, and therefore seek his best happiness. You diverted idle hours with the spirit of youth he represented, and, foreseeing its failure, you retreated."

She lifted her head, frowning impatiently, and turned from the sea, hating it, hating her own clear vision, flying from the small denied voices that, if she followed them, would utterly change her life.

She swung into a path through the woods that, after a mile's walk, brought her out onto the road that led from the sanitarium, two miles beyond, to the main road.

On one side of the road stood a deserted automobile. She stopped to look at it. Doubtless its driver had gone to the club garage for help.

As she stood beside it, from the direction of the sanitarium there came a compact little car, driven by a man who looked familiar to her. At the tableau in the road the man stopped his car and lifted his visored cap.

"Trouble?" he asked. "Can I help you?"

A little familiar pulse quickened in the woman's breast. She swept the bright, dark eyes and the dominant chin a lightning glance of appraisal. Given all the things of the day, nothing could have been more to her taste than this sudden promise of possible adventure that bid defiance to the clearer vision she wished to deny. Voice and bearing were those of a gentleman—the open road with its call lay beyond.

"Nothing can be done for the machine, I think," she said softly. "The chauffeur has gone to the club for a mechanic. But if you will, you can take me to the station. If I wait any longer I shall lose my train."

She raised to his very observant look the bluest of dark-lashed eyes.

"I shall be very glad to," said the man. "Will you leave a message for your chauffeur?"

Seeing her hesitate, and crediting it to another reason than the real one, the man took from his pocket a leather

book, the kind a physician uses for his prescriptions, and tore a leaf from it. He offered it to her, with his pencil. She took it, and, when she saw printed at the top of the paper, Carleton Thorne, M. D., she looked up at him suddenly.

It was the merest trick of lowered lids flung suddenly open to let through a promise of clear understanding. Yet how was a man to guess? Understanding is so rare in this noisy world, and there is such need of it.

Carleton Thorne spent his days with nervous and hysterical women who did not even know the meaning of self-control, and would therefore never know the meaning of control of others that comes of understanding them. He was used to looking into faces, and beneath them into characters and lives—it was his business to do it, and to do it accurately; his success was built on it.

But the woman before him penciling her note had in her face nothing that gave itself to the inquiry of a first look save a curious mocking quality as of one who knew what lay beneath and hid it, not liking it herself.

She pinned her message onto the seat of the deserted car. He could not see that it read: "Kindly telephone the Belle Terre Club not to expect Mrs. Carson for dinner."

He cranked the machine as she took her place in it, and, recalling that the station was but a few miles away, he set off at his slowest speed. Beside him in the motor, she did not seem so young as she had seemed in the road. He took a closer look at her face, and, because he was a physician, there were certain fine lines about the eyes that spoke to him of long strain, and other lines from the small, straight nose to the mouth that meant repression at the expense of vitality. There was a pallor in her face that should not have been there in a woman so richly colored.

Being a man, her gown and hat seemed to him only a charming color scheme of blue and bronze, that deepened her eyes and hair. A woman would have known that only the best artists of the world could have produced its exquisite simplicity.

"Are you running away?" he asked. "Yes, from the sanitarium," she answered. "Is it not fortunate that I should find an alienist to help me? Will you test my sanity?"

"With pleasure," said the doctor promptly, and they both laughed at each other, covering in the instant the first stages of acquaintance. "What is your name?" said the doctor.

"Nadine," said Mrs. Carson.

It conveyed nothing to him but a refusal to put a surname to it.

"In what way do you preferably spend your time, Mademoiselle Nadine?"

"Preferably seeking my fortune; usually——" She hesitated.

"Yes?" he prompted, looking at her.

"Acting my various parts," said Nadine, with lowered lids and a ghost of a smile.

He took this in, trying to place her. It fitted in with every line in her face, with her poise that was not assurance, but the simplicity of trained expression; with the promise of understanding that had been the first thing about her that struck him. It is the histrionic temperament, that can for the moment be the character it is studying, that is capable of the clearest comprehension and the most real sympathy.

She must be very lovely on the stage, where the color she lacked would give just the perfect finishing touch. Finding that she was watching him, as he thought this out, almost as if she could have interpreted the thought, he took refuge in words.

"And your leisure?" he said. "An inquiry into sanity always includes the way leisure is spent."

Her smile brightened.

"I spend mine quarreling with my neighbors, who will not let me study my fellow man in peace. It is a significant symptom, is it not?"

"Very; but the significance lies in who wins—you—or your neighbors—or your fellow man. Who does?"

"It has never been determined. As soon as I am very near solving this riddle of the Sphinx—this query concerning what goes on four feet in infancy,

two feet in maturity, and three feet in age, whose answer is man, I am interrupted by the need to demolish my intrusive neighbors."

"I should say, then," and Thorne chuckled, "that the fellow man won."

"You are evidently among the supercilious males who think women ought not to understand man."

"It is my recollection of the old myth that if one engaged to solve the riddle one either had to succeed or forfeit one's head. A woman must let the problem alone or succeed."

"It is the fate waiting for all half-solved problems. If you were a woman, which would you do?"

"I would look pretty and let the matter alone. It suffices most men."

"Wear a veil and hie thee to a harem," she mocked. "Of what use to have brains or a soul and be a woman? But how if you happen to prefer the other kind of men?"

"You must then run the risk of losing your head, even as in the days of the ancient myth."

A shadow fell on her brilliant face.

"Yes, some women of both brains and soul do—for the men they try to understand. They have even been known to die of it."

"It is their own fault," said the man.

She flashed him a look almost primal in its opposed sex.

"Oh, son of Adam!" she said.

He was nettled to instant defense.

"It is a good thing for the work of the world that needs to go on that men do not die for mere love. If men were to take any upset to their love plans, as women often do, bridges would not be built or the sick cured or the hungry fed. When a love affair comes to nothing with a woman, she has no other resources to take its place—and sooner or later she comes to us doctors. But a man goes the harder to work——"

"Or loves again, or forgets it entirely, or gets drunk; or marries a widow for money, or seeks an adventure which he may find at any open door. If women could only believe it—but they never will! They will go on believing that the Arthurs and the Lancelots and the

Lohengrins are real—that each lover that comes is the one who will never forget.”

The mockery of her voice touched the theme so lightly that it did not occur to him that it was odd that he should be so deep in a discussion almost sentimental as to resent the interruption of the approaching station.

He looked across the field, beyond which lay the little country station, with a waiting train before it, and he asked her the same question that his brother had asked of him a few hours earlier.

“Who gave you such insight?” he said.

“Verily not my sponsors in baptism,” said Nadine.

“Some man, then.”

“Why, this is masculine egotism gone mad. Not from one man does a woman learn of men.”

Carleton Thorne pondered this answer, and as he did so a little white puff of smoke came from across the field, the sound of a bell reached them, and the train for the city pulled out.

“I have lost the train,” said Nadine.

Thorne had come to the same conclusion, with a relief that might indeed be masculine egotism gone mad for all he knew or cared. He was only conscious that as he promised to get her into the city before the train, if she would accept his escort, her answer seemed in importance out of all proportion to the time he had known her or the extent of his knowledge.

For, after a faint and apparently feminine hesitation, she accepted. And there was no way, of course, for Carleton Thorne to have known that the hesitation had been taken up with a passing wonder over who had found the message pinned to the abandoned automobile.

Thorne threw in the clutch to his second speed, and turned the machine into the long country road hung with its autumn flags of scarlet, and orange, and green.

“I wonder,” said the doctor, observing again in the silence that followed the fatigue of her face, “if you do not work too hard. It is a vicious circle,

you know—first overstrain of some kind, even moral strain will do it—often emotional strain—then exhaustion, then nerves that in turn bring one back to exhaustion.”

“No,” she answered. “At present I am idle.”

He gave her an instant sympathy. The tragedy of a talented woman who wanted to act and was enforcedly idle rose before him. It was apt to mean so many uncomfortable things—even lack of the necessities. Yet the motor in the road and the chauffeur gone for help did not bear out that theory—unless indeed she had been driving with some man, and had wished to run away from him. This possibility, for some reason, appealed to him. He smiled down at her.

“Then,” he said, “it is the time for you to study your fellow man, is it not?”

“It is,” she answered. “I am doing it.”

“And the neighbors?”

“Are negligible just now.”

“What usually happens when you leave off studying the young man to rout the intruders?”

“He marries the first girl who has enough pretenses to make her seem able to keep up my traditions.”

Carleton Thorne almost brought his car to a stop.

“Well, upon my word!” he exclaimed. The phrase had been on his lips in another form only that morning.

She gave him a thoughtful look.

“Have I perhaps struck at you unawares?”

“You have not,” said the doctor swiftly. “I went this morning to that kind of a wedding, that is all.”

Her look at him changed subtly.

“Was it generally acknowledged to be that kind of a wedding?”

“By no means. Are they ever? I could not even wring such an acknowledgment from my brother, who—”

“Of all people in the world ought to know,” she said bitterly.

He paused, forgetting what he had meant to say when she interrupted. Then he could endure it no longer.

"Will you tell me who you are?" he said.

She looked out over the autumn fields, over the flaunting flags of scarlet, and orange, and green, and into her eyes came the bitterness of her voice.

"I am Nadine Carson," she said. "The wife of Colin Carson."

And Carleton Thorne brought the car to a dead stop there in the middle of the road, and turned and looked on her as if he had never seen her before. And, "Good God!" he said, below his breath.

She made him no answer. She did not even trouble herself to return his look. And in the silence he went back over her statements, and found them, for all his lack of comprehension, true. Yet because they had fooled him so completely, because of his very lack of comprehension that now seemed so incredibly stupid, he found himself resentful beyond all reason.

"Masculine egotism gone mad, alienist," she said, still looking away from him.

At the acuteness of her comprehension of what he must be feeling, he found his resentment gaining an edge, and at the same time he found himself not above a desire to alter this cool assurance opposed to him.

"I have but just left your husband, Mrs. Carson," he said. "I was called to the sanitarium to examine him."

He was successful to the extent of bringing her eyes back from their careless wandering to an intent focus on his face.

"You were asked to examine—Colin Carson?" Her voice that had held, in the last half hour, railery and bitterness, softness and sweetness, came now cold and keen as a breath of winter air. "How could you have been asked to do this save by my order?"

"I was asked by Harding and by the doctor in charge. To-morrow Judge Landon is to examine him. He is much improved, and if he successfully passes to-morrow's examination he may be discharged."

Carleton Thorne watched her narrowly. She sat perfectly still for a few

seconds, scarcely seeming to breathe, her eyes blue steel in a face grown hard and white. Watching her, Thorne found it a finer face, for all its hardness, than it had been in its mocking brilliance.

"Harding," she said at length, "received from me, a little while ago, notice that I would dispense with his services next month. He has some plan—something big. He expected to put it through without my finding it out. My dismissal has interrupted him and made waste paper of his plans. He could only put them through, backed by the prestige of his position with the Carson estate. It is evident that he plans—Colin's release—to help him. He could always control Colin—when he—chose. It must be a larger thing than even I thought, if he will run such risks as these, when he takes courage to employ a perfectly reputable physician to help put it through—and Judge Landon. He, of course, is more malleable."

At the suggestion implied in her words, Thorne bridled.

"Mrs. Carson," he said, "I spent two hours yesterday trying to reach you to ask you if this examination of your husband was unobjectionable to you. This morning I tried again. I even waylaid my brother after Jeffries' wedding to ask him if he knew where you were to be found. When I arrived at the sanitarium I found it was to be a habeas-corpus proceeding, in which you, as your husband's guardian, were not involved. Mr. Carson has had a stationary period. He is much improved and——"

She broke in with a cry in which some long self-control seemed to give way.

"Ah! You saw him guarded and supported—for an hour—at his best. You have not seen him day and night for months, as I have—stationary—perhaps—yes, but mad enough to make life a hideous thing for every living thing that came near him. Eccentricity, it was called, because of his millions, and nobody dared interrupt him while he tied his dog, the only thing that was loyal to him, to the bed, and cut it to

pieces—alive—while he tortured other dumb things—horses and birds.

"This was degeneracy, yes, but not mania, and one puts up with degeneracy when it is protected with such wealth.

"And this Harding, with his gift of cajolery, working even then for foothold, scheming for the management of this colossal power held by a half-crazy man—he could control Colin Carson. I knew what he wanted, even then. I am no fool, though to this day Harding will not credit it. But I was living a life no wanderer in a desert could equal—with terror in my days and horror at night. I welcomed anything that would take my husband from my sight. It was nothing to me that Harding made it pay him a fortune. And at the last it was Harding who had Colin put in the Belle Terre Sanitarium. I was glad that he should have as his reward a place in the management of the estate, for a time."

"Ah," said Carleton Thorne, "you worked together, then. Now you are working apart; that is the difference."

Into her face came a sudden flush that colored it to a fulfillment of its promise of loveliness, and the doctor found himself clutching at all the stories he had heard of her to support his suspicions.

"You know Colin Carson is not fit to be released," she said. "He is not sane, for all your fortunate hour with him. He is a dangerous and corrupting influence. If by any act of yours he goes free you will have done an indefensible thing."

"Are you not willing to leave it to to-morrow's examination? It will be a fair one. They told me at the sanitarium that you were expected to be present."

"How could that be? Nobody at my home knew that I was spending the night at Belle Terre. Harding expected and was told that I could not be reached. It was the merest chance that brought me in your way to-day. If they told you this, it in itself should warn you. No, I am not willing to leave it to the chance of a lucid interval that

I know perfectly will be only an interval. You do not know the corrupting power of this great hoard of money. Even a judge can be reached—if not by the money itself, by some of the gifts it can command. If you engage in this intrigue, your own probity will be in question—and justly."

"I think not," he answered promptly.

She looked at him intently a moment.

"Will you not," she said at length, "wait a week or two and then examine him again? And will you not let it be a more careful examination?"

It was evident even to her troubled senses that she had, in her anxious desire to make the matter clear to him, said the one thing that touched his professional pride.

"I will examine him again to-morrow," he answered, "and, if the judge so orders, after a week or two, or at any time I am asked to. By to-morrow it will be a court case, Mrs. Carson. I have also made the most careful inquiries of the physician in charge."

"Yes, Harding could not do this thing alone," she said. "You will observe that he has not called in any one of the doctors who were originally on the case."

"I observe," said Thorne grimly.

"Will you drive on?" she answered. "And will you mind hurrying? We have been here a long time."

The car bounded over the level road, and through the miles the woman did not speak. Occasionally he watched her as she sat brooding, and there was nothing either in his own brief experience with her or in anything he had ever heard of her that gave him faith in her—for his physician's skill did not reach to those small voices of the spirit that, even in the shadow of the waste places, are tirelessly molding character; it stopped at flesh, and blood, and nerves.

She sat still and absorbed; going slowly over the list of men she knew—men to whom she had given much of inspiration, of understanding, of awakening—and on whom she might justly count for service. And as she put aside

each name as useless in her emergency, a ghastly thing began to become a certainty to her.

These were men who stood ready to take, but not to give. They offered her love either frankly or with subtlety, and were of those who could offer love to a woman debarred from accepting it—pirates of sentimentality, dishonored from the start. Not to any one of these could she turn for this service that brought her mad husband before them—scarcely for any service involving risk.

It was a simple thing to go to the sanitarium, and as her husband's guardian remove him quietly before he came under the jurisdiction of the court. She knew just the place to take him, across the Sound into Connecticut. But she needed a man's help—a man quiet, and strong, and resourceful, and she needed it at once. To-morrow would not do. There were no men in her own or her husband's family.

She considered help that could be bought; but this took time, and she had only a few hours. Then, as the motor rattled onto the Long Island ferry, she thought of the archdeacon, whose charities she had financed; to whose plans she had lent the wit that made their success.

"He is vain and he seeks the easy path, but he is not one of these birds of prey," she said. "I will ask him."

"Where shall I drive you?" asked Carleton Thorne. "To your home?"

"If you please," she said. "But be kind enough to let me stop at the ferry station a moment to telephone."

Over the telephone the archdeacon took her request to meet her at her home in fifteen minutes with apparent pleasure. He came up the steps of her house as she arrived there. She took his hand a moment, with a quick look into his face.

"Will you go into the library while I give an order?" she said.

He had never been admitted to the library before, and he sat down, taking in its more intimate personal atmosphere with surprise. There were hundreds of books, yet they looked used.

There were wonderful paintings and soft, quiet corners, where rare old editions importuned one to pause.

Before him, as he sat near the open door, waiting for his hostess, a mocking Belle Dame Sans Merci bent from her dull gold frame, over a distraught but ecstatic knight. He looked at it while the sound of Mrs. Carson's voice came to him through the doorway.

"Brooks," she said, "you will have the limousine at the door in fifteen minutes. Tell Hayes to see that it is in perfect condition to make a very fast run, and get ready yourself to ride outside with Hayes. We shall be gone about three hours. Claudia is at Belle Terre, so have one of the other maids bring me fresh veils and handkerchiefs—and I must have a check book and ready money. Speak to Mrs. Forest about it, and ask her to get me the Southport Hospital on the telephone. You have those names? Call me when she gets them. The hospital is in Connecticut."

She entered the library, closed the door, and faced the archdeacon.

"Will you go with me to the Belle Terre Sanitarium and help me to remove my husband to a quieter hospital across the Sound in Connecticut? He is in one of his lucid intervals, and will, I think, come quietly; but I need a man I can rely on to help me. One of the trustees of the estate is trying to get my husband out to sign papers he will not know the meaning of, and they will take him before a judge to-morrow. I cannot be sure of the outcome, but I know he ought not to be released. I am perfectly willing to leave it to competent alienists, but I do not think this thing, as planned, is going to be fair. All I need is to gain time—a day or two and I can meet these intriguers on their own ground—but now I must act at once, in this way. I am Colin Carson's guardian. At the private sanitarium where he is confined they must deliver him to me if I demand him, if I am not content with their care and their arrangements. But in this case I cannot do this alone. I need—a friend who will help me."

There was nothing of the histrionic about Nadine Carson now. Nor yet beguilement, nor appeal of sex. She put her case before the man without haste, but with no wasted words, and her face was, in its hard whiteness, a new face to him.

He hesitated. It was a strange thing she asked of him—it was scarcely respectable—especially for a—priest. Had he been a doctor—or even a lawyer!

"Well?" she said.

"But it may make a scandal," he answered. "Is there no other way? The doctors who sent him there—"

"I have thought of them. There were three. Two of them are not home from their summer vacation; the other one I could not reach when I tried to at the ferry at the time I telephoned you. I am not sure, either, that if I did reach him he would act against Carleton Thorne, the physician who made today's examination, and his very good friend."

The archdeacon caught at the name almost with eagerness.

"Carleton Thorne! Wrexford Thorne's brother! Ah—I—could scarcely act myself—against Wrexford Thorne's brother—if *he* is in the case. Dear lady, as much as I long to do anything that I can for you—"

"The man is mad. It is not only for me, but for decency's sake—this thing these men plan to do is wrong."

"In that case, my dear Mrs. Carson, you have nothing to fear from a process at law. I am sorry—"

She gave him a long, clear look.

"You, too," she said.

"Ask me anything else. Indeed, if there is *anything* else that I can do, I should be so glad. But, you see, so much of my work is with Wrexford Thorne and—his own brother—and my own calling—"

He paused, finding that she was not listening. Once more her mind ran over those whom perhaps she could hire to help her, and paused uncertain. There must be no uncertainty in the thing. It needed intelligence to carry through—perhaps physical strength.

The archdeacon, perceiving that she had forgotten him, coughed.

"If I were not——" He paused suddenly, finding his excuse, as he faced her fearless eyes, very banal.

"If you were not so ornamental a pillar of social service," said Nadine softly. "I understand." She opened the library door. "Will you excuse me? You see I have much to do."

The archdeacon assisted an imperiled dignity by slowness of retreat. As he left, a long, powerful motor drew up to the door.

In the library, Nadine walked to and fro from the Belle Dame leaning mockingly from her frame to the desk telephone that promised her instant speech with many men who had asked to serve her. One by one she once more considered these men for whose friendship she had laughed at gossip, considered them with the clear brain that left her so few illusions, and one by one she took the measure of such friendship. Not one—no, not one—but would answer her as the man who had just left had answered her. Truly she had gone far into this shadow of the waste places where no friendship lay.

Then she suddenly paused.

"Ah," she said, on a long-drawn note, "he will do it—he puts a meaning into friendship—a meaning of service. Because he was Percy Jeffries' friend he troubled himself not only over what was good for him but what was right."

Gravely and with a hesitation she rarely knew, Nadine took the receiver from the telephone. When she hung it up her face had softened, and into the gravity had come a certain quality of sweetness, apparent even to the servants of her household as they waited to equip her for her sudden journey.

She held a few minutes' colloquy with the Connecticut hospital, and summoned her lawyer to a next morning's appointment; then she passed down the steps to the waiting automobile.

"Hayes," she said, "you will drive first to the parish house four squares down the street."

The long afternoon settled reluctantly into twilight. The city put on its

evening dress of jeweled lights. The crowds began to throng the restaurants, and presently to move from there to the theatres, from crowded subway to crowded streets.

The archdeacon, restless and troubled, left the parish house where he had waited an hour for a rector who did not come, and walked slowly up the street. In the great Carson house there were few lights. He paused as he approached it, wondering; and as he paused a limousine swept around the corner and stopped before the door.

The archdeacon moved nearer, and then stood still again, incapable of moving. For out of the limousine had stepped Nadine Carson, and with her was Wrexford Thorne. They stood a moment together before the steps, and in the dim light the archdeacon saw her look up at the man at her side with a look a man would be glad to remember.

"I thank you," she said, and in her voice lay a grave sweetness. "You have indeed been my friend."

"I was glad to have had the chance. I was deeply in your debt."

"And your brother? What will he say?"

"Whatever it is I shall be glad to answer it. I think he himself will be glad eventually that no action could be taken on his hasty first decision," said Wrexford Thorne.

"Good night," she said, and again there were the grave, sweet tones in her voice that the other man had never heard before. "It is not only the service itself; it is that you would do it—only you among them all."

"You did not ask it of the others," he answered gently. "It was a right thing to do. I think you would have found most of them willing."

Nadine looked at him in a moment's silence, then she took her first step out of the shadow of the waste places.

"It is enough," she said, "that I could not have asked them—no—not one of them—not even your other friend—who was married to-day."

HOME-COMING

I THOUGHT it was a dream that could not stay!

I was so worn with hope and late despair.

All Summer I had waited—and to-day

The whirling leaves were golden as your hair.

All shattered were the roses I had set

Against your coming. Down the garden walk

Their petals moved, and wintry rains had wet

The lily breaking on her ashen stalk.

'Twas then you came! Among my dying flowers

Your soft robe trailed. Somewhere the Summer stirred

In her warm sleep, and all her wasted hours

Came back again and merged into one word—

My name—soft spoken in the firelit room!

I dared not move. You knelt and wrapt me 'round

With close, sweet arms, and in a golden gloom

Your soft hair slipped its coil and fell unbound

Veiling us both. Ah, then—ah, then I knew!

Outside the snow smote softly on the pane.

But not the bleakest wind that ever blew

Could snatch from me my Summer come again!

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.

MONEY MAZE

BY O. HENRY



NOTE: This is the first story by O. Henry that ever was published in any magazine. It originally appeared in AINSLEE'S for May, 1901, and is reprinted now in response to many requests from our readers

THEY will tell you, in Anchuria, that President Miraflores of that volatile republic died by his own hand in the coast town of Cibolo. That he had reached thus far in flight from the inconveniences of an imminent revolution, and that a quarter of a million pesos, government funds, which he carried with him in an American leather valise as a souvenir of his tempestuous administration, were never afterward found.

For a real, a muchacho will show you his grave. It is back of the town, near a little bridge that spans a mango swamp. A plain slab of undressed pine stands at its head.

Some one has burned upon the head-piece, with a hot iron, this inscription:

RAMON ANGEL DE LAS CRUZES
Y MIRAFLORES,
PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA
DE ANCHURIA.
QUE SEA SU JUEZ, DIOS.

It is characteristic of this buoyant people that they pursue no man beyond his grave. "Let God be his judge!" Even with that quarter of a million unfound they could not engrave upon his tombstone the sarcasm of "a good and great man gone to his reward."

An old half-breed Indian tends this grave with fidelity and the dawdling minuteness of inherited sloth. He chops down the weeds with his machete, plucks away ants and scorpions with

his horny fingers, and sprinkles it daily with water from the plaza fountain.

To the guest, the people of Cibolo will relate the story of the tragic death of their old president; how he strove to fly with the public funds and Doña Julia Gordon, the young American opera singer, and how, being apprehended by members of the revolutionary party in this coast town, he shot himself through the head rather than give up the funds and, as follows, the Señorita Gordon. They will relate, further, that Doña Julia, her adventurous bark of fortune shoaled by the simultaneous loss of her distinguished admirer and the souvenir quarter million, dropped anchor on this stagnant coast, awaiting a rising tide. The tide was ready, in the form of a wealthy American resident—a banana king, a rubber prince, a sarsaparilla, indigo, and mahogany baron. The señorita married this American one month after the ill-fated president was buried with military dishonors, and while the "vivas" of the new administration were saluting liberty and prospective spoils.

The house of the American is to be seen on a bald foothill of the Cordilleras near the town. It is a conglomerate structure of the finest woods, brick, glass, palm, thatch, adobe, and bamboo. The natives speak of its interior with admiration—"figure - it - to-yourself"—there are floors polished like mirrors, hand-woven Indian rugs of silk fiber, tall glasses, musical instruments, and painted walls.

Of the American, Don Frank Mackenzie, and of his wife, they have nothing but good to say. Don Frank has lived among them for years, and has compelled their respect. His lady is easily queen of what social life the sober coast affords. The commandante's wife, herself, who was of the proud Castilian family of Monteleon y Dolorosa de los Santos y Mendez, feels honored to unfold her napkin with olive-hued, ringed hands at the table of the Señora Mackenzie. Were you to refer—with your Northern prejudices—to the vivacious past of Mrs. Mackenzie, when her gleeful abandon upon the comic-opera stage captured the mature president's fancy, or to her part in that statesman's downfall and malfeasance, the Latin shrug of the shoulder would be your only answer and rebuttal. The native dames admired the beautiful American lady, and many of them envied her possession of the marriage certificate signed by the good Padre Espirition.

It would seem that the story is ended; that the close of a tragedy and the climax of a romance have covered the ground of interest, but, to the more curious reader, it shall be some slight instruction to learn why the old Indian, Galvez, is secretly paid to keep green the grave of President Miraflores by one who never saw that statesman in life or death. Also, why Don Emilio Villanueva, minister of finance during the Miraflores administration, and close friend to the deceased president, should, after dining at Mackenzie's house during a short visit to the coast, make the following remark to a friend:

"F-f-f-f-t! I say it to you. Twenty times, in the capital, I have taken wine in the company of Doña Julia Gordon. As many times I have heard her sing like the *ruiseñor* that she was. *Por el cuerpo de Cristo* this Madame Mackenzie—*aunque una Señora muy agradable*—is no more Doña Julia Gordon than I, myself, am. *Figurase!*"

The threads of the events reach far, stretching across the sea. Following them out, it will also be made clear why Shorty Flynn, of the Columbia Detec-

tive Bureau, New York, lost his job. Also why Doctor Angel, a middle-aged, dark-featured poseur of the boulevards of Paris, smokes two-franc cigars.

Cibola lay in its usual stupor. The Caribbean swished upon the sand beach, the parrots screamed in the range and ceiba trees, the palms were waving their limber fronds foolishly, like an awkward chorus at the prima donna's cue to enter.

Suddenly the town was full of excitement. A boy dashed down the grass-grown street, shrieking: "*Busca el Señor Mackenzie. Un telégrafo por él!*" Knots of women, ox-eyed, bare-armed, écu-complexioned, gathered at corners and caroled plaintively to one another: "*Un telégrafo por Señor Mackenzie!*" The word spread swiftly. The commandante, who was loyal to the Ins, and suspected Mackenzie's devotion to the Outs, hissed "Aha!" and wrote in his secret memorandum book: "*Julio el 10—Finó un telégrafo por Señor M.*"

Informed by a dozen voluntary messengers, Señor Mackenzie emerged from some contiguity of shade, and proceeded toward the telegraph office. The ox-eyed women gazed at him with shy admiration, for his type drew them. He was big, blond, and jauntily dressed in white linen and buckskin *zapatos*. His manner was bold, but kind, and humorous.

The dispatch was from Bob Engelhardt, a "gringo" in the capital city, an ice manufacturer, a sworn revolutionist, and "good people." The wily Bob seemed to have circumvented successfully the impossibility of sending a confidential message in either Spanish or English. The result was the following literary gem:

His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the spondulicks in the pot, and the bunch of calico he's spoons on. She's a peach, easy. Our crowd in good shape, but the boodle is six figures short. We must have the swag the main guy scooped. You collar it. He's headed for the briny. You know what to do.

This remarkable screed conveyed the information to Mackenzie that the president had decamped for the coast with

the public money, accompanied by the opera singer, Julia Gordon, his infatuation for whom was the gossip of the republic.

Mackenzie pocketed his message and went to talk it over with his friend and co-conspirator, Doctor Zavalla, a native politician of much ingenuity. Mackenzie had taken up political intrigue as a matter of business. He was acute enough to wield a certain influence among leading schemers, and prosperous enough to purchase the respect of the petty officeholders. His support was considered so far useful to the revolutionary party that, if the wheel revolved, he stood to win a twenty-year concession to thirty thousand *manzanas* of the finest timberland along the coast.

By reference to the "jack-rabbit line" in Bob's message, it was understood that the head of the government, the swag, and Julia had taken the mule-back route to the coast. Indeed, no other route was there. A week's trip it was—over fearful mountains and streams; a jiggety-joggety journey; hot and ice-cold, and wet and dry.

The trail, after descending the mountains, turned to a trident, the central prong ending at Cibolo. Another branched off to Coralio; the third penetrated Alazan.

At Coralio was a harbor, with strict quarantine and clearing regulations. The fugitives would never attempt to escape there. At Cibolo or Alazan they might hope to board a tramp freighter or a fruit steamer by the aid of a rowboat or sloop, as the vessels anchored half a mile from shore.

But Mackenzie and Zavalla sent horseback messengers up and down the coast with warning to the local leaders of the Liberal movement—to Benavidez at Coralio, and to Varras at Alazan—instructing them to patrol the water line, and to arrest the flying president at all hazards if he should show himself in their territory. After these precautions there was nothing to do but cover the Cibolo district with lookouts and await results. The fugitives would, beyond a doubt, move as secretly as possible, and endeavor to board a vessel by

stealth from some hiding place on shore.

On the eighth day after the receipt of Engelhardt's message, the *Karlsefin*, Norwegian steamer, chartered by the New Orleans fruit trade, anchored off Cibolo, with three hoarse toots of her siren. Mackenzie stood on the beach with the crowd of idlers, watching everything without ostentation. He and Zavalla had stationed men faithful to the cause at intervals along the shore for a mile each way from the town, on the lookout for President Miraflores, of whom nothing had been seen or heard. The customs officers, in their red trousers and Panama hats, rowed out to the vessel and returned. The ship's gig landed her purser with his papers, and then took out the quarantine doctor with his umbrella and clinical thermometer. Next, a swarm of half-naked Caribs began to load the piles of bananas upon lighters, and row them out to the steamer.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a marine monster, unfamiliar in those waters, hove in sight—a graceful steam yacht, painted white, clean-cut as a steel engraving, seesawing the waves like a duck in a rain barrel. A white boat, manned by a white-uniformed crew, came ashore, and a stocky-built man leaped upon the sands. He made his way toward Mackenzie, who was obviously the most conspicuously Anglo-Saxon figure present, and seemed to turn a disapproving eye on the rather motley congregation of native Anchurians. Mackenzie greeted him as men sprung from the islands greet one another in alien lands.

Conversation developed that the newly landed one was named Smith, and that he had come in a yacht. A meager biography, truly, for the yacht was most apparent, and the Smith not beyond a reasonable guess before the revelation. Yet, to the eye of Mackenzie, who had seen several things, there was a discrepancy between Smith and his yacht. A bullet-headed man Smith was, with an oblique, dead eye, and the mustache of a cocktail mixer. Unless he had shifted costumes before leaving for

shore, he had affronted the deck of his correct vessel in a pearl-gray derby, a checked suit, fancy vest, and vaudeville neckwear. Men owning pleasure yachts generally harmonize with them better.

Smith looked business, but he was no advertiser. He commented upon the scenery, remarking upon its fidelity to the pictures in the geography, and then inquired for the United States consul. They pointed out to him the starred and striped bunting hanging on a pole above the door of a squat adobe house, and Smith plowed his way through the sand thither, his haberdashery creating a discord against a background of tropical blues and greens.

Mackenzie smoked cigars and walked the shingle under the coconut palms. His nets were well spread. The roads were so few, the opportunities for embarkation so limited, the two or three probable points of exit so well guarded that it would be strange indeed if there should slip through the meshes so much of the country's dignity, romance, and collateral.

Night came, and, satisfied with the precautions taken, the American strolled back through the town. Oil lamps burned, a sickly yellow, at random corners. Though yet early, the ways were almost depeopled. A few inhabitants were at their monotonous diversions, dragging at whining concertinas, fingering the guitar, or sadly drinking *anisada* in the *cantinas*. All the streets were by-streets; there were no thoroughfares. Mackenzie turned along one of them, and crouched swiftly in the shadow, for a tall, muffled man passed carrying a heavy valise. A woman at his elbow seemed to hurry him on. They went rapidly, Mackenzie following, until they reached and entered a *posada* known as the "Hotel de los Estrangeros," a dreary hostelry greatly in disuse both by strangers and friends.

At that moment there came along one Estebán, a barber, an enemy to existing government, a jovial plotter against stagnation in any form. He greeted Mackenzie with flatulent importance.

"What think you, Don Frank? I have to-night shaved *la barba*—what you call

the 'weeskers' of El Señor Presidente himself. Consider! He sent for me to come. In a *pobre casa* he awaited—a verree leetle house. I think he desired not to be known, but—*carajo!*—can you shave a man and not see his face? This gold piece he gave me, and said it was to be all quite still. I think, Don Frank, there is what you call one chip over the bug."

In a few words Mackenzie explained the state of affairs to Estebán. Knowing the man to be a partisan Liberal, he made him watch the house to see that no one left it, while he himself entered it at once.

He was an acquaintance of the *madama* who conducted the *posada*. He found her to be a woman with little curiosity.

"Ah! It is the Señor Mackenzie. Not often does he honor this unworthy house. *Que?* Bright eyes—at my age! *Vaya!* Señor Mackenzie. Guests in the house? Why not? Two, but just finished to arrive—a señor, not quite old, and a señora of sufficient handsomeness. To their rooms they have ascended, not desiring the to-drink nor the to-eat. Two rooms—*numero nueve* and *numero diez*. The Señor Mackenzie desires to speak with them? *Como no?* It is well."

Mackenzie saw that the trigger of his American thirty-eight was free from pocket lining, and ascended the dark stairway. A saffron light from a hanging lamp in the hallway above allowed him to select the gaudy numbers on the doors. He turned the knob of number nine, entered, and closed the door behind him.

If that was Julia Gordon seated by the table in the poorly furnished room, report had done her charms no injustice. She rested her head upon one hand. Extreme fatigue was signified in every line of her figure, and upon her countenance a deep perplexity was written. Her eyes were gray-irised, and of that mold that seems to have belonged to all the famous queens of hearts. Their whites were singularly clear and brilliant, concealed above the irises by horizontal lids, and showing a snowy

line below them. Such eyes denote great nobility, passion, and, if you can conceive it, a most selfish generosity. She looked up when the American entered, in surprised inquiry, but without fear.

Mackenzie took off his hat, and seated himself coolly on the edge of the table by which she sat. He held a lighted cigar between his fingers. He took this course upon the theory that preliminaries would be squandered upon the Señorita Gordon.

"Good evening," he said. "Now, madam, let us come to business at once. I know who is in the next room, and what he carries in that valise. I am here to dictate terms of surrender."

The lady neither replied nor moved, but steadily regarded the cigar in Mackenzie's hand.

"We," continued the dictator—"I speak for a considerable mass of the people—demand the return of stolen funds belonging to them. Our terms go very little farther than that. They are very simple. As an accredited spokesman, I promise that our interference will cease with their acceptance. It is on my personal responsibility that I add congratulations to the gentleman in number ten upon his taste in feminine charms."

Returning his cigar to his mouth, Mackenzie observed her, and saw that her eyes followed and rested upon it with icy and significant concentration. Apparently she had not heard a word he had said. He understood, tossed the cigar out the window, and, with an amused laugh, slid from the table to his feet. The lady smiled.

"That is better," she said, clipping her words off neatly. "For a second lesson in good manners, you may now tell me by whom I am being insulted."

"I'm rather sorry there's not enough time for more lessons," said Mackenzie regretfully. "Come, now; I appeal to your good sense. You have shown yourself, in more than one instance, to be quite aware of what is to your advantage. There is no mystery here. I am Frank Mackenzie, and I have come for the money. I entered this room at

a venture. Had I entered the other I would have had it by now. The gentleman in number ten has betrayed a great trust. He has robbed his people of a large sum, which I am in time to prevent their losing. I do not say who that gentleman is, but if I should be forced to see him, and he should prove to be a certain high official of the republic, it would be my duty to arrest him. The house is guarded. I am offering you liberal terms. Bring me the valise containing the money, and we will call the affair ended."

The lady rose from her chair and stood for a moment, thinking deeply.

"Do you live here, Mr. Mackenzie?" she asked presently.

"Yes."

"And your authority for this intrusion?"

"I am an instrument of the republic. I was advised by wire concerning the movements of the gentleman in number ten."

"I have a question or two to ask you. I think you are a man more apt to be truthful than—timid. What sort of place is this town?"

"This town? Oh, a banana town, as they run. Grass huts, 'dobs, five or six two-story houses—population half-breeds, Caribs, and blackamoors. No sidewalks; no amusements. Rather unmoral. That's an offhand sketch, of course."

"Are there any inducements, say in a business or social way, for one to reside here?"

"One," said Mackenzie, smiling, "there are no afternoon teas—and another—there's no extradition treaty."

"He told me," went on the lady, speaking as if to herself, and with a slight frown, "that there were towns on this coast of importance; that there was a pleasing social order—especially an American colony of cultured residents."

"There is an American colony," he continued, gazing at her in some wonder. "Two defaulting bank presidents, one short county treasurer, four manslaughterers, and a widow—arsenic, I believe, was the suspicion. I, myself, com-

plete the colony, but, as yet, have not distinguished myself by any felony."

"Do not lose hope," returned the lady dryly. "I see nothing in your actions to-night to guarantee you future obscurity. Some mistake has been made; I do not know just where. But *him* you shall not disturb. The journey has fatigued him so that he is fallen asleep, I think, in his clothes. You talk of stolen money! Remain where you are, and I will bring you that valise you covet so." She turned upon him a peculiar, searching look that ended in a quizzical smile. "It is a puzzling thing," she continued; "you force my door, and you follow your ruffianly behavior with the basest accusations, and yet"—she paused a moment, as if to reconsider what she was about to say—"and yet—I am sure there has been some mistake."

She took a step toward the door that connected the two rooms, but Mackenzie stopped her by a light touch upon her arm. I have said before that women turned to look at him on the streets. He was a kind they seem to admire, big, good-looking, and with an air of kindly truculence. This woman was to be his fate, and he did not know it; but he must have felt the first throes of destiny, for, of a sudden, the knowledge of what report named her turned bitter in his throat.

"If there has been any mistake," he said hotly, "it was yours. I do not blame that man who has lost his honor, his country, and is about to lose the poor consolation of his stolen riches, as much as I do you, for I can very well see how he was brought to it. By heavens, I can understand and pity him. It is such women as you that strew this degraded coast with wretched exiles, that drag down to—"

The lady interrupted him by a gesture.

"There is no need," she said coldly, "to continue your insults. I do not understand you, nor do I know what mad blunder you are making, but if the inspection of the contents of a gentleman's portmanteau will rid me of you, let us delay no longer."

She passed quickly and noiselessly into the other room, and returned with the heavy leather valise. Mackenzie set it upon the table, and began to unfasten the straps. She stood by with an expression of infinite scorn and weariness.

The valise opened wide, and Mackenzie dragged out one or two articles of closely folded clothing, exposing the bulk of the contents—package after package of tightly packed American bank notes of large denomination. Judging by the high figures written upon the bands that bound them, the total must have reached into the hundreds of thousands. Mackenzie saw, with surprise and a thrill of pleasure that he wondered at, that the woman experienced an unmistakable shock. She gasped, and leaned heavily against the table. She had been ignorant, then, that her companion had looted the government treasury. But why, he angrily asked himself, should he be so well pleased to find this wandering singer not so black as report painted her?

A noise in the other room startled them both. The door swung open, and an elderly, smooth-faced, dark-complexioned man, half dressed, hurried into the room.

The pictures of President Miraflores extant in Cibolo represented him as the possessor of a luxuriant and carefully tended supply of dark whiskers, but the barber Estebán's story had prepared Mackenzie's eye for the change.

The man stumbled into the light, his eyes heavy from weariness and sleep, but flashing with alarm.

"What does this mean?" he demanded in excellent English, with a keen and perturbed look at the American. "Robbery?"

"Very nearly," answered Mackenzie, "but I guess I'm in time to prevent it. This cash goes back to the people to whom it belongs."

He thrust both hands into the pockets of his loose linen coat. The president's hand went quickly behind him.

"Don't draw," called Mackenzie sharply. "I've got you covered from my pocket."

The lady advanced and laid one hand on the shoulder of the hesitating defaulter. She pointed with the other to the table.

"Tell me the truth," she said. "Whose money is that?"

The man did not answer. He gave a deep, long-drawn sigh, leaned and kissed her on the forehead, and stepped back into the other room and closed the door.

Mackenzie foresaw his purpose and jumped for the door, but the report of the pistol echoed as his hand touched the knob. A heavy fall followed, and some one struggled past him into the suicide's room.

A desolation, thought Mackenzie, greater than the loss of cavalier and gold must have been in the heart of the enchantress to have forced from her, in that moment, the cry of one turning to the only all-forgiving, all-comforting earthly consoler—to have made her call out from that dishonored and bloody room: "Oh, mother! Mother!"

But there were shouts of alarm, and hurrying feet were coming up the stairs. Mackenzie had his duty to perform. Circumstances had made him custodian of the country's treasure. They who were coming might not possess his scruples. Swiftly closing the valise, he leaned far out the window, and softly dropped it into a thick orange tree below.

They will tell you in Cibolo, as they told me, how the shot alarmed the town; how the upholders of the law came apace—the commandante in a head waiter's jacket and red slippers, with girded sword, the barefooted policemen with clanking bayonets and indifferent mien.

They say that the countenance of the dead man was marred by the effects of the shot, but he was identified as the downfallen president by both Mackenzie and the barber Estebán. The story of his flight from the capital being made public just then, no further confirmation was deemed necessary. So they buried him on the following day, and his grave is there.

They will relate to you how the revolutionary party—now come, without

opposition, to be in power—sifted the town and raked the country to find the dead president's valise containing Anchuria's surplus capital, but without success, though aided by Señor Mackenzie himself.

You will hear how Mackenzie, like a tower of strength, shielded the Señorita Julia through those subsequent distressful days. And how his scruples as to her past career—if he had any—vanished, and her adventuresome waywardness—if she had any—disappeared, and they were wedded and were happy.

But they cannot tell you—as I shall—what became of the money that Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. But that comes later; for it is now time to consider the wishes of those who desire to learn why Shorty Flynn lost his situation. It is deemed fit that Mr. Flynn tell his own story.

"The chief rang up headquarters and told me to come uptown quick to an address he gave. I went there, and found him in a private office with a lot of directors who were looking pretty fuzzy. They stated the case: The president of the Republic Loan and Trust Company had skipped with nearly a quarter of a million in cash, and an expert was digging up a further shortage in his accounts at the rate of a thousand a day. The directors wanted him back pretty bad, but they wanted the money worse. They said they needed it. They had traced the old gent to where he boarded a tramp fruit steamer bound for Central America, or somewhere, with a big gripsack and his daughter—all the family he had.

"Not to mention all the talk we had, in six hours I was on board a steam yacht belonging to one of the directors, and hot on the trail of the fruit tub. I had a pretty good idea where the old boy would strike for. At that time we had a treaty with about every foreign country except Belgium, and that banana republic, Anchuria. There wasn't a photo of old Wahrfield to be had in New York—he had been foxy there—but I had his description, and, besides,

the lady with him would be almost a dead give-away.

"In my time I've brought back some pretty high flyers from places where I couldn't legally touch them. It's done with a bluff. When they won't be bluffed, I jump on them to get back all the boodle I can. I've kidnapped one or two, but that's dangerous. The best way is to strike them as soon as possible after they land in a foreign place. Get your work in before they get acquainted; while they're homesick and rattled, and short on nerve.

"We struck the monkey coast one afternoon about four. There was a raty-looking steamer offshore taking on bananas. The monkeys were loading her up with big barges. It might be the one the old man had taken, and it might not. I went ashore to look around. The scenery was pretty good. I never saw any finer on the New York stage. I struck an American on shore, a big, cool chap, standing around with the monkeys. He showed me the consul's office. The consul was a Dutchman named Bruck, and he had his mitt out for further orders. He sized me up for an investor, and tried to sell me a coconut franchise, a gold mine, a mahogany graft with officials—already bribed—coupon attachment, and an imitation diamond ring. He stood in with the monkeys and got a rake-off every time a trick was turned. I got what I wanted to know out of him. He said the fruiter loading was the *Karlsefin*, running to New Orleans, but took her last cargo to New York on account of an overstocked home market. Then I was sure my people were on board, as the consul said no passengers had landed. Just then the quarantine doctor dropped in for a chat, and he said there was a gentleman and lady on the fruiter, and they would come ashore in a few hours. So all that I had to do, then, was to wait.

"After dark I walked around and investigated that town some, and it was enough to give you the lions. If a man could stay in New York and be honest, he'd better do it than to hit that monkey town with a million.

"Dinky little mud houses; grass over your shoe tops in the streets; ladies in low neck and short sleeves walking round smoking cigars; tree frogs rattling on Boulevard A like a hose carriage going to a ten blow; big mountains dropping gravel in the back yards, and the sea licking the paint off in front—no, sir; a man had better be in God's country living on free lunch than there.

"The main street ran along the beach, and I walked down it, and then turned up a kind of lane where the houses were made of poles and straw. I wanted to see what the monkeys did when they weren't climbing coconut trees. The very first shack I looked in I saw my people. They must have come ashore while I was promenading. A man about fifty, smooth face, heavy eyebrows, dressed in black broadcloth, looking like he was just about to say: 'Can any little boy in the Sunday school answer that?' He was freezing on to a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks; and a swell girl—a regular peach, with a Fifth Avenue cut, was sitting on a wooden chair. An old black woman was fixing some coffee and beans on a table. The light they had came from a lantern hung on a nail. I went and stood in the door, and they looked at me, and I said:

"'Mr. Wahrfield, you are my prisoner. I hope, for the lady's sake, you will take the matter sensibly. You know why I want you.'

"'Who are you?' says the old gent.

"'Flynn,' says I, 'of the Columbia Detective Bureau. Now, sir, let me give you some good advice. You go back and take your medicine like a man. They'll only give you five, or, maybe, a seven spot, and they'll send you to one of the reform pens where you will only have to keep books, or feed the warden's chickens. Is this a country for a young lady like Miss Wahrfield to live in? You give up the cash and go back easy, and I'll put in a good word for you. I'll give you five minutes to decide.' I pulled out my watch and waited.

"Then the young lady chipped in. I could see she was one of the genuine

high steppers, the kind that christen battleships and open chrysanthemum shows.

"'Come inside,' she says. 'Don't stand in the door and disturb the whole street with that suit of clothes. Now, what is it you want?'

"'Three minutes gone,' I said. 'I'll tell you again while the other two tick off. Wanted, in New York, J. Churchill Wahrfield, president of the Republic Loan and Trust Company. Also the funds belonging to said company, now in that grip, in the unlawful possession of said J. Churchill Wahrfield.'

"'Oh-h-h-h!' says she, as if she was thinking. 'You want to take us back to New York?'

"'To take Mr. Wahrfield. There's no charge against you, miss. There'll be no objection, of course, to your returning with your father.'

"Of a sudden the girl gave a tiny scream and grabbed the old boy around the neck.

"'Oh, father, father!' she says, kind of contralto. 'Can this be true? Have you taken money that is not ours? Speak, father!'

"It made you shiver to hear the tremolo stop she put on her voice.

"Old Loan and Trust looked pretty bughouse when she first grappled him, but she went on, whispering in his ear and patting his off shoulder till he stood still, but sweating a little.

"She got him to one side, and they talked together a minute, and then he put on some gold eyeglasses and walked up and handed me the grip.

"'Mr. Detective,' he says, talking a little broken, 'I conclude to return with you. I have finished to discover that life on this desolate and displeased coast would be worse than to die, itself. I will go back and hurl myself upon the mercy of the Loan—Trust Company. Have you brought a sheep?'

"'Sheep!' says I. 'I haven't a single—'

"'Ship,' cut in the young lady. 'Don't get funny. Father is of German birth, and doesn't speak perfect English. How did you come?'

"The girl was all broke up. She had

a handkerchief to her face, and kept saying every little bit: 'Oh, father, father!' She walked up to me and laid her lily-white hand on the clothes that had pained her at first. I smelled a million violets. She was a lula. I told her I came in a private yacht.

"'Mr. Flynn,' she says. 'Oh, take us away from this horrid country at once. Can you? Will you? Say you will.'

"'I'll try,' I said, concealing the fact that I was dying to get them on salt water before they could change their mind.

"One thing they both kicked against was going through the town to the boat landing. Said they dreaded publicity, and now that they were going to return, they had a hope that the thing might yet be kept out of the papers. They swore they wouldn't go unless I got them out to the yacht without any one knowing it, so I agreed to humor them.

"The sailors who rowed me ashore were playing billiards in a barroom near the water, waiting for orders, and I proposed to have them take the boat down the beach half a mile or so, and take us up there. How to get them word was the question, for I couldn't leave the grip with the prisoner, and I couldn't take it with me, not knowing but what the monkeys might stick me up.

"The young lady says the old colored woman would take them a note. I sat down and wrote it, and gave it to the dame with plain directions what to do, and she grins like a baboon and shakes her head.

"Then Mr. Wahrfield handed her a string of foreign dialect, and she nods her head and says, 'See, señor,' maybe fifty times, and lights out with the note.

"'Old Augusta only understands German,' said Miss Wahrfield, smiling at me. 'We stopped in her house to ask where we could find lodging, and she insisted upon our having coffee. She tells us she was raised in a German family in San Domingo.'

"'Very likely,' I said. 'But you can

search me for German words, except *nix verstay* and *noch einst*. I would have called that "See, señor," French, though, on a gamble."

"Well, we three made a sneak around the edge of the town so as not to be seen. We got tangled in vines and ferns and the banana bushes and tropical scenery a good deal. The monkey suburbs was as wild as places in Central Park. We came out on the beach a good half mile below. A brown chap was lying asleep under a coconut tree, with a ten-foot musket beside him. Mr. Wahrfield takes up the gun and pitches it in the sea. 'The coast is guarded,' he says. 'Rebellion and plots ripen like fruit.' He pointed to the sleeping man, who never stirred. 'Thus,' he says, 'they perform trusts. Children!'

"I saw our boat coming, and I struck a match and lit a piece of newspaper to show them where we were. In thirty minutes we were on board the yacht.

"The first thing, Mr. Wahrfield and his daughter and I took the grip into the owner's cabin, opened it up, and took an inventory. There was two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in U. S. treasury certificates and bonds, besides a lot of diamond jewelry and a couple of hundred Havana cigars. I gave the old man the cigars and a receipt for the rest of the lot, as agent for the company, and locked the stuff up in my private quarters.

"I never had a pleasanter trip than that one. After we got to sea, the young lady turned out to be the jolliest ever. The very first time we sat down to dinner, and the steward filled her glass with champagne—that director's yacht was a regular floating Waldorf-Astoria—she winks at me and says: 'What's the use to borrow trouble, Mr. Fly Cop? Here's hoping you may live to eat the hen that scratches on your grave.' There was a piano on board, and she sat down to it, and sung better than you give up two cases to hear plenty times. She knew about nine operas clear through. She was sure enough bon ton and swell. She wasn't one of the 'among others present' kind; she was on the special-mention list!

"The old man, too, perked up amazingly on the way. He passed the cigars, and says to me once, quite chipper, out of a cloud of smoke: 'Mr. Flynn, somehow I think the Loan—Trust Company will not give me the much trouble. Guard well the grip—valise of the money, Mr. Flynn, for that it must be returned to them that it belongs when we finish to arrive.'

"When we landed in New York I phoned to the chief to meet us in that directors' office. We got in a cab and went there. I carried the grip, and we walked in, and I was pleased to see that the chief had got together that same old crowd of moneybags with pink faces and white vests to see us march in. I set the grip on the table. 'There's the money,' I said.

"'And your prisoner?' said the chief.

"I pointed to Mr. Wahrfield, and he stepped forward, and says: 'The honor of a word with you, sir, to explain.'

"He and the chief went into another room and stayed ten minutes. When they came back the chief looked as black as a ton of coal.

"'Did this gentleman,' he says to me, 'have this valise in his possession when you first saw him?'

"'He did,' said I.

"The chief took up the grip and handed it to the prisoner with a bow, and says to the director crowd: 'Do any of you recognize this gentleman?'

"They all shook their pink faces.

"'Allow me to present,' he goes on, 'Señor Miraflores, president of the Republic of Anchuria. The señor has generously consented to overlook this outrageous blunder, on condition that we undertake to secure him against the annoyance of public comment. It is a concession on his part to overlook an insult for which he might claim international redress. I think we can gratefully promise him secrecy in the matter.'

"They gave him a pink nod.

"'Flynn,' he says to me, 'as a private detective you're wasted. In a war, where kidnapping governments is in the rules, you'd be invaluable. Come down to the office at eleven.'

"I knew what that meant.

"So that's the president of the mon-keys," says I. "Well, why couldn't he have said so?"

"Wouldn't it jar you?"

We are brought at length to the contemplation of one known as Doctor Angel, a familiar figure among the foreign residents of the French capital. A brilliant blonde, addressed as Mademoiselle Gordon, often accompanies him in public. In cigars Doctor Angel is a connoisseur. The brand he smokes costs two francs each. He smokes them because he can afford to do so.

It only remains to designate the ultimate fate of the respectable sum of money in the valise which Frank Mackenzie dropped into the orange tree. To that end, and to do justice to Mr. Mackenzie's taste and honesty, the following extract from an article in a New York newspaper may opportunely be appended:

It will be remembered that some months ago, J. Churchill Wahrfield, president of the Republic Loan and Trust Company of this city, absconded with nearly a quarter of a

million dollars of the company's funds. Also, the sensational second act of this unusual financial drama, in which the entire missing sum was returned to the company, two weeks after Wahrfield's disappearance, through the medium of New Orleans bankers.

Yesterday the dénouement occurred in the shape of a draft for \$17,869.24, which was received by the treasurer of the company; the amount being exactly identical with the published figures of the remainder of Wahrfield's shortage, as was determined by the expert accountant who examined the books.

Of ex-President Wahrfield and his daughter, who left with him, and who was a society belle, nothing has since been heard. Chief Bayley, of the Columbia Detective Bureau, stated to-day, in an interview, that he sent, at the time of the flight, an experienced detective on a promising clue to the Central American coast, but that he returned without a trace of the fugitives.

Of course, the only tenable theory is that Wahrfield repented of his deed soon after his departure, and returned the stolen funds. His shrewdness and financial ability must have caused fortune to knock a second time at his door, to have enabled him to so promptly liquidate the remainder of the deficit.

Thus closes a most unique incident in the business world, and, as Wahrfield will hardly make himself and his whereabouts known to the public again, the mystery of the restitution will, doubtless, never be explained.



AD FINEM

I LIKE to think this friendship that we hold
As Youth's high gift in our two hands to-day
Still shall we find as bright, untarnished gold
What time the fleeting years have left us gray.
I like to think we two shall watch the May
Dance down her happy hills and autumn fold
The world in flame and beauty. we grown old
Staunch comrades on an undivided way.

I like to think of winter nights made bright
By book and hearth flame when we two shall smile
At memories of to-day—we two content
To count our vanished dawns by candlelight
Seeing we hold in our old hands the while
That gift of gold Youth left us as she went.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

ADVENTURINGS ^{IN THE} PSYCHICAL



VI.—THE SUBCONSCIOUS



WHEN the Society for Psychical Research was founded, in 1882, its purpose was not only to obtain, if possible, scientifically acceptable proof of the survival of human personality after bodily death, but also to study the nature of personality in its mundane aspects, with a view to securing greater insight into the powers and possibilities of man here on earth.

In this latter quest it has been eminently successful, and thanks to its labors our knowledge of ourselves has been increased a thousandfold. As has been shown in previous articles, phenomena hitherto regarded as mysterious and "supernatural"—such as apparitions, clairvoyance, crystal gazing, etc.—have been definitely explained on a purely naturalistic basis; and in addition to naturalizing the supernatural, psychical researchers have made, or have assisted in making, discoveries of great practical utility, and having a profound bearing on affairs of everyday life.

Among these, none is of more importance than the discovery of the "subconscious." This term, which was almost unheard of a few years ago, is nowadays used by psychologists in a variety of ways, but it may be broadly defined as including an extensive range of mental processes and phenomena that occur beneath the surface of our ordinary consciousness. Subconscious mental action, in fact, has a constant,

unceasing part in our lives. It is in evidence in such commonplace acts as walking, talking, writing, playing the piano, handling a tool, a tennis racket, or a baseball bat.

There was a time, in the experience of all of us, when we could do none of these things, but had to learn them by conscious effort. Little by little, as we acquired more skill, the element of consciousness became less and less, until at last we could execute them in a seemingly automatic manner, as in the fashion of the piano player described by Miss Cobbe:

"Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand has to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to the other. All the fingers have the work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind, or something which does duty as mind, interprets scores of A sharps, and B flats, and C naturals into black ivory keys and white ones, crotchets, and quavers, and demi-quavers, rests, and all the mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business, or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul."

The subconscious is thus a sort of

reservoir in which are stored up, available for future use, the things learned through education and experience; and it also has a dynamic power that enables it to supplement, economize, and enlarge the operations of the upper consciousness. Ordinarily we fail to appreciate what we owe to this hidden servitor, for the reason that its workings are so smooth, so unobtrusive as to pass quite unnoticed. Yet abundant evidence has been secured to demonstrate not simply the fact of its existence, but the more significant fact that it is never at rest, but is perpetually laboring in our behalf.

Even when our consciousness is for the moment completely in abeyance—as when we are asleep—the subconscious continues operant. Many of my readers have doubtless had the experience of vainly endeavoring for hours, perhaps for days, to solve some important problem, and then awaking one morning with a luminously clear idea of its correct solution. While they slept their subconsciousness had been at work disentangling the threads of their conscious reasoning, stripping away and discarding unessentials, and finally presenting them with, so to speak, a ready-made understanding of that which had previously been so perplexing to them.

In all such cases the action of the subconscious is more vividly evident when, as often happens, the desired solution is gained during sleep itself, in the form of a dream. An excellent example is found in an episode narrated by a business man, who says:

"I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash account for that month, and, despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts, and I almost gave it up as hopeless. It had been the subject of my waking thoughts for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus unsettled until the eleventh of December. On this night I had not, to my knowledge, once thought of the subject, but I had not been long in bed and asleep, when my brain was as busy with the books as though I had been at my desk.

"The cash book, banker's pass books, etc., etc., appeared before me; and, without any apparent trouble, I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistakes, which had arisen out of a complicated cross entry. I perfectly recollect having taken a slip of paper in my dream, and made such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time; and, having done this, the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind.

"When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it once occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did early, for the purpose of dressing, and proceeded to shave, I took up a piece of paper from my dressing table to wipe my razor, and you may imagine my surprise at finding thereon the very memorandum I fancied I had made during the previous night. The effect on me was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash book, when I found that I had really, while asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time.

"I have no recollection whatever as to where I obtained the paper and pencil with which I made the memorandum. It certainly must have been written in the dark, and in my bedroom, as I found both paper and pencil there the following afternoon. The pencil was not one which I am in the habit of carrying, and my impression is that I must either have found it in the room, or gone downstairs for it."

Illustrative of the same subconscious mechanism, and doubly interesting because of the light it throws on the true nature of many dreams frequently regarded as supernatural, is a singular experience that once befell Professor H. V. Hilprecht, the well-known archaeologist of the University of Pennsylvania.

At the time, Professor Hilprecht was trying to decipher the inscriptions on

two small fragments of agate from the temple of Bel in ancient Babylonia, and believed by him to be portions of the finger rings of some wealthy Babylonian. He had already published a preliminary report on the collection of which they formed a part, but, despite weeks of earnest effort, had utterly failed to get at the meaning of the words inscribed on them.

One Saturday night, after working on the fragments until nearly twelve o'clock without any satisfactory result, he went to bed weary and exhausted, and was soon in a deep sleep. He then dreamed that he was transported to the temple of Bel, where a venerable priest, whose dress showed that he belonged to a pre-Christian epoch, conducted him into the treasure chamber of the temple. It was a small, low room, without windows, and contained a large wooden chest, around which were scattered pieces of agate and other valuable stones. While Professor Hilprecht stood looking at these, the priest said to him:

"The two fragments which you have published separately upon pages twenty-two and twenty-six belong together, are not finger rings, and their history is as follows:

"King Kurigalzu, who reigned in Babylonia about thirteen hundred B. C., once sent to the temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate at hand as raw material. In order to execute the command, there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription.

"The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not yet found

in the course of your excavations, and you never will find it."

With this the priest disappeared, and the dream came to an end. In the morning, impressed with its coherence and vividness, Professor Hilprecht again attacked the troublesome fragments, put them together as directed, and, by making the proper guesses for the missing middle portion, readily deciphered the full inscription: "To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this."

Nor are the intellectual achievements of the subconscious during sleep confined to the solution of problems that have been vexing the upper consciousness. It has a highly original, creative power of its own. Thus the composer Tartini dreamed one night that he heard the devil playing a wonderful sonata, and, remembering it on awaking, was able to set it down on paper, and thereby put to his credit one of the finest pieces of music that bears his name. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" was another dream composition; and, indeed, a long list of masterpieces in music, art, and literature, originating through subconscious mental action in sleep, might be drawn up.

Perhaps no one has ever been more favored in this respect than that remarkable man of genius, the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The plots for many of Stevenson's best stories—including the marvelous "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—came to him in dreams, as he himself has related in a delightful autobiographical essay, in which, with characteristic whimsicality, he personifies his, subconscious, as "brownies" and "little people."

"This dreamer, like many other persons," he said, "has encountered some trifling vicissitudes of fortune. When the bank begins to send letters, and the butcher to linger at the back gates, he sets to belaboring his brains after a story, for that is his readiest money winner; and behold! at once the little people begin to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labor all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted

theatre. No fear of his being frightened now; the flying heart and the frozen scalp are things bygone; applause, growing applause, growing interest, growing exultation in his own cleverness—for he takes all the credit—and at last a jubilant leap to wakefulness, with the cry, 'I have it, that'll do!' upon his lips; with such and similar emotions he sits at these nocturnal dreams, with such outbreaks, like *Claudius* in the play, he scatters the performance in the midst.

"Often enough the waking is a disappointment; he has been too deep asleep, as I explain the thing; drowsiness has gained his little people; they have gone stumbling and maundering through their parts; and the play, to the wakened mind, is seen to be a tissue of absurdities. And yet how often have these sleepless brownies done him honest service, and given him, as he sat idly taking his pleasure in the boxes, better tales than he could fashion for himself.

"The more I think of it," Stevenson continues, "the more I am moved to press upon the world my question: 'Who are the little people?' They are near connections of the dreamer's, beyond doubt; they share in his financial worries, and have an eye to the bank book; they share plainly in his training; they have plainly learned, like him, to build the scheme of a considerable story, and to arrange emotion in progressive order; only I think they have more talent; and one thing is beyond doubt—they can tell him a story piece by piece, like a serial, and keep him all the while in ignorance of where they aim.

"That part of my work which is done while I am sleeping is the brownies' part beyond contention; but that which is done when I am up and about is by no means necessarily mine, since all goes to show the brownies have a hand in it even then."

It may be noted in passing that facts like these, which have been scrutinized and verified by thousands of observations, have led, during recent years, to a novel theory explanatory of what is

known as "genius." With this theory I shall have occasion to deal in considerable detail in a subsequent article. Here I would only say that instead of adopting the Lombrosian doctrine, and regarding the man of genius as a kind of transcendental degenerate, it affirms that he is what he is by reason of enjoying a readier communication than most men possess between the conscious and subconscious portions of his mind. Such a view has the further virtue of being completely in accord with the familiar definition of genius as an infinite capacity for hard work.

From what has been said, it must be evident that the contents of the subconscious are made up in large measure of knowledge gained at one time or another by conscious endeavor and thought. The man who thinks hard, consciously, is certain to have a richer fund of subconscious information at his disposal than the one whose conscious thinking is of the idle, futile, scatterbrained sort. All successful men, whether a Milton or a Rockefeller, a Shakespeare or a Morgan, are men who have developed their subconscious faculties by laborious application of their conscious powers in the routine of daily life.

On the other hand, it has also to be observed that knowledge is often obtained subconsciously without passing through any preliminary stage of conscious attention and awareness; and that, by a reversal of the usual process, the conscious frequently acquires from the subconscious information of which it would otherwise be ignorant.

I have previously alluded to this interesting and most important fact in my discussion of telepathy, clairvoyance, crystal gazing, and kindred problems in psychical research. As we then saw, the subconscious has a certain eerie faculty of imparting its information to the upper consciousness in the way of hallucinations, indicative at times of thought transference from mind to mind, or, more commonly, originating merely from unnoticed impressions of direct, personal experience.

It cannot be too firmly borne in mind

that every day of our lives we see, and hear, and feel more than we realize, that these unobserved sights, and sounds, and sensations may, nevertheless, be subconsciously registered in our minds, and that they may soon or late be projected above the threshold of consciousness in a form astonishing, puzzling, and perhaps annoying us, as in the case of a strange experience of a young New York newspaper man of my experience.

It was his business to edit for publication in a number of country newspapers the dispatches sent in by a telegraphic news agency. He had been thus engaged for perhaps a year when he noticed, greatly to his dismay, that he was repeatedly omitting items which he believed, on reading them in the telegraphic copy, to be "old news," but which were printed with more or less prominence in the next morning's issues of other newspapers. This occurred so often that he began to tremble for his position, and set himself earnestly to solve the mystery.

Luckily he had some acquaintance with psychology, and knew that his trouble must be due to a faulty identification of subconscious with conscious impressions. But why was it, he asked himself, that on certain nights he would be quite free from such errors of judgment, while on others he might omit, or be strongly tempted to omit, on the ground of supposed previous publication, half a dozen items of real news value? The truth dawned on him one evening as he was sitting down to begin work.

On his desk lay a heap of envelopes containing the dispatches that had come from the news agency before his arrival at the newspaper office. These should already have been opened by an office boy, but that night he had been busy with something else. Mechanically, the editor himself tore open the envelopes, smoothed out their contents, and, without reading them, made a neat pile of the typewritten sheets, preparatory to going through them.

He had not been working an hour when he came to a dispatch, which he

tossed aside with the muttered comment: "That's an old story, sure. I've read it somewhere before."

Then, remembering the mistakes he had been making, he hesitated, picked it up, and read it carefully. Every word in it seemed familiar. But where could he have read it? In the evening papers? He went through them one by one, without result. Then it suddenly occurred to him that possibly, in opening the dispatches, he had, without being aware of it, glanced at this particular item, and had obtained a subconscious knowledge of it, which was now welling up confusedly as a conscious memory.

To test this theory, he directed the office boy to open the dispatches without fail for the next few nights. On none of these did he suffer from memory confusion.

Possibly, if he had analyzed the matter further, he would have found that the news items which had caught his eye while smoothing out the dispatch sheets related to subjects of some special interest to him. For just as one's conscious attention is arrested by that which is particularly interesting, so does the subconscious select for presentation to the upper consciousness information of temporary or habitual interest and significance.

Sometimes, too, there is involved a harking back to interests of an earlier period of life. A simple but instructive illustration of this is found in a little incident that occurred to Doctor Richard Hodgson while on a visit to England. It may best be reported in his own words:

"Yesterday morning (September 13, 1895), just after breakfast, I was strolling alone along one of the garden paths of Leckhampton House, Cambridge, repeating aloud to myself the verses of a poem. I became temporarily oblivious to my garden surroundings, and regained my consciousness of them suddenly, to find myself brought to a stand, in a stooping position, gazing intently at a five-leaved clover. On careful examination, I found about a dozen specimens of five-leaved clover, as well as

several specimens of four-leaved clover, all of which probably came from the same root.

"Several years ago I was interested in getting extra-leaved clovers, but I have not for years made any active search for them, though occasionally my conscious attention, as I walked along, has been given to appearances of four-leaved clover, which proved, on examination, to be deceptive. The peculiarity of yesterday's 'find' was that I discovered myself, with a sort of shock, standing still and stooping down, and afterward realized that a five-leaved clover was directly under my eyes."

Compare with this an incident reported by an English clergyman, the Reverend P. H. Newnham. We find in it exactly the same element of selective subconscious attention, accompanied, however, by an auditory hallucination as a means of notifying the upper consciousness of the fact subconsciously observed.

"I was visiting friends at Tunbridge Wells," says Mr. Newnham, "and went out one evening, entomologizing. As I crossed a stile into a field, on my way to a neighboring wood, a voice said distinctly in my right ear: 'You'll find "Chaonia" on that oak.' This was a very scarce moth, which I had never seen before, and which most assuredly I had never consciously thought of seeing. There were several oaks in the field, but I instinctively walked up to one, straight to the offside of it, and there was the moth indicated."

The psychological explanation of this is simple enough, and is equally applicable to similar, if more sensational, hallucinations widely heralded as of supernatural character. It is manifestly absurd to suppose that a "spirit" announced to the entomologizing clergyman the presence of the rare and greatly sought-after moth which it was his good fortune to capture. But it is not at all absurd to suggest that quite likely, although he had consciously forgotten all about it, he had at some time seen *Chaonia*, or an entomological textbook picture of *Chaonia*; that he had

subconsciously caught a glimpse of it, fluttering across the field and settling on the oak, and that his subconscious recognition of its identity had set in motion the proper mental mechanism to notify his upper consciousness of a fact in which it would naturally be much interested.

There may also be a subconscious intensification, or "hyperæsthesia," of other senses than that of sight. In all probability hyperæsthesia of the sense of hearing is sufficient to account for the dramatic central incident in the following story, told by a lady whose identity I am unable to reveal:

"I was living one summer in a little mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. Our house, a frame building, was some little distance from any other, at the top of a steep hill; the only disadvantage of this being the additional difficulty of getting water, which was an expensive commodity in the camp, as the adjacent mines had drained most of the wells.

"The house contained six rooms, all opening one out of another. My own room, with a dressing closet beyond, where my child slept, being at one end, and the front porch, which overlooked the valley, at the other.

"One evening, after my little girl was asleep, I lit a tiny night lamp, always left burning on a bracket in her room; and, leaving all doors and windows open, on account of the intense heat, went to sit on the front porch. I may have sat there half an hour, when my attention was caught by a great blazing light in the direction of the farthest houses. It appeared evident that one at least had taken fire, and the difficulty of getting water, and the hope that no children were in danger, flashed through my mind.

"While watching the rapidly growing glare, I heard a faint, crackling sound in my own house. It would not have disturbed me at any other time, as I only supposed that some smoldering piece of cedar in the kitchen stove had blazed up. But, with the present thought of fire in my mind, I went into the kitchen to look, and, glancing through the open doors as I passed,

saw a volume of flame and smoke pouring from the child's room into mine.

"Thank God it was still possible to rush through and save her; and I carried her out in a blanket to prevent the scorch, for the room was only burning at one end; the side where the bed stood, though fearfully hot and suffocating, was not yet on fire, and, thanks to the timely warning, the water left in the barrels proved just enough to extinguish the flames before very much was destroyed.

"After all was quiet, I went back to the porch to look at that other burning house, feeling so thankful that my child was safe, and wondering if others were, also. But all was dark, and when I came to make inquiry next day, nothing was known in the camp of any such fire. Had it not been for my strange vision of it, which must have lasted fully ten minutes, I feel sure that my little girl would have been burned to death."

There is a possibility, though only a possibility, that telepathy between mother and child may have had a part in the production of this vital hallucination. But hyperesthesia of the sense of hearing seems to afford the likelier explanation, as also in numerous well-authenticated instances, in which railroad men, obeying an unaccountable impulse or hallucinatory monition, have taken action averting disastrous wrecks. A single illustrative example must suffice, a case called to the attention of the Society for Psychical Research by Mr. William H. Wyman, of Dunkirk, N. Y.:

"Some years ago my brother was employed on, and had charge as conductor and engineer of, a work train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, running between Buffalo and Erie. I often went with him to the gravel bank, where he had his headquarters, and returned on his train with him.

"On one occasion I was with him, and after the train of cars was loaded, we went together to the telegraph office to see if there were any orders, and to find out if the trains were on time, as

he had to keep out of the way of all regular trains. After looking over the train reports, and finding them all on time, we started for Buffalo.

"As we approached Westfield station, running about twelve miles per hour, and when within about one mile of a long curve in the line, my brother all of a sudden shut off the steam, and, quickly stepping over to the fireman's side of the engine, he looked out of the cab window, and then to the rear of his train. Not discovering anything wrong, he put on steam, but almost immediately again shut it off, and gave the signal for brakes, and stopped.

"After inspecting the engine and train, and, finding nothing wrong, he seemed very much excited, and for a short time he acted as if he did not know where he was or what to do. I asked what was the matter. He replied that he did not know; then, after looking at his watch and orders, he said that he felt that there was some trouble on the line of the road. I suggested that he had better run his train to the station and find out. He then ordered his flagman to go ahead around the curve, which was just ahead of us, and he would follow with the train.

"The flagman started and had barely time to flag an extra express train, with the general superintendent and others on board, coming full forty miles an hour. The superintendent inquired what he was doing there, and if he did not receive orders to keep out of the way of the extra. My brother told him that he had not received orders, and did not know of any extra train coming; that we had both examined the train reports before leaving the station. The train was then backed to the station, where it was found that no orders had been given."

Incidents such as this are of frequent occurrence, as all readers of the daily newspapers are well aware. By the superstitious they are regarded as weird and uncanny, and savoring of the spiritistic. In reality they are only exceptional exemplifications of a process which is ceaselessly taking place in all of us. There is no one who does not,

every day, perform acts which he cannot consciously account for, and which, if closely inquired into, would be found similarly to take their rise in unnoticed subconscious impressions. For the matter of that, it is possible to train oneself to subconscious attention to selected impressions, even in sleep.

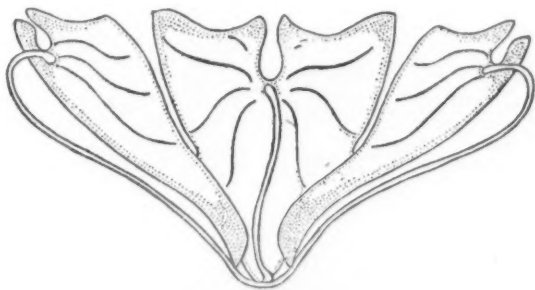
A familiar illustration is the mother who, undisturbed by other sounds, awakens at the least cry of her infant. The same phenomenon is observable in the case of the conscientious hospital nurse, who, no matter how profound her sleep, responds instantly to any movement by her patient. And, in the course of conversation not long ago, a physician said to me:

"As you know, my house is on a car line, and, besides the cars, there is much automobile and carriage traffic on my street for a large part of the night. Nothing of this breaks my rest. I sleep so soundly that a thunderstorm does not arouse me. Yet let the telephone bell begin to ring, and I am out of bed and

have the receiver at my ear before the bell has ceased ringing."

I have myself, like a good many other people, found it possible to make the subconscious do the work of an alarm clock. That is to say, if, on going to bed, I mentally determine to wake at a certain hour, I invariably do so, and this although I am one of the deepest of sleepers. It matters not what hour I select, or how late I retire the previous night, the mental sentinel whom I have placed on guard punctually notifies me when the appointed time arrives.

This goes to show, of course, that the subconscious is, to a certain extent, at any rate, amenable to conscious control and direction. That such control is highly desirable is evinced not merely by the facts reviewed above, but by others—facts of altogether different import. For if, as we have seen, the subconscious is a helpful auxiliary of the upper consciousness, it also contains within itself possibilities of suffering, disease, and even death.



EARTH MOTHER

FAIR Earth Mother, you that upon your bosom
Nourish wheat that ambers in waving windrows,
Nourish wealth of rye and of bearded barley,
And ample orchards,

Grant, I pray, this boon to your child that loves you,
Under sun and stars in their kindly courses,
Grassy space for rest on your quiet bosom,
O fair Earth Mother!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE TEMPERING

By CARRINGTON A. PHELPS

THE president was out of patience.

It had been a long, hard day at the bank. There had been a stormy directors' meeting, the paying teller's cage had been short a hundred dollars since the day before, thus demoralizing the entire staff; and, lastly, the thermometer over the president's desk registered ninety-nine degrees. The president himself, a side-whiskered, belligerent-looking, apoplectic little man of sixty, was tired, and hot, and damp, and wondering what infernal thing would happen next, when the door was pushed hesitatingly back to admit a thin and rusty man, who announced timidly: "Mr. Lawe, sir."

The president scowled, and the palm leaf with which he had been feverishly beating the dead air came to a pause.

"Show him in."

The thin one slid from view, to be immediately replaced by a tall and calm-eyed young man, who smiled as he approached.

"Well, Lawe?" said the president briskly.

"I wished to see you about that vacancy, sir," began John Lawe. "I understood I was slated for it."

His tone was eminently respectful, as befitted a subordinate, but the president's eye shifted slightly.

"What vacancy?" he asked, parrying automatically.

"That left by Mr. Davis, which Mr. Feltman now holds."

"Oh, yes. Fact is, though, Mr. Lawe, I didn't give it to you, because I wanted you to have more experience."

"Six years of which isn't enough?" queried John Lawe.

The president shot a glance at John Lawe, whose expression seemed deferential, almost apologetic.

"Er—we believe in efficiency, Mr. Lawe. Efficiency. It's the great secret of the bank's success. Our men never fail, and rarely err. Efficiency is the keynote, the ah—keynote of our entire system."

He leaned back in his swivel chair, and began studying a typewritten letter with an interest none the less irritating because of its artificiality. He had terminated the interview.

John Lawe frowned slightly.

"I have continued here," he said, "in hopes of getting advancement. I'm afraid that unless there is a chance for such advancement, I shall have to find some other opening."

The president looked up.

"That's for you to decide, Lawe," he said, and returned to his letter.

John Lawe tapped the desk top with quiet fingers.

"Two years ago you said the same thing, that I lacked experience."

The president's gaze narrowed, then jumped to the other.

"I ought to know if anybody——"

"Exactly. You ought to know, and you do know, that I was experienced enough in the first twelve months.

After that I became largely an automaton, sir."

The president's features took slowly an expression of stunned amazement.

"Mr. Lawe," he snapped, "this is rank impudence."

"Not at all, sir," retorted Lawe quietly. "Plain statement of fact. Two years ago you told me not to worry, to be patient. You promised me then the vacancy you gave to-day to young Feltman, who has been here eight months. I don't reconcile your statements; and, as you have a reputation for veracity, I should appreciate some sort of light on the matter."

The president whirled in his chair, and pointed to the door.

"Leave this office," he snapped. "Instantly!"

"There's no occasion for anger, sir," said John Lawe; "and I am demanding nothing unreasonable."

The president's arm shot toward his telephone, but paused as John Lawe stepped to the door.

"It's about time," growled the president.

But John Lawe did not vanish discomfited. Instead, he shut the door, and snapped its catch.

"I intend to do some talking to-day," he said, returning to the desk, "and you are going to listen, whether you want to or not. *Drop that telephone!*" His voice rang harshly, then as suddenly returned to its former quiet one. "I'm the stronger, you know, and, if necessary—well, you will listen."

"This is an outrage!" stormed the president.

"Not at all. Merely a means to an end. I won't detain you long, but before I go I intend giving you some plain and valuable facts." He laid his hat gently on the desk ledge. "In the first place, I know this institution backward—every flaw in it—if it has taken me six years to learn them all. Your so-called 'system' is antiquated and worthless to the core. Take some of your accounts, for instance. Several of your numerous vice presidents are holding their positions because they control these accounts. Do you happen to re-

alize that these accounts don't even earn the aggregate salaries of these officers?"

He paused.

"No; and I don't care!" almost shouted the president. "I'm running this bank, and——"

"Take your underwriting loans," went on the quiet voice. "Some of them are decidedly—well—slow." He nodded meaningly. "You understand. They need housecleaning. You've also extended far too much on many of your notes; you have six bookkeepers doing the work of eight; your cross checking makes two men do the work of one, at double expense. Your so-called 'system' is a joke among your employees, and even the junior clerks can give you points."

"Insolence!" cried the president hoarsely.

"No wonder your directors are kicking. Your ideas are behind the times; of the old school. You need more new blood here, new methods, new enthusiasm among your men; and the shortest way to get it is to put somebody in here to reorganize your entire system. Then put the responsibility where it belongs, and leave your men alone—don't meddle with them—*supervise.*"

"Get out!" stormed the president, and reached for a push button.

John Lawe picked up his hat leisurely.

"Thanks," he said pleasantly; "I will. But I want you to know that I am not sore, as you will realize when you find that all I have told you is perfectly true. It's worth thousands to you, and I determined to do what everybody else around here seems afraid to do; that is, wake you up—and I guess I've done it." He smiled whimsically.

There was a discreet tapping the other side of the door. The president rose unsteadily, purple-throated, a tiny bubble glistening at the corner of his mouth. He raised an arm, and shook it threateningly.

"Get out!" he roared. "Get out!"

John Lawe laughed.

"Certainly. I've finished now. Anyhow, it was worth something to be able to tell a man of your intelligence a few

things he didn't already know. By the way, any time you want me to reorganize your system, I will do it for, say, four thousand, to start with. Good day."

And, as he unlocked the door and passed out by the timid clerk, the president turned, smote with clenched fist the back of his chair, and then fell into it, speechless with rage.

John Lawe made his way slowly that evening to the board-and-room institution which he, together with some twenty others, recognized as "home," but which was better known as "Sweepers." It was one of those decayed respectables of the lower West Side, a dismal structure of faded brick, with lachrymose blinds, crumbling steps, and a frowzy, leering friz of a cornice, that lent it the appearance of a crabbed old crone.

John Lawe mounted wearily to his little rear room, and, as the door closed behind him, drew a great breath of relief.

He did not light the gas, but stretched himself on the bed to doggedly consider the latest thrust fortune had dealt him. Six years ago he had come down to this vast city filled with buoyant, unconquerable courage, sure of himself, sure of success. Following his passion for economics and finance, he had taken a bank position where, engrossed for a time in the new details, he had been satisfied.

But presently he found himself treading in a circle that, to this day, had not varied. Always he had sat at the same high desk, stared at the same fallow walls, plodded through the same routine. It had been a maddening monotone, relieved only by a few short vacations and a panic, whose arduous cares had come as a positive relief to the daily grind. He had never received praise, because there was nothing one could do to earn it. He had never been reprimanded, because in the treadmill precision of automaton there is scant chance for error.

There was no opportunity to delve deeper into his adopted craft. There were directors, presidents, and powers,

but their manifestations took the form of pens, ink, and figures, which clamored eternally for manipulation, but spoke not of finance. They were awaiting him each morning, they vowed at him each night their unfaltering allegiance, stifling him with their importunities not to falter in his duty, making banal what should have been inspiring.

And now, after six years of hard labor, his opportunity had come, to be given to another.

John Lawe threw himself to his feet and began a restless pacing of the room. What had he to show for the work? What would he be five—ten—twenty years hence? In answer, there flashed before his mind's eye the picture of that sodden, peasant beast, leaning forward, crippled, killed, hideous—the Man With The Hoe. In bitter contrast he thought of himself—that brilliant college youth, flushed with success, confident, and masterful, leaving the doors of his alma mater to enter upon a career. He saw that youth grow gray-faced, old, and cynical, living in throttled stagnation; saw his Self watching with hard, un pitying eyes that youth, and his pitiable failure.

John Lawe walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the yards and roofs, all luminously soft and warm beneath the moonlit necromancy. Relaxing to imagery, he could almost sense, in the shimmering promise of light and shadow, the caress of tender fingers, rippling laughter, the music of some dear voice. To live so that one might have those things, to feel a human sympathy and understanding in that fanciful Other, who vaguely haunted his daydreams ever—that, indeed, would be success.

For he was a constant lover, this parched potentiality of a man, seeing in every woman's face a little of the romance and kindness he so humanly needed. As much as anything it had served to keep alight within a little smoldering fuse of tenderness that, once ignited, might carry him far for either good or evil.

Contemplating the moon, he had mad thoughts. Why should he not have this

life? It was a Lethean round, this living with to-day and laughing with to-morrow—and yet it seemed a life too riotously perfect for aught else than fantasy, a life too fine for coarse acquirement. It glimmered distantly, a miracle, no more attainable than the stars.

There, too, was its other extreme. For he knew places where dwelt men who were not men, but shadows. They slouched, and drank, and starved, and on occasion died. They never recked of an hour, and they were always gray. He had seen them, had even gone among them once or twice, when darkness pressed too heavily upon him, but he had always drawn back. At such times he told himself that he was too great a coward even to make a thorough failure, that he could be neither the one thing nor the other, neither brilliant success nor brilliant ruin.

As he turned wearily from the window and lit the gas, he caught his reflection in the mirror. The forehead was lined, the eye haggard; there was gray at the temples. He grinned. After all, it was of small importance. All was relative; he had but exaggerated comparisons. Certain men might be valuable to the world; fillers counted for nothing. Fillers who were also failures counted for less than nothing. He was very tired.

"Why not?" whispered Self, and his lips moved in answer: "Why not?"

Slowly his hand went to the drawer, opened it, and drew forth a glittering thing that nestled closely in his palm. "Tck," it said, as its mouth rose and steadied at his temple.

"The little hollow just behind the eye," whispered Self. "Be cool. Be sure. Count three."

The tiny tube leveled, and the finger curled around the trigger.

"One."

Through the window came a flutter of air that dragged feebly at the gas jet. Somewhere a cat began to squall. A fierce, quick impulse stirred his dead-ly resolve—an impulse to hurl the thing from him.

"Two."

It was not fear, this impulse—he fought desperately against it—fought to succeed when it came to Three. Sweat burst upon his forehead—he dared not fail. The muzzle sagged, leveled itself—sagged again and—John Lawe hurled the pistol crashing to the floor. He gasped, and turned dazedly to the moonlit world without.

Across the little court, silhouetted in an open window, there leaned to him the slender figure of a woman. For an instant the scene flashed upon his groping senses. Then the light went out. The woman vanished.

The following day was Sunday, and John Lawe spent the whole of it readjusting his perspective. Three seconds' dalliance with death had conveyed to him a much livelier and saner view of life; a view which sat palatably on his soul and gave him an undeniable realization of the mire of egotism from which he had dragged himself.

His outlook had become firmer, and he had conceived a healthy scorn of the provincial criteria of this insular town. He would see what it would do if one took it by its great ears and, deaf to its bray, shook it into rationality. In this he was destined to learn much, since, being of weight, he still swung, pendulumlike, somewhat out of centre.

But when he came to dispose of the woman of the opposite window he found more difficulty; yet this, in turn, became insignificant in face of what awaited his return the following night. This was a letter, addressed in feminine hand, and containing the single sentence:

Do you think such an act would be quite fair to me?

John Lawe spread the note out, and stared. Possibly it was a joke, possibly a mistake, and possibly, just possibly, it was intentional. He could think of no woman who would care to write to him even, not to say write so cryptic a personality. The hand was fine and delicate, deliberate in formation, heedful in little things, impulsive in the swiftly underscored "*me*."

His eyes, pausing from detail, caught the tenderly graceful symmetry of the whole. Here was no counter scribbler.

Suddenly he glanced to the building opposite. It was a rambling structure, occupied by a restaurant, furriers, and, as the skylights indicated, artists. It was in one of these studios that he had seen the woman. He asked himself why she should write to him, cudgeling his brains hopelessly; and it was only as he was falling asleep that night that he realized somewhat shamefacedly that he was growing faintly sentimental.

Two days later there came another letter, in the same hand. It said:

I had not intended writing again. I acted on impulse before, because I was sorry and sympathetic, and, I think, angry a little. I had no intention of eavesdropping that night. I had been packing up canvases all day, and I had gone to the window for a breath of air. I saw you as plainly as though I were beside you, and I tried so hard to call out, but I could not, from the horror of it. I was too frightened, I think, but in that second I strove with all my strength—and when you turned to me I felt that I had won. I'm so proud of that.

You see, I knew you before that night—oh, lots of ways. I met an old classmate of yours, for one thing, who happened to mention your name, and, with a little encouragement, raved about the great and good John Lawe. I had to be careful and not rave, too, lest he take notice and tell. He hadn't seen you since graduation; I had seen you quite often—wasn't it the strangest thing that my haphazardly taken little studio should have brought me so near you, of all people?

You have a sense of humor, which has balked more suicides than religion, and I believe that now you will succeed in spite of yourself. It's a monstrous lonely city; but, if you laugh at it, you can shame it into being companionable.

I don't seem to care very much if you like this or not—or if it wasn't at all *real* that night—but it *was*—because I know who you are, and all about you, and because the sole *raison d'être* of these little notes is that you will never know—Me.

John Lawe touched the pages hesitantly, staring at them with wrinkled brow. She had helped him then. Helped him—when he threw the pistol away. Presently he seized his hat and hurried out, determination in his eye. When he came to the house of the studios he carried a great bunch of

roses. His ring brought a melancholy landlady.

"Please give these flowers to the lady in the rear studio; the top floor, y' know," said John Lawe.

The landlady stared, and then suddenly from behind her bristled a little man with tusklike mustaches.

"Flowers," said the landlady glumly, "for Mrs. Muggins."

"What?" sputtered the little man. "Flowers for my wife?"

John Lawe shivered.

"She—she was kind to me," he babbled.

"Whatcher name; whatcher mean bringin' flowers? Who are you? I'll learn you!"

But John Lawe, casting down pride and roses alike, had fled; had fled undignifiedly and incontinently.

Next morning he saw a slender, comely woman in a green kimono leaning out of the window; and for the life of him he could not help hating her.

The weeks rolled swiftly by, finding John Lawe occupying in swift succession the positions of expert accountant, insurance broker, and junior partner in a pickle factory. One morning the market dropped out of pickles, and there was no junior partner. Instead, there was a square-jawed, cold-eyed telephone operator in the real-estate offices of Beasley, Krims, and Beasley, who answered messages, received clients, and meditated deeply, at six dollars per week. It was not finance, but it was at least enough for bed and board at Sweppers.

The mysterious letters had continued to arrive, and were as regularly thrown into the bureau unopened. Often he saw the woman of the opposite window, and, although she seemed interested in him, he avoided her. Once the little man with the mustaches appeared, and it is regrettable that John Lawe backed from view.

Censure him not, for there was cause. The first and only time in his life he had yielded to sentiment it had brought him ridicule and shame, and whenever he thought of it these days

his vanity groaned aloud. He decided that women were wastethrifts; not only of one's time and thought, but of those more precious things, one's ideals. He would have none of them.

Speculating thus rabidly upon a certain evening, there came to him a huge envelope, addressed in scribbled pencil. Opening it unsuspectingly, a layer of tissue paper fell away, disclosing to his marveling gaze the face of a woman, young, very fair, and smiling. The eyes regarded him mistily, there was pathos in the drooping corners of the mouth, but mischief at its middle.

Lifting the picture, a card fell out, and he read: "Miss Denise—" The last name had been cut out bodily. Even then he did not realize it was for him until, turning the card, he saw the familiar handwriting. It said:

Knowing myself safe, among some billions of the world's other faces.

John Lawe sat down, dumb; for the woman of the opposite window was not the woman of this picture. Who was it, then, who had written him? Who was the woman opposite? Whose was the picture? He stared at the photograph in a maze of perplexity. Suddenly he opened the drawer, and snatched up five unopened letters. Save for the postmarks they were identical, even to the tiny effort in the capital "L" of his name. The first ran:

You aren't looking very cheerful these days. Is it worry or healthy battle? Possibly the contrast staggers you. Don't grow overconfident. He is an amiable godling who has found me all this fun—not to say bandy-legged and fat. For it's tiresome to say "indeed" and "interesting" to silly men things most of the time. We women rebel against the conventional, my friend—unsuccessfully, as a rule—for we are the first to snatch up the weary old weapons again. Perhaps you can appreciate the luxury of saying, for a change, precisely what one wishes to a man.

For example, I find you fascinating; but I detest your scarfs. I adore your hands, but—well, Napoleon liked big noses. You are stooped, John—from laziness? Let me see you erect. Some one ought to chaff you—and all this because you are very real and wholly unreal, because you will never be more than a make-believe man to me. My pride and self-respect—grim old doll babies—demand this.

You know I moved away—if you've troubled to inquire, which you probably have not; you have, though—the day I mailed the first note. The motive was urgent, and I sacrificed a paid-up week, though I was going, anyhow, at its end. They knew me only as Miss West. I believe you will confess the hopelessness of ever tracing me—for I should be paying little homage to gallantry did I not know you would at least try. You are a bold gentleman to be laughing at a poor lass, so now I'm going.

He tore open the second letter.

You are incorrigible, for I discover the same stoop, the same—I almost said "nose," which would have been hurtful to your sensibilities. I infer that I am to be treated, then, with hauteur, monsieur? Woe to you! I have between my teeth the stylus of my sex. 'Tis itching to master my pen e'en now.

Will you dance with me to-night, sirrah? There will be flowers, and frills, and music, and—innumerable he-garbed, smiling Egos, who will lavish me with flattery and crucify me with spoken discourse—all of which is, in an unsuspected way, interesting. Which reminds me that a man asked me to marry him to-day. "What did I say?" He couldn't have asked sans encouragement, stupid—and you couldn't conceive me hypocritically encouraging him, could you? So what did I say? You—don't know. I knew you didn't. Feminine mind. You *do* know—that I refused him. You don't. Eh?

You don't worry these days. Your eye is clearer. Holy Macaire, that scarf! And there's a sprightliness in your heels I can commend. Quite chatty, am I not? A prodigious voice clamors the dinner hour. Did you suspect I'd a husband? Marplot! You have an eye. My name is *so* pretty. Isn't it?

Please keep dry this abominable weather.

The next letter bore but a line:

I am going to France two weeks come Holy Thursday.

John Lawe snatched at a calendar. The time was but two days off.

The next letter read:

I've a pretty frock, and it's quite black. Do you fancy I'm a widow? Marry you dispose of me boldly, sir! Wedded and widowed at thirty-seven! This is a fast age. Wait—my spectacles! There! My knitting! So! Yet it is a pretty frock, and I am more than adorable in it. I am a poem. I am music. Sing me, then, good Robin!

I saw you through the window once—eating soup—flanked by twin griffins. Why don't you be sweet to them? The female one admires you. And if you laughed a little you wouldn't mind the local color.

I'm perishing to know what you are doing—something, I know—for men with—*noses*—there it is—were at least *born* to do something. Are you laughing at me? Ever? 'Ware! I've a tongue, good Jack!

I've had a hideous headache for two days, and I cut my finger with a whittle knife, and to-night I opera with a too-devoted man, and my new hat won't be done, and my nose is red, and dear me—only very, very much worse.

I've a gift for you, John-boy—maybe it's carpet slippers, with embroidered roses. Who can tell? I'll send it anon. It's good-natured and—why, it's *me*, isn't it?—now that I look.

I'm going to Italy, too. I wish that you weren't make-believe, and going along. I shall be thinking of you—a little. The playman is growing too real. It's beginning to rain. I am so tired to-night. Good night.

D.

P. S.—I am *not* married. I am only twenty-four, but mayn't I have just the tiniest bit of romance? Thank you.

John Lawe opened the last letter. It was very closely and carefully written, as might be thoughts of weight and moment.

This will be the last letter I shall ever write to you, dear play-boy. The little comedy is over. The curtain falls. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*, as my daddy used to say. Perhaps it is just as well, John. Another act might have made it—not a comedy. It's been an odd little intimacy—all on one side, too. Always I had been fond of somebody. I never quite knew whom until you came along. Perhaps it is quite natural—at least, it's been so to me, because I'm not sorry. I might be if ever we met. This way I am quite sure, for we can't disappoint one another. It began half whimsically, and presently I found myself *leaning* on somebody, for I never had any one to lean on—much, and that was unwise, John.

It would be unfair to you, naturally enough, because I never could be anything to any one who didn't need *me* as much, if not more, than I him. It would be all or nothing—there could be no grisly pretense or formality after this—and I should be utterly understanding—giving and expecting nothing of explanation or excuse.

But, you see, I have made it quite impossible for you ever to regard me critically and unsparingly, as I fancy a man must regard a woman, at least, at first. He cannot be even indirectly influenced, as you would now be. Can you imagine your awful predicament if you knew me? I can. But I have made that impossible, and a sort of retribution. I know you understand.

Good-by, dear old John. I shall always think of you since that terrible first night, when I helped—I hope—as having a little of Me in you. Good-by.

D.

John Lawe stared straight before him for a space of ten minutes. Then he slowly picked up his pen and wrote:

You have been kinder to me than any human being since that other went away, so long ago. You came to me when I was alone. You have helped me with a power I do not at all understand. You have strangely comprehended. Perhaps this is the reason I know I am going to be terribly unhappy without you. Your second letter sent me in search of you with roses, and involved me in a month's disappointment and shame when I found an impossible other in your room. To-night your picture brought you to me again, together with the letters I had left unopened.

I do not know women. I have never known them. Perhaps that will explain. But the thought that you are going from me is unbearable. You have not been fair—you should not have done this thing. There is much harm in it to me—though you meant none.

But it is done now, and you must not run from its consequences—that is, if there is any kind of chance that you may ever care for me. I am a poor sort of thing for a woman to care for, but I am also very selfish, because I am trying to acquire happiness and evade unhappiness.

Always I have felt the lack of something, and now I understand. I cannot phrase or explain my emotions. I cannot even woo you as I should. I can only say that if I do not see you, hear your voice, know that you are not passing out of my life, I shall, I think, care very little about that life, which will henceforth be so empty and useless to me. I am risking all on getting this to you to-morrow. You leave in two days. I shall await an answer here until those two days are gone. If I receive none, I shall know that I have failed again.

He read this over, and signed it, wondering a little, for it was his first love letter. Then, after addressing an envelope with her name and the number of the house where she had lived, he hurried down to the post office. Here he explained his case to a patient, wrinkled face framed in a little window. The face went away without comment, to return presently, disinterested and introspective.

"We got the notice of the change of address," it said. "We can't give it to you. We can only take the letter and forward it. Special delivery would get it there quicker. Stamp window. Special delivery slot. Don't mention it."

John Lawe went home, but not to

sleep, because of imaginary doorbells that buzzed, and hummed, and whistled incessantly that here was a special delivery for Mr. Lawe.

Another day came, crawled past, and sank into another night. He had waited two days and a night. He told himself that she must have sailed by now, and that he had failed. He drowsed a little, worn with the strain, and dreamed that a Lorelei in a messenger's uniform was sitting on a mammoth doorbell, waving a special-delivery stamp at him, and laughing at his frantic efforts to reach her. Then somebody rapped, and he leaped up and staggered to the door.

It was only the maid, with a long, white envelope. He ripped off the end, and devoured its contents at a glance. It said:

Some weeks ago you made several suggestions, which, I find on investigation, are not without value. If you are not otherwise engaged, I should like to talk over the question of your taking up the reorganization at once.

It was signed with the familiar, crabbed initials of the president. John Lawe crushed the letter and threw it afar. What did advancement or success matter now? There was only one thing he wanted in the whole world—and it would not come to him.

John Lawe walked to the window and looked out on the mellow, kindly night. Perhaps it was a moment, perhaps an hour that he stood thus. He never knew which, from the second he turned stolidly at another step behind, and saw a shuffling messenger boy. He leaped the length of the room, snatched the envelope, and rent it from end to end. The note said:

Missed boat. Be at extreme upper end of downtown Twenty-eighth Street elevated station between eight-thirty and nine, and you will see—Me. Good-by.

He glanced at his watch. It was a quarter after eight.

When he reached the station, panting but on time, he found it quite bare and deserted under the glare of the incandescents.

Presently a train drew in, and he searched vainly the faces of the women as they filed out.

Another train slid up to the station. Once again there came the shuttling interchange of passengers, the clash of gates and bells, the swoop of the speeding coaches. Once again he stood alone. He paced swiftly back and forth until, heedful of her injunction, he took his place against the platform end.

Suddenly a clock boomed the hour, and his heart seemed to stop an instant, for the end of the appointed period had come.

And then a train rushed past him, a voice cried his name in his ear, something stung in his face like sand, and he wheeled to see a laughing little figure, hair aflow, cheeks dimpling, eyes dancing magically, blowing him a kiss as she leaned to him from the rear platform and was whirled away.

He leaped impetuously forward, heard her cry out, saw her blur and fade, saw her vanish in the night. He stared for a long time. Then his eyes dropped dazedly. At his feet lay a little scattered handful of violets.

He made his way to the street, walking blindly, feebly, like an old man. He seemed more alone than he had ever been, ever dreamed of being. His dreams, his ambitions, and his life grew suddenly shabby and contemptible. There loomed before him the vista of a career—his for the asking, but it yawned upon him, coldly unresponsive, like a ruined hearth. It was bitter, and yet she had warned him fairly enough—she had said good-by.

He raised his head and gazed about him, almost timidly. The restless, insatiable city, with its roar, its glare, and its hurrying myriads, seemed infinitely petty. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—thoughts, deeds, lives—and for what? Vanity and bitterness, and at the last only a greater weariness; and he was now thirty years old—and not yet awake. It seemed thirty hours—half his life gone—and another thirty years would soon come and go, and then, at best, the brief obituary of "a highly esteemed and respected citizen."

And this was the city that had fought him into a corner, that had strangled and wrestled him to his knees. And the woman had beaten him, too—how thoroughly he was just realizing, for he had played badly this new game of Man-and-woman. Its formalities and proprieties had balked him, had had their way with him, had nearly destroyed him.

He paused under a street lamp and drew from his pocket her picture. It was she. He saw again the dancing eyes, the hair ablow, the dimples flashing in the rosy cheeks; again he heard her voice calling his name—and now she was gone. She had played and run away.

Suddenly a dull rage began to stir within him; a fierce, indomitable resolve, fed by long dormant, primeval fires. The thin lash of adversity whipped him from his rusty grooves, slashed his pride squarely in the face. The old red spirit of rebellion and battle sparkled and burst into flame. He set his teeth, and sent his fist with a vicious smack into the heel of his hand.

"I'll find you yet!" he cried. "I'll beat this whole game if it takes my life!"

He strode forward, intoxicated with the reflex of black moods, filling his lungs mightily with the cool night air, feeling heaven over his head and the world under his heels. As he walked he hummed blithely an old glee, one of the sophomore marching songs; and in the memories that it brought he saw himself once more a rioting young optimist, spying the universe and proclaiming it his prize.

Once he cannoned into a fat man, who swore, but grinned when he saw the happiness in the young face. It was still early in the evening, and presently he found himself on Fifth Avenue, bowling along under its big, soft lights, seeing with new delight the scuttling taxicabs, the smooth-rolling hansoms, victorias, and motor cars, the dragon-eyed, panting buses, the gorgeously dressed windows, the passers-by, of every nationality and every type—all the marvelous pageant that goes to

make this the most wonderful of the world's highways.

"I've been asleep!" he cried jubilantly; "but now the world's ahead of me again, thank God!"

He walked on until he came to Fifty-ninth Street and felt the lure of the big Park's cool greenness. As he turned impetuously to cross over, a rapidly driven victoria bore down on him. He leaped aside, and the near horse brushed his shoulder. John Lawe laughed and raised his hand to wave to the grinning coachman, when, clear in the light of the street lamps, he saw—her face.

She was leaning back against the cushions, chin on hand, looking out the farther side. For an instant John Lawe stared amazedly at the back of the rapidly disappearing carriage; then, almost automatically, John Lawe's long legs were carrying him in headlong pursuit. Presently his hat flew off, but he gave no heed.

Faster flew the carriage, and faster flew John Lawe. Pedestrians stopped and stepped out into the street to watch this mysterious chase. Cabbies reined in, their fares craning their necks, chauffeurs slowed down, a policeman turned and waddled fatly after.

But John Lawe had been something of a runner, senior year, and slowly, very slowly, he overhauled the speeding equipage. He gained the spinning rear wheel, drew abreast of the big, patent leather mud guard, seized the little handle beneath the coachman's seat, and swung himself in and down by her side.

She recoiled with a faint scream, the coachman brought his horses to their haunches, and turned with raised whip. "Drive on," said John Lawe.

The coachman looked at her, she nodded, dumb, the horses leaped ahead. The carriage turned into the Park. It was over in a second—and the fat policeman never knew.

"You—you!" she could only stammer.

"I've found—you!" he panted. "I ran—fast."

She rippled delightedly, staring at

him with wide and unbelieving eyes, touching him surreptitiously.

"You—you couldn't get away—this time," he went on. "You will never get away again. I've found you—forever. When will you marry me?"

She dimpled, rosy, and her eyes crinkled mockingly. "Marry you——" And suddenly she stopped, half choked by the beating of her own heart.

"Yes, marry me—*me*—John Lawe!"

"Marry you!" she echoed again, half dazedly. "Why? When?"

He laughed joyously.

"To-night! *Now!* We'll elope to-night, now! We'll be married over there." He swept an impetuous arm toward the New Jersey shore. "Across the river. To-night. *Now*—and your coachman shall be my best man."

"It's impossible—it's madness!"

"They've called it madness since the beginning." He leaned to her, tender, pleading, masterful. "Listen to me. I'm not mad or harebrained or reckless, and I tell you you must believe me, and trust me, and not fear, because I am sure, and know. Oh, do you think you can escape me? You ran away from me once before to-night. You would now, but I shall hold you!" He seized her hands, and they trembled in his own like twin rose leaves. "To-night the world's ahead of me—and you've made it so. Will you marry me?"

"Oh!" she cried piteously, and the rich sweetness of her voice smote him like a blow. "Oh—you don't even know me—you wouldn't even if I told you my name! You must not! You cannot!"

"What does it matter? I love you. I know myself—what else matters? Tell me—what else to-night in all the world matters?"

The carriage rolled smoothly past the sleeping stillness of the lagoon which mirrored all the soft magic of the moon and its fleecy consorts.

"Think!" pleaded John Lawe softly. "To-night will never come again. It will presently be gone forever. To-night we are ourselves, a man and a woman, clean of all else, of every other circumstance, untrammelled, free. Do

you understand? To-morrow may be too late. To-morrow may bring regret that it is not again to-night. Will you marry me, sweet?"

Her hands strove against his, but he held them fast.

"Oh, John, John," she cried desperately, "you are a dangerous wooer. Let me go, let me go!"

"To-night is to-night. Will you marry me?"

"I—I cannot." She bit her lip, but her eyes were glistening. "I do—not love you—I do not. It is another."

He smiled down at her.

"There is no other," he answered quietly, "and you know it. You love me, dear rebel. Look up to me."

She raised her eyes fearfully.

"I do—not—love—you," said her lips, but he had seen her eyes.

"Will you marry me?" said John Lawe gently.

For an instant she struggled, silently and fiercely, for freedom of eye and hand, and for speech, until he loosed her hands tenderly, and she held them to her burning cheeks and leaned away, panting; and then suddenly she turned and swayed, and he caught her, and she clung to him like a little stumbling child.

"I will," she sobbed. "Oh—I will—I will!"

"Morning!" growled the president as John Lawe entered his office next morning. "There's the contract." He jabbed with chubby forefinger at a paper before him. "You are to reorganize at four thousand a year. You want system. Well, leave it or sign it, and then—make good."

His mouth closed like a trap, and he glared bellicosely. Without a word, John Lawe seized a pen and signed his name. As he blotted the signature, he started violently.

"Who—who is that?" he cried, pointing to a little silver-framed picture far back in the president's desk.

The president scowled.

"M'daughter. *Why?*"

John Lawe chuckled.

"Oh, nothing. Only she's also my wife."



THE PANTHER'S CUB

By
AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

Fulvia La Marmora, nicknamed "The Panther" is about to make her first appearance in London as *Salome* under the auspices of her manager, Baron Robecq. She has a young daughter, Virginia, or Fifi, who has recently left school to join her mother. Fulvia falls in love with an English diplomat, Lord Desmond Brooke, to whom, however, the singer does not appeal, but he is much attracted by Fifi. The Marchioness of Sturminster, Lord Desmond's mother, becomes alarmed at her son's frequent visits to Madame La Marmora's villa, and commissions her son-in-law, Sir Joseph Warren-Smith, to find out how far matters have gone. Fritz Meyer, the singer's old repetitor, arrives in London. He has a strong affection for Fifi, and is the only one of whom Fulvia stands in fear.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME LA MARMORA had been a fortnight in England; and almost from the day of landing seemed to have stepped into that social position for which she had so long hankered in vain.

Robecq had assured her that all would be well. It was his business, indeed, to see that all should be well. But even he was surprised at the reception which spontaneously greeted the new star. How much was due to his own clever advertising—he was determined that her long-delayed *début* should be heralded with the utmost *éclat*—this astute gentleman carefully kept to himself.

But the London society craze for personality and novelty at any price was no doubt a material factor. The *Salome* arrived upon the scene at a moment when society was at a loss for a fresh idol. Here was one reputed of extraordinary beauty, of peerless voice, of fantastic notoriety. For her savage grace no less than for her wild adventures, it seemed that she had been nicknamed the Panther.

Every one could see for himself that rumor had not lied with regard to her beauty; for her portraits, in every conceivable attitude and costume, flooded

the papers. Needless to say, the hostess who could first secure such a presence at her house was certain of the success of the season. Coroneted notes poured in upon Robecq at Claridge's. The slightest shadow of acquaintance with the impresario was held sufficient pretext.

The manager had a private smile, and an invariable reply for these requests. It was no part of his program that his star should make herself cheap by shining, except from her proper setting, even if the risk of crowds and hot rooms had not of necessity to be shunned. But as he could not altogether keep the more enterprising novelty hunters from applying direct to her, and as it was of the utmost importance to keep the Panther in good humor—as, further, he was supremely anxious to provide a counter attraction to Lord Desmond—he permitted the tenancy of the marble "cottage," and even encouraged the biweekly strawberry parties. Let her have her fling for a little while—it could only be a little while.

Meanwhile, faithful to his maxim of not mixing business with pleasure, he was making no attempt to advance his courtship. Besides the fact that he could not give his mind to it with any comfort, it was his purpose to let the girl familiarize herself with him first

as a kind of benevolent jinni. He treated her as one would a child one is bent on spoiling. He was forever bringing her little gifts, constantly procuring little treats. Between her and her mother's stormy caprices he would interpose his authoritative good nature. But it was on the day when he presented her with a Persian kitten that he altogether won from her some real liking.

Meanwhile, he was by no means blind to the fact that it was for her and her alone that Lord Desmond Brooke paid his frequent visits to Branksome. At first it caused him some annoyance, though hardly amounting to perturbation. He could easily have put a stop to it, no doubt, by one hint dropped in the mother's ear. But that was the last thing the manager of an irascible prima donna could afford to do. We must tide over "Salome" at all cost, was his perpetual preoccupation. After that we shall have summer holidays—let the Panther scream then. She would have served her turn. Let her scream!

It was his cue, of course, to foil Lord Desmond's opportunities with Fifi, if not for the sake of his future "pleasure," at least for that of his present "business." He even went so far as to allay any possible suspicion in La Marmora's breast by straining the truth in his reference to Lord Desmond, speaking of him casually as "your latest adorer, dear friend"; laughing gently at British manners of expressing feelings, as exemplified by his lordship; never failing to comment with knowing smile on the frequency of his appearance among them.

Privately he wondered at the singer's obtuseness. He little knew that he had had a potent ally in this work of deception. And this was Eliza.

When the sheaf of lily of the valley had arrived at the hotel, in Vienna, Lord Desmond's card, attached very distinctly, had borne the dedication: "For Mademoiselle." Mother and daughter had both been out; it was the maid who had received the flowers from the messenger. A spasm of rage had seized the old woman at the thought of

her mistress' eclipse, of her own jealous forebodings thus early realized.

"Ah, no!" she cried through her teeth. "Little viper, it shall not be for thee!"

With her nimble French fingers she had detached the card, erased the pencil inscription, and rewritten it.

The singer had found the great, cool, fragrant bunch in her room upon returning from her drive; and as she had read the dedication, "Madame la Marmora," had known a moment of exquisite joy and triumph.

Fifi had cried herself to sleep that night.

Thus the web of illusion had begun to be woven. The diva was wound round with it; living in it cocoonlike; with something that almost approached happiness in her restless heart.

On this, the day of one of her garden parties, she was standing on the lawn, in the shade of a great cedar tree, receiving her guests with that urbane, *grande dame* manner in which she was becoming ever more proficient.

She wore a filmy garment of corn-colored crêpe, embroidered with wonderful delicacy and richness in long lines of wheat ears. An immense hat of the same tint, garlanded with bunches of corn, in every shade of yellow, crowned her burnished head. It was the inspiration of an artist; an embodiment of summer ripeness, yet conveying a sense of diaphanous coolness. Tucked into the ribbons of the high Directoire waist was a bunch of tea roses.

It was a gay and pretty scene. The grounds at Branksome ran in two terraces down to the river. All that was not smooth, green turf in the upper lawn was rose garden. At one end of the marble colonnade that so incongruously replaced the original veranda against the brick walls, a long buffet with tea and every kind of iced drink awaited the guests. But the promised strawberries were set on small tables in lost corners under the trees; beneath pergolas, in unexpected and shady nooks; each provided with but two chairs—little traps for summer flirtations. This device created merriment among the

company; but seemed, nevertheless, appreciated.

Sir Joseph, piloted by the friend of the house, stepped as gingerly from the fine gravel of the path onto the sward, as if in this Garden of Eden he feared to find the serpent beneath his foot.

"Behold," said Scott, dithyrambically, indicating the variegated group under the cedar tree with a gesture, "*Behold Margherita, Messalina, Mimi, Violetta—Salome! Ah, above all, Salome!*"

Sir Joseph stopped with a jerk.

"*Mimi, Violetta, Salome!*" he ejaculated in horror. "Mr. Scott, this is a very unpleasant situation. Hamilton gave me to understand—I am afraid I cannot disguise from myself that this is more than doubtful company!"

The other was overcome with laughter, such laughter that he was fain to clutch his companion's unresponsive coat sleeve.

"Oh, my dear, good sir," he gasped at last, "positively, you'll be the death of me!"

Then, meeting the offended glare of the baronet, he composed himself to gravity—only to break out again.

"My fault—my fault entirely! My little picturesque way. I refer merely to our peerless hostess. Yonder she stands—ravishing creature! All in yellow to-day. True to her Panther's livery! Fulvia well named! Never look so alarmed, my dear, good fellow—why, the air is thick with her purs! You will be received as if you were royalty and her most beloved friend rolled into one."

As one in a nightmare, the baronet found himself under the cedar tree in actual proximity to the abandoned creature. He had resolved, as he had even informed his wife, ere departing, that nothing would induce him to shake hands with her. And here he stood, gazing helplessly at his own stout, suède-covered fist encircled in her slender bare hand.

Her clasp lingered, as she turned with honeyed questioning from the stranger to his introducer:

"Sir Joseph Warren-Smith? But, of course, Sir Joseph Warren-Smith. No, we have not met before, have we, Sir Joseph? But, of course, I know the name."

"The member of Parliament," said Scott, with a grin.

"The member of Parliament!" The virtuous fingers received yet another pressure. "The member of Parliament, of course."

"And brother-in-law of our friend, Lord Desmond."

"Indeed!" murmured the lady, in the same dulcet tone.

But the ring-laden hand twitched, and, to the baronet's infinite relief, slowly abandoned his. Her long eyelids narrowed, and a glance of scrutiny shot out upon him, keen as a suddenly-bared knife.

"Of course," she repeated, but it was vaguely; her voice trailed off. "We half expected your brother-in-law to-day."

And then she turned from him to greet other guests.

When Desmond Brooke found himself alone that afternoon in the drawing room of Branksome, his air of languor dropped from him like a garment. Rising to his feet, he began to pace the echoing length of the room, pausing each time in front of the curtains that concealed the outer door before retracing his steps toward the colonnade, as if drawn by some external force. What was he doing here, after all? If Fifi Lovinska were truly her mother's daughter, what but disaster was likely to follow upon a further intercourse? And if she were the child her innocent eyes proclaimed her, oh, then the question became ten thousand times intensified; what was he doing here, indeed?

There came a burst of gay cymbalo music from some depth of the garden; and a stream of chattering figures began to cross the long windows, open on the terrace. There were laughter and a medley of voices, dominated all at once by the unctuous German-American drawl of Robecq.

Desmond turned decidedly toward the hidden door. To reach it he had to pass

one of the odd little outjutting, rounded corners which had once been separate rooms. This was lit by a narrow, deeply recessed window, so narrow, indeed, that it was dignified by neither blind nor curtain; only long tangles of green creepers and rambler roses shadowed it from outside. Framed by this blossom and leaf, and looking in upon him through the open casement, was the face of Fifi Lovinska.

As their eyes met she smiled.

"Oh, I thought you'd never look round. Won't you come into the garden?"

He took two paces toward her. Quick and impulsive they were for one generally so weary. She lowered her voice nearly to a whisper; she could not have known how her golden hazel eyes pleaded and caressed; could not have known all that they admitted, all that they offered.

"I am so longing for a row on the river."

"I'll join you in a second," cried Desmond, rather hoarsely.

The current had hold of him again, and he was drifting. For ten years he had been drifting deliberately; never so pleasantly as now that, it seemed to him, he could not help it.

Before he gained the little plot of grass with the sundial, where he knew the girl was awaiting him, he paused a second to apostrophize the blue vault above him. And why should he not drift? he asked of it, with the passion that had lain dormant within him these long, long years. Was there any power up there to prevent it?

He had a smile on his lips and a swing in his tread, as he came round the yew hedge. Neither heaven nor—nor Joseph!—should keep him from his pleasure to-day; from the pleasure of floating out upon the cool, green water with this peerless creature beside him—this nymph with the sun kiss on her cheek, and the golden glories in her hair; with the eyes that were so mysterious in their child wonder, and that were beginning to hold such revelation for him; the nymph with the frank lips, the smile of which was youth itself in

its happy carelessness, the laugh of which was the spring of a fountain.

What Desmond Brooke had defied heaven and Sir Joseph to do, the Baron De Robecq was fated to accomplish. Even as finger on lip, laughing over her shoulder, like the woodland being she seemed, Fifi prepared to lead the way, through a deserted shrubby path to the lonely backwater of her choice, the baron, urbane, smiling, sure of his welcome, but with a panting breath that revealed unwonted hurry, crunched into their *solitude à deux*.

"Caught, Miss Fifi!" he observed jocularly. "Oh, how do you do, Lord Desmond?"

Desmond could do no less than submit to the warm handshake which it was the impresario's genial way to prolong beyond the usual limit.

"Miss Fifi, your mamma wants you badly! She's just overwhelmed. We never had so many." He turned, in an explanatory manner from one to the other, with apparent unconsciousness of their blank looks and undisguised resentment. "Madame La Marmora has heard of your arrival, Lord Desmond, and I gladly offered to convey a message to you. Your hostess bids me say she has kept a place for you at her own strawberry table. It is in the pergola, at the right of the cedar tree. I think you know the way."

"See what a good fellow I am," his air proclaimed. "I like pleasing everybody."

The recipient of this pleasing news made a gesture of impatience. The words "I've promised Mademoiselle Lovinska to take her on the river" were rising to his lips; but, for some reason, not quite clear to himself, he hesitated, and the girl quickly forestalled him. Though angry tears had sprung to her eyes, there was a look of fear in them, too.

"You must go to mamma—of course, you must go to mamma," she said in a rapid whisper.

Behind that mask of impassivity, which it was his way to don before

nearly every one, Desmond's thoughts were once again acutely active. The woodland creatures and that pursy baron, with his divorces and his oily amiability! The satyr and the nymph!

With a heat of feeling amazing to himself, he made a sudden decision. Whoever captured the nymph it should not be Robecq. To go out of her life now—as a little while ago wisdom had bade him—would be impossible. And if to remain on the scene he must so far meet with the prima donna's unendurable graciousness as to sit with her at the strawberry table—when with all his heart he would be under the willows on the river—why, then, he must even submit to the weariness. If only for the fear in those eyes; if only for the sheer humanity of being able later on to thwart the German-American satyr.

This latter, unconscious of the violence of antipathy he was rousing in the diplomatist's breast, but by no means unconscious of his own ungracious rôle of spoilsport, stood waiting, inflexible under his urbanity, till his desires were complied with. It was by this unalterable good temper that the impresario had successfully imposed all his life his equally unalterable will.

With an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, and one look at Fifi's now downcast face, revelatory of an ardor of which he himself was as yet not fully aware, Lord Desmond mutely gave in.

"Well, we may as well all go," he said, with air of indolent resignation. "Mademoiselle Lovinska, shall we go, since your mother wants you, too?"

"I beg your pardon," interposed the baron. "Miss Fifi's post is in the colonnade. And I have a little message, besides, for Miss Fifi's ear alone. You can't mistake the pergola, Lord Desmond."

Side by side, nymph and satyr watched the tall figure retreat from them upon its laggard way. Then, with a stamp of her foot, and a crimsoning cheek, the girl turned fiercely to her companion. It was not "old Robecq" she was afraid of.

"How you do plague me, baron! Al-

ways after me! You're as bad as old Fritz! What's your precious message?"

The man ran an indulgent eye from the radiant head down the lovely lines of the young, strong figure in its already crumpled and green-stained muslin. His glance rested thoughtfully on her white doeskin shoes, wet with the river slime. Thence it wandered back to the hands, which were clenched angrily in front of her, those sunburnt, shapely hands, the touch of which had stirred Lord Desmond with such an unwonted and complicated emotion—stained, too, with the wholesome earth and the green of riverside tree bolls.

"Your mamma said you'd probably have to change your dress, my dear; and if you don't mind my adding, I think you'd better change your shoes and wash your hands."

She stamped her foot again.

"Why, you're worse than Fritz," she cried. "You're a regular old nurse." But she, too, seemed to find no choice but compliance. She flung herself away from him, and ran round the yew hedge catching the unhappy muslin against the rustic archway, and wrenching it away with an angry hand that left a fluttering streamer behind.

He watched her with an expression that no one had as yet surprised in his small, shrewd eyes.

"She's adorable!" he said aloud in his emphatic nasal drawl.

CHAPTER X.

Marcia Marchioness knew now the truth, that it was the daughter, not the mother, whom Desmond was pursuing. She had, also, heard certain things which Scott had intimated to Sir Joseph, in regard to the Panther's Cub, as he called Fifi.

When, after the interval of another week, she found that there was no falling off in Desmond's assiduities, while the gossip occasioned by them was progressing in geometrical ratio, she resolved upon action. Like the old-fashioned generals, she was very slow to act, as a rule.

"Alice," she had ordered her daugh-

ter, "you must invite that person Scott to tea, and find out what he knows about that girl's past; since it seems, after all, that your brother is even more abandoned than I thought, and that the mother is a mere blind."

No more had been needed. Alice had abjectly acceded to every detail of the order. Mr. Scott was to be asked. Lady Alice and Joseph were to find out. The dowager arranged to look in accidentally during the interview. She would, perhaps, bring Vere Hamilton; an independent witness might be useful. Thereafter she herself would act.

And this was why Lady Alice sat waiting in her drawing room this mid-May morning; why Mr. Scott entered upon her; and why Sir Joseph, summoned from the library, followed after in a state of such overcharged importance that he had to let off steam in a series of snorts and puffs before he could even shake hands.

Mr. Philip Scott fixed his glance upon his hostess' face, and prepared to enjoy himself as completely as such distressing surroundings would allow his artistic nature to do.

There were a torture of embarrassment and a shrinking aristocratic distaste both to the task imposed upon her and to his company written all over the poor lady. To prolong the torture, and to punish her for the distaste, was the visitor's obvious task.

"Charming day, isn't it, Lady Alice? Quantities of people in town. Astounding!"

"Yes, indeed," said the lady helplessly. "We were anxious, as my husband wrote to you——"

"Delighted," said Mr. Scott. "Came a bit early, I'm afraid. But I am due at Lady Charles Flamborough's. She's got the Little Tweenies from the Coliseum. Have you seen them, Sir Joseph? Astounding performance. Have you seen them, Lady Alice?"

Lady Alice's eye assumed something of her mother's freezing blankness.

"No," she dropped.

"My wife, Lady Alice——" began the M. P.

"The fact is, Mr. Scott——" she in-

terrupted, with a desperate plunge. But the latter airily eluded the threatened plunge into the midst of things.

"Quite so, Lady Alice, you don't care for such shows. But really they're quite a wonderful little pair." And he rattled on about other celebrities.

Lady Alice looked agonizedly at the clock. Mamma might come in at any moment, and they had not even managed to start the vital topic.

"Expecting many friends this afternoon, Lady Alice?" asked the critic suddenly. "People are shockingly late, these fine days, aren't they?"

Husband and wife gazed at him, startled and helpless.

"Afraid I must be on the trot again," pursued the malicious guest. "Promised the Flamboroughs."

"Mr. Scott, oh, Mr. Scott——" panted the flurried lady.

"The fact is, my dear fellow——" puffed Sir Joseph.

The tormentor had risen, and was holding out his plump, ungloved hand.

"So sorry! No, I can't stay for tea."

It was at this point that the dowager came to the rescue. Unannounced, she stepped in upon them. Clad in gray-brown silk of ribbed texture, with an awe-inspiring bonnet tied with large velvet strings, she advanced into the room, followed by Mr. Hamilton, who bore an unwonted peevish expression on his meek beaver countenance. And after him, to the intense amazement of the three, came Desmond Brooke himself.

In her slow drive round the park, expounding her intentions to a for once rebellious Vere Hamilton, she had caught sight of her son lounging under the trees; and with an inspiration, sudden and decisive, resolved upon the *coup de main*. Better, after all, that he should hear from other lips than those of his family what was to be heard. "So much more convincing," had thought the dowager in her cold-blooded way.

It was poor Vere who had to summon the recalcitrant one to the carriage door, where the following typical conversation took place:

"Why, mother!"

The diplomat raised his hat. In the

company of no human being on earth did he feel more utterly bored; his eye immediately became lackluster, his voice extinguished.

"You are to get in," commanded the lady, without wasting time in salutation, though they had not met for ten days.

"In there?" he asked, his eyebrow raised, his eye plunging incredulously and disparagingly into the depths of the antique barouche.

"Yes, in here, beside me. Mr. Hamilton will sit back. We're going to Alice's. There's something I've got to say to you, Desmond." Her voice suddenly dropped an octave lower, and her pale eye took a glassy fixity of purpose. "You had better come, my son," it said unmistakably.

He returned the glance with a long blank stare.

The sunshine glinted on the feathers of her bonnet, moldy green; on the dead-leaf sheen of her hideous gown; on the long teeth fixed upon the retreating lip. He had a slight shudder; but he got in. He knew that she would run him down at his club, or at his chambers with an inflexibility of purpose, the more deadly for being thwarted.

At least, from another's house, he could take his departure when things were beyond bearing; but were he to be caught in his own lair, it might be difficult to turn out a lady, and that lady his mother. Let her say her say; he would say his. Up to this he had contented himself with eluding her; it was best, perhaps, to face her now, and have done with it.

And thus it was that, in the train of the dowager and Mr. Hamilton, Desmond Brooke made his unexpected call upon his sister, Lady Alice Warren-Smith.

Lady Sturminster settled herself into the discomfort of a Birmingham Louis XV armchair, and slowly turned a scrutinizing glance from face to face, until it rested on the critic's still humorously pursed countenance.

"Is that Mr. Scott?" she demanded. "Introduce him."

Scott abandoned his pretense of im-

mediate departure with a deprecatory wave of his hand, and went through the ceremony required of him with an insolence peculiarly his own.

"Sit down, Mr. Scott." The general was issuing her orders. "Sit down, everybody. Sir Joseph, sit down—and don't fidget like that. It's quite kind of you to come and see us, Mr. Scott, when we have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. Desmond—" She paused.

Her son had sunk upon a sofa at some distance, and was lying back in his favorite attitude of weary endurance, chin upturned, eyes half closed.

Scott, who had failed to elicit any recognition, glanced toward him. He hated all these people, a little more than the rest of the world—though he flattered himself that he disliked the larger proportion of his acquaintance—but most he hated this infernal, languid fellow.

"You know my son, Desmond," proceeded Lady Sturminster. No beating about the bush for her. "You know why we have taken the unusual step of requesting you to call here."

"My dear Lady Sturminster—" again Scott spread his hands outward, palm upward—"Lady Alice asked me to tea—very kindly."

"Alice—" The dowager flung one baleful look.

"I had hardly time to explain, mamma."

"I really think," said Mr. Hamilton, getting up from the chair on which he had been jiggling, in an ecstasy of discomfort, "I really think that I am quite out of place—"

Marcia dropped him a contemptuous admonition:

"Sit down—you are wanted."

Then she caught Scott on the hook of her gaze, and held him.

"It is idle to pretend you don't know the circumstances. My son-in-law has already made you acquainted with them, some time ago. You gave him to understand then that you were in possession of facts concerning—" She paused; she did not even know the name of the young person in question. "Concerning—"

She sought Sir Joseph's aid with irritation on her countenance; but he only stared, goggle-eyed and helpless, back at her. Lady Alice had suddenly begun to blow her nose and sniff.

"Concerning the Panther's Cub, perhaps?" put in Scott silkily.

"Panther's Cub!" echoed Sir Joseph and his mother-in-law simultaneously, in different tones of reprobation.

Desmond rolled his head a trifle sideways, and a gleam of dangerous eye became visible between his half-closed lids.

"Didn't you know?" said the innocent critic. "It's a nickname for the mother, Lady Sturminster; 'Panther.' Suits her; lissom, lovely, sleek, dangerous creature."

"I am concerned, sir, with the daughter," Lady Sturminster warned in her contralto.

"The daughter, of course. That's the Cub. Panther's Cub. Dear me, yes. Born in the original jungle; nobody knows where that was. She has been dubbed with some kind of absurd Polish name she has no shadow of right to. But that's neither here nor there. Miss Fifi—"

"Fifi!" ejaculated the dowager, her daughter, and son-in-law, in unison.

"Only Christian name of Cub," explained the critic, with his most fascinating smile. He was the centre of attention, and that was ever an agreeable sensation.

"Well, Mr. Scott," said the ruthless dowager, "will you kindly tell us, now, what you know about, about this—this Fifi creature?" Indescribable was the great lady's tone of bleak contempt.

"Oh, my dear Lady Sturminster!" Scott wagged his head jocosely.

Sir Joseph lumbered up to the assault in his turn.

"You made some remark—some pleasantry, the other day, about the young person, hem, following in her mother's footsteps—about her having made already—ah—" The M. P. drew a long breath, but the ribald French words had to be uttered, and stentoriously he uttered them. "Having made a *faux pas*."

Scott burst into irrepressible laughter. Lady Alice subsided tearfully into her handkerchief, and Hamilton crossed the room to stand beside Lord Desmond, who was deadly quiet.

"Go on, Mr. Scott," commanded the dowager.

"But really!"—Scott was coy—"it is so unusual!" He turned his chair toward the sofa, where Desmond sat.

"We are all waiting to hear," said this latter.

"To hear what? You dear, good people, is not this really a little unusual? Not that there is any mystery about the Panther, or the Panther's Cub. Cub took a certain leap—let me see, she must have been about eighteen then—took a certain leap with native impetuosity, under my eye as it happens. From Como it was."

"Como!" gasped Sir Joseph. These immoral foreign places!

"Speak plainly," ordered the marchioness.

"Oh, dear me, there was nothing to make a fuss about. She went off on a little excursion, with a charming young man from the hotel."

"A little excursion?" echoed Sir Joseph, much disappointed.

"Yes, Sir Joseph, just two or three days' jaunt. Oh, his people were annoyed—unduly so. He was fetched back, and all the rest of it. Panther was annoyed, too. General rumpus—very unpleasant. What? Would you care to hear the name of young Lothario, my dear fellow? I dare say Verie knows him. Young Wentworth, Verie. Wentworth's Entire, you know, the beer people."

Desmond had closed his eyes.

"I really must—" said Mr. Hamilton inarticulately, and thereupon, for the first time in the whole of his polite existence, committed the solecism of taking French leave.

As the door closed upon him, Mr. Scott also rose. His immediate mission was fulfilled, and the situation might lose its humor at any moment. He bade good-by with an airy grace, shaking Lady Alice's limp hand with the warmth of an old friend, bowing to the dowager,

waving a valedictory fin playfully from Desmond to Sir Joseph. His last words to the latter from the threshold ran thus:

"Au revoir. We'll meet again at Branksome before long!

"There, Desmond!" said Lady Sturminster.

She did not raise her voice, or even deepen it; but its tones, her whole air, the way in which she lifted both her small, brown-gloved hands an inch or two off her knees, and let them fall again, bespoke a triumph that was almost malignant. She knew her son; if he was not moral, he was fastidious.

"Oh, Joseph!" sobbed Lady Alice.

"Wentworth? Wentworth?" Sir Joseph was muttering, as he stroked his jaw, and rubbed his chin. "I wonder if that could be the son of Colonel Wentworth, the member for Harrington. He's been in the brewing interest, I know."

"You'd better find out what he thinks of the young lady," said the dowager.

"Do, Joseph," put in Desmond, rising suddenly from among the crimson satin cushions. He strolled over and stood before his mother. "Why, you're making quite a gay dog of Joseph!" said he, with his mirthless smile. "No wonder Alice is in tears, over there. Well, good-by, mother—good-by, Alice. Tata, Joseph. As your friend, Mr. Scott, says: Till our next meeting—at Branksome."

"Desmond!"

The dowager's authority was here supported by her son-in-law, who laid an agitated hand upon Desmond's coat sleeve.

"Say," he blustered, "I cannot permit such imputations, such innuendos! My only motive, as you know—only a sense of my duty to your family, your mother's terrible anxiety——"

Lord Desmond turned the flicker of a mocking glance upon his mother's stony face.

"Go on, Joseph. You're doing it very nicely."

"Desmond, I went to—to those pur-lieus—to try and save you before it was too late."

"And confoundedly impertinent it was of you," said the diplomatist serenely.

The dowager gave a withering smile, directed as much to the virtuous plebeian as to her own high-bred profligate. The latter, after a second's consultation with himself, suddenly made up his mind. He took one of the knobby gilt chairs, and sat down about a yard in front of his mother.

"Now," said he, "let's have it out, and have done with it! You sent Joseph to spy on me, at Branksome. What was the good of it?"

"Sir Joseph was exceedingly useful," said the old lady, unabashed. "It was my duty to know what was going on, Desmond. And Joseph and Mr. Hamilton both gave me valuable information on the subject. I understand that you are pursuing the daughter of that notorious woman."

"Would you prefer me to pursue the mother?"

"An entanglement with the mother would be bad enough; but an entanglement with the girl——"

Desmond interrupted the level tones with a laugh that was scarcely as assured as he would have had it.

"What are you afraid of? My virtue?"

His mother smiled again.

"Her virtue, then? You've just heard all about that! What are you afraid of?"

As the old woman looked at him in her snakelike way, without speaking, Sir Joseph deemed it incumbent upon him to intervene.

"Some irreparable step—some act of fatal folly!" he warned.

"That you'll disgrace us all," sobbed Lady Alice, in her turn.

"What!" cried Desmond, and laughed out loud. "You're all afraid I'll marry her. Oh, moral Joseph! Oh, Alice, my high-minded sister! Oh, mother"—his voice took a note of scathing bitterness—"you had better have let me marry poor little Susan all those years ago, after all!"

"The girl's no better than her mother," said the dowager, unheeding.

She brushed aside the reference to the old wound, with her own masterly relentlessness.

"Well, I don't want her better than her mother," exclaimed the man.

All of a sudden he stood up. The color rushed to his pale face. An extraordinary passion fired his eye and voice.

"Now, look here." The words rose quickly to his lips. "You may as well hear my views on this subject, once for all. It's none of your business, but it will save me trouble in the end. You all believe I am going to make a fool of myself? I wish to God I could! I wish to God I could!"

"Tut-tut-tut!" cried the M. P. But his mother-in-law and his wife sat staring at the speaker. This was almost a forgotten Desmond.

"Mother," he went on, "it is fifteen years ago now since you broke my life. Little Susan was no match for me. She was only a poor squire's daughter—only a little flower of a good, dear child, whom I loved. You schemed, and intrigued, and stopped my letters, and warned her off me. Well, I was too young to guess then half what you did. Susie's dead, and I—what was left alive of me Vienna killed."

"Oh, Desmond," cried his sister, raising a shocked, disfigured countenance, "how can you speak to mamma like that?"

No one ever paid any attention to Lady Alice. But her brother dropped his strong note of passion; he was ashamed to have shown this glimpse of soul to such futile minds.

"If you wanted to study the Brank-some sort of thing, you ought to have come to Vienna, Joseph," he exclaimed banteringly, turning to his brother-in-law, with a satiric smile. "We men, as they say, live in Vienna. I lived there. I lived and died there."

"Good gracious!" spluttered the baronet.

"I've about as much life left in me as that statue over there. I'm a corpse, that is about it. And precious dull work it is, taking a corpse around. But the girl——" His blue eye gleamed again

as he once more addressed his mother. "The girl—Mademoiselle Lovinska—Fifi—the Panther's Cub—call her what you like—well, she interests me. She amuses me. She makes me forget that I am a corpse. Hang it all, if I want to be galvanized now and again, I won't ask my family's permission. And that's what you'd better understand, all of you!"

"I had hoped, Desmond," said Lady Sturminster, "that you had given up this absurd exaggeration, years ago."

Mother and son exchanged a deep look, expressive of a lifelong enmity.

"A corpse! Galvanized!" said Sir Joseph, in a scandalized undertone, blowing out his cheeks between the words.

"And now, that's all, I think," concluded Desmond. "Good-by, again."

This time he was allowed to depart unrestrained. Husband and wife looked anxiously at the dowager. She sat with fixed eyes, gazing lethargically before her.

"I am deeply distressed," the master of the house ventured to say, as the silence, broken only by Alice's sniffs, grew unbearable to his fussy mind. "I am in a state of painful perplexity. He says he wishes he could make a fool of himself. He says he's a corpse—and that the—ah—the girl galvanizes him. Now, what interpretation are we to put upon this?"

"Joseph, hold your tongue!" said his mother-in-law. She rose from her chair and tottered, ever so little. "Will you kindly ring for the carriage?"

CHAPTER XI.

Desmond went straight back to his chambers in the Albany, the secluded quarters which he had regarded, from his student days on, as his real home in London. Always held ready to receive him, after an absence whether of years or of a few days, they remained the one link with his English past since he had embarked upon the cosmopolitan existence imposed on him by his profession.

These were kept up almost like the college rooms of old, lined with books,

pictures of another age, portraits of forgotten chums, athletic trophies, the lares and penates of a mode of life that was past recall.

Old-fashioned they had always been; in this rapid era they seemed to breathe an almost antique spirit. The only concession to modern habits permitted by their owner was the admission of a telephone.

He telephoned now for his car to be in readiness at seven o'clock, and flung himself into one of the deep red leather armchairs, preparatory to smoking a reflective cigar.

He had received an urgent telegraphed invitation to dinner at Branksome that night, which he had accepted by the same medium. But, a little while ago, when his mother had met him strolling across the park, he had once again arrived at the wise decision to resist the impulse that was urging him to Fifi's presence. The mood of "What's the use? Better keep away from the danger" had been upon him; that cold mood, to which even the most ardent and happy lover is subject at times, and which with him, the weary man of the world, was ever lying in ambush. But Lady Sturminster's interference had produced the not uncommon result; it had broken the shackles of a passion hitherto, save for a rare moment or two, kept fairly well in leash.

To see him lying back in his great chair, just drawing sufficiently at his cigar to keep it alive, with drooping eyelids and lax limbs, none could have guessed at the fierceness of the fire burning within him. The old hatred seemed to join with the new love in a single flame. His whole childhood his mother had shadowed; she had seemed always to stand between him and the sunshine. Every legitimate hope of his young manhood, his first and honorable love, his prospect of a happy home of his own, she had shattered; unrelenting in her determination, without remorse after the deed.

What he had become, a mere drifter in life, without enthusiasm, without belief, without purpose beyond the mere routine of his profession, a cynic the

more hopeless because of his capacity for high ambition, he had become because of her. The irredeemable materialist is he who has once most aspired. Now the fire was kindling again amid what he had believed dead ashes. Ah, let it burn! He scarce cared what it consumed, so long as he could have the joy of the glow.

La Marmora had quite a dinner party that night, but her impresario was not among the guests, and Fifi was absent from the board.

Proportionate to the fever of his desire to be with her, was Desmond's exasperation at this discovery. Even for him, his air of weariness, as the meal progressed, became noticeable to amazement. Fortunately for his hostess' self-satisfaction, her attention was so fully taken up with the unwonted distinction of her company that he had little time to spare for special observation. And, indeed, even his gloom, his outrageous countenance of ennui, she was quite ready to explain to herself:

"He expected to be beside me, poor fellow! There he sits hating them all! Aha, he thought he was going to have it all his own way to-night! A tête-à-tête, I dare say. It will do my diplomat no harm to make him languish a little. He will see, too, that here I can have my pick, if I choose. We are no longer in Vienna!"

Her heart swelled with triumph as she glanced down the long board. An ambassador! *Rien que ça!* True, he was a bachelor, though only the more charming. And then there was his first secretary, and he was a marquis. Pity he had not brought his wife, that one! She had accepted, too; but, perhaps, her headache was a true excuse. And then there was the great American painter!

Madame La Marmora had quickly learned how to bait the society trap. How enchanted he was, this pleasant genius, with the entertainment—with the marble room, the classic detail of the feast, above all, with her, his hostess!

"I'd like to paint you," he said, fixing her with his appraising, discriminating artist's eye. And she knew what an

acknowledgment that was. She had heard something about him: "A bear, my dear—divine artist, but a bear!"

And yonder sat this great Larpent, smiling, and talking, and eating, with ever and anon a long appraising glance at her.

Finally there were two other concomitants to complete her full measure of satisfaction this evening. She was shining without Robecq's support; and, consequently, she had been able likewise to eliminate Fifi. No face in the room challenged hers; there were masculine eyes enough to tell her so. She was conscious of being supreme.

More from instinct than from any innate good taste, she had robed herself in accordance with her classical setting. Happily, Greek draperies were just now in fashion. A wreath of oak leaves crowned her tresses. A bunch of artificial purple grapes, with long tendrils, was fastened on one shoulder. The green streamers fell on the white folds, and against the curves of the long, wonderfully shaped bare arms. She had not donned a jewel—her instinct again! She looked a savage thing of beauty. The charming and artistically impressionable ambassador by her side could scarcely remove his gaze from her, even to attend to the fare before him, which was unique in its out-of-the-way refinement.

And the object of it all—for if she was yearning for social success and intoxicated with the pride of it, deep down under the froth of vanity, was always the thought of one man, the longing for his notice, for his admiration; the craving to make him want what others wanted in vain—the object of it all, Desmond Brooke, sat anathematizing the whole tomfool business, and, in chief, his own folly for being of it!

The ladies lingered after the usual time for withdrawal. Coffee and tobacco were indulged in in company. The elegant decorum which had marked the proceedings hitherto began to give place to a subtle blend of bohemianism. Through the vague mists of cigar and cigarette smoke, glances became bolder

or more veiled. Larpent began to talk in heavy, masterful tones across every one else's conversation, explaining how he would pose his hostess, in the portrait he meant to paint of her.

In the midst of his dissertation he rose, came round to her, and, with those great hands that no one would suspect of being so delicate with the brush, set himself to altering something in the arrangement of her hair, which he averred had been annoying him the whole evening.

It was so clearly the artist that moved in him that the action seemed as natural as if he had been in his studio. But Fulvia understood and demanded no such niceties. Instantly she grew coquettish.

"Ah, but," she cried, catching at his wrist, "are you not a bold man? How do you know that it does not all come off?"

He moved back a step, surveying her solemnly, all to the thought of his conception.

"I saw it didn't," he answered absently, making a gesture with two fingers, "by the way it springs from the temples."

Every one was now looking at her; there was suspended laughter on most lips. Only Desmond stared at the tip of his cigarette, brooding.

The Panther was without her keeper, without even the restraint of the presence of a critic like Scott. She glanced down the table at the somber man.

"So we are jealous, my lord! Why then, you shall be made more jealous. Aye, and be shown something to be jealous for!"

She swept her assembled guests with conquering eye.

"Aha," she laughed, "how you stare! There's not one of them believes you, Larpent. They think I've given myself away. But, there you are."

Her strong, white hands plunged into those curls and twists which the hairdresser had elaborated as "absolutely Grecian, madam," a few hours before. She flung a dozen tortoiseshell hairpins right and left, snatched away a couple of combs, then shook her head, and ran

her hands through the loosened locks. Her actions were as savage as the laughter which accompanied them. So might the maenad of Euripides have looked as she sprang along the mountain height.

The company, all excepting Desmond, were amused, enchanted, by the incident. It was exactly thus that they wished and expected the great artist to conduct herself. If your lions did not roar, and if your bohemians were not eccentric, where was the use of knowing them at all? This was the deportment requisite for "The Panther." Moreover, the glory that fell upon Fulvia's shoulder and down to her waist provoked a genuine murmur of admiration.

"But it is phenomenal! It is simply superb!" exclaimed the ambassador. He took up a tress and weighed it in his hand.

"Oh, for my sketch book!" cried the artist, with almost a roar of regret.

"What a *Salome* we shall have!" cried the marquis.

"*Salome!*" echoed the prima donna.

She stood, panting a little, trembling on the apex of her triumph.

As they had acclaimed her, Desmond had looked up, and their eyes had met. In a flash, she had thought to see in them a flame of passion, anger, jealousy, reproach. It had been all that had been needed to complete her intoxication. Could she have but guessed that the man she loved had seen in her, beautiful in the glory of her wild locks, a sudden resemblance to her daughter, and that what now filled his soul was loathing—loathing to horror!

"*Salome!*" she cried again on a still higher key. "Ah, I charge you all to come to my *Salome!* You will hear something, I promise you—you will see something! It will be worth your while!"

She took a few steps back, poised herself in the centre of the wide space away from them, fell into an attitude, drawing her splendid arms upward through her hair.

"And to think," she proceeded, drop-

ping one arm and holding the spellbound group with the glance that could hold hundreds, "to think," she boasted, "that my idiot of an impresario wants to get a dummy for the dance! Ah, no, no! Shall I not dance and sing as well as Ilma?"

With a gesture as limber as it was vulgar, she kicked off both her shoes, and stood with shapely silk-stockinged feet, gripping the marble floor.

"Shall I not dance?" she cried, shaking her mane once more.

She caught up her draperies dexterously, and, flinging her disengaged hand aloft with inimitable sweep, undulated through one of those Eastern, languorous movements which she had been practicing in secret ever since her arrival in England.

Her guests rose from their seats to press forward in eager knots. She saw, through half-closed lids, the tall figure of him for whom, only, she was revealing herself so wonderful, dominate the rest; then her supple body bent backward in the gradual evolution of a dance phrase as long-drawn as a violin wail.

When she raised herself again, and once again furtively searched, he was there no more. One of the weighted purple silk curtains that hung between the feast room and the summer night was still swaying as if it had been thrust aside by a hasty hand.

A sharp exclamation escaped her. She stood staring, stiffening herself, regardless of frenzied applause, loud acclamations, handclapping, and entreaties. Suddenly she laughed, laughed gayly at a thought that seemed to have been flung into her consternation like a rose into a dark room.

"He couldn't stand it! I have made him jealous, jealous with a vengeance!"

Laughing still, she threw herself back into her chair; the ambassador on one side, Larpent on the other, brought her each a shoe.

"Only do not give me away!" she implored, panting. "For if my manager heard of it—you understand! Oh, la, oh, la, it is that I would never hear the end of it!"

Desmond hurried across the turf, and ran almost headlong down the grass steps to the lower terrace. He felt he must be free even of the shadow of the roof supported by those Grecian columns. Upon the lower lawn, circled by syringa and lilac bushes, he paused at length, and inhaled the night air, with a sense of laving himself as if in pure water from contamination. He could not have stood the spectacle a moment longer. To see her, at her Eastern antics, that maenad—who was like his wood nymph!

It was a dim, starlit night, with a heavy dew, and very still. He could hear the drip of infinitesimal drops of moisture falling all around him from leaf to leaf, and the whisper of the water lipping the river sedge only a few feet away. Now and again a faint sigh seemed to sweep over the garden, as though the night drew a long breath in her sleep.

A distant shout of laughter, the mingling of many voices uplifted, roused him from the inarticulate abstraction of wrath into which he had fallen. He felt, suddenly and pressingly, as if he could not place sufficient distance between himself and that house to which an equal fever of impatience had, only a couple of hours ago, drawn him. With a distaste that was almost shuddering, he thought that he would have to recross its threshold to fetch his coat and hat; not that he need fear any encounter; they were all too well amused with each other in the Greek hall of feasting.

Heavily he went along the lower terrace, through a honeysuckle pergola that was wickedly sweet, seeking the second grass staircase, which he knew led to the lawn in front of the reception room. As he mounted the steps, he saw with some annoyance that this room had been left, with undrawn curtains, open to the night. From it long shafts of light fell through the colonnade upon the stretch of turf he would have to cross. A moment he almost drew back. Then another burst of mirth and beat of clapping hands reassured him; and he moved on steadily toward the house.

He had passed but half his way, when, with a sharp pang of emotion, in which he could not distinguish consternation from joy, he beheld a white figure emerge from the shadow of a column and advance toward him.

"I knew it was you," said Fifi, still some ten paces from him. "And——"

"I knew it was you," he answered, standing still to let her approach.

There was such a tumult within him that he was scarcely aware that he had spoken. It was as if thought but answered thought. The overpowering sense of revolt within him only gave poignancy to the passion that he had already acknowledged to himself as inevitable and hopeless. He cared too madly, he cared too stupidly. She was the daughter of such a woman, she was "The Panther's Cub"—what was he doing here? It must be the end, he told himself.

And then he resolved that, since it was the end, he would kiss her once, once in farewell! A kiss, more or less, to the Panther's Cub; to her who had made that public leap, three years ago, at Como! Well, it would not harm her. While, for him—for him it would be a pain, an ecstasy, a memory of what life might mean, to carry away into the dead years to come.

So when she came up to him and stopped, a little timidly, he caught both her hands in his, clasped them as he had never clasped a woman's hands before in all his dissipated and varied experience, and drew her toward the colonnade, into the full light. She gave way to him, unresisting. Just within a rose-hung arch he paused and spoke.

"I have something to say to you." His voice was very low, and rather hoarse. "I wanted to see your face first."

He hardly knew himself what it was he had to say, what wild, what foolish words before the farewell kiss. But, even as he flung that desired gaze upon her, something seemed to break over him, like a huge salt wave, and tear him

apart from his purpose. He stood staring.

Her eyes were upon him, dilated; her face, a little pale, was lifted; with parted lips she seemed to wait for an unknown wonder, a new, joyous, beautiful, exquisite moment, a gift of unutterable sweetness that she longed for and yet was afraid of! Half child, half woman, palpitating toward him, yet almost trembling on flight, she stood, waiting. No, he could not take her into his arms, he could not kiss her; he could not speak those words of passion, of insult and renunciation that rose in fire from his heart.

"Panther's Cub—daughter of yonder *mænad*, I would fain go to perdition in your arms, but I have not yet fallen so low! There is yet something of my father's soul within me that keeps me from this baseness. Therefore will I cut myself from you, though it is life itself I part from. Only once I must kiss you—once! That I may know what life could mean!"

He could not say these words. He passed his hand over his forehead; it was wet with a cold sweat.

"What is it?" she whispered.

She leaned forward, and her lips drooped at the corners like a child's on the verge of tears. A shadow of horror gathered into her eyes. He tried to smile at her, as one would at a child.

"Nothing, nothing—good night, Miss Fifi!" He took her hand once more into his own ice-cold one, just with the barest touch of civility.

"You are going?"

He could hardly bear to hear the disappointment in her voice, to see it written on that face, every line of which seemed made to express splendid joy.

Then from the dining room came the loudest clamor that had yet escaped from its merry, irresponsible company. The daughter of the house frowned; a slight shiver ran through her.

"Oh, I wish they wouldn't!" she said fretfully. Then suddenly: "Oh, is that why you are going? Because of all this noise and laughter? It does seem horrid, somehow, this quiet, pretty night."

He looked at her furtively, darkly,

with something akin to agony in his glance.

"I must go," he repeated, evading. "Good night."

He sprang from her into the room, and across it toward the outer vestibule, as if hunted.

Disconsolate, bewildered, she followed him halfway, and then paused. He looked back as lovers must, and his resolution melted. He took two steps toward her again, his blue eyes shining:

"Fifi!"

The color and light rushed back into her face.

"You will come to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will come to-morrow," he answered, with a break in his voice. The next moment he was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the last of Madame La Marmora's celebrated strawberry parties—the third of June. On the fourth, the singer was to retire from the world; the star was to hide her effulgence. *Salome*, in short, was to be veiled until she was ready to burst forth in triumph.

It was a heavy, brooding day; lowering accumulation of cloud to the north threatened a thunderstorm. Nevertheless, Madame La Marmora's guests mustered in force. It was their last chance of profiting by an unwonted occasion; and all who hitherto had been exempt from her hospitality had left no stone unturned to be included this afternoon.

Desmond Brooke took a short cut from the station across the fields to Branksome. He had put himself to the discomfort of the train journey and the walk, this oppressive day, rather than make use of his car. He desired to arrive unostentatiously; he was determined to have, if possible, a chance of meeting Fifi alone.

The man was in a condition of upheaval. Lady Sturminster had indeed known her son; she had known that while no consideration of conventional-

ity, of family or personal credit, of class distinction, of moral principle would succeed in restraining him, she could count on his innate fastidiousness. But what she had not reckoned upon, what indeed was beyond her nature to understand, was a passion so headlong as to overwhelm even the revulsions of distaste.

True it was that, after the interview in Lady Alice's drawing room, the man had gone forth into the streets feeling as if his woodland idyl had been blighted by a dust storm. All that was fresh, spontaneous, and pure, soiled, discoloured, dragged down. Up to that moment no disrespectful thought had been able to live in his mind beside the image of the girl. Now, as if ugly, repulsive things had been engendered by the mere poison of Scott's words—his laugh, his innuendo, his looks—a host of base suggestions had begun to awake in his feelings toward her.

He had exclaimed brutally that he did not want her better than her mother; and the lower side of his nature, that unacknowledged inherent part of man—which the high-minded continue to ignore till, if not dead, it remains a negligible quantity in their existence—kept repeating the odious cry. But the other part—the soul side which, in spite of all, had remained strong in him, which had recently, under the spell of this love, renewed something of the generosity of his youth, was lamenting with even louder voice, weeping, as it were, inner tears less for himself than for her. The pity of it, the pity of it! And, as it lamented, it drew back from her.

How hideous the world was! And how cruel life—and fate how blind! That this youth, this creature, above all, it seemed, created virginal, should not have been permitted to escape them. Man, fate, life, between them, like three horrible Norns, had conspired against the exquisite promise. She had not been yet eighteen—not yet eighteen!

It was a poor child that had been hurt, irretrievably hurt; and because of this was he going to hurt her, too? No! cried his manhood. No! determined

his soul. And then another voice uprose in clamor: How could he live if he were to give her up? She was something to him that she could be to no one else. She was life itself; and if he were to cut this life from him, how would her own future be any the better? He knew into whose hands she was inevitably to fall? Would the baron's ignoble *engouement*, under its mock matrimonial cloak, hurt her less, degrade her less than a frank and virile passion?

And thus sophistry added itself to the struggle, and the man was torn in the conflict.

Yet, perhaps, the higher nature might have conquered. Indeed, after the two torturing days which had followed his singular moonlight meeting, he had decided to break his promise of return; decided to put temptation out of reach forever by cutting short his leave and returning to his post immediately.

But the morning of the third day had brought him a letter from his mother. True to her nature, the dowager had left no stone unturned in her efforts to learn the truth about La Marmora and Fifi; and Sir Joseph had accidentally stumbled upon some facts. The dowager, without a moment's delay, had sent her epistle containing his "valuable information" to the person most concerned. The letter ran as follows:

I do not for a moment suppose that you will give me the credit of believing that I am actuated, in this unpleasant matter, by anxiety for your own interest. Nevertheless I feel I should not be doing my duty by you were I not to let you know of some further details that have come to my knowledge—corroborating what you yourself heard at Alice's last Monday.

Joseph accidentally met Colonel Wentworth and had a short conversation with him, by which it would seem that Mr. Scott—no doubt out of regard for my and Alice's presence—considerably minimized the scandalous episode in question. You will not expect me to repeat here the words in which Colonel Wentworth qualified the influence to which his son, young Adolphus Wentworth, while still a mere under-graduate, fell a prey. But you can form, I am sure, a very correct estimate of them—you who, I grieve to have to write it, are so familiar with that unfortunate side of existence. Suffice it to say that the girl was

spoken of as being "worse than her mother." I will add no more.

Do not answer this. It is very painful to me to have to write at all on such a subject.

As Desmond read, he grew livid. The first impression had been the old overpowering sense of injury. That was his mother all over, he thought. Always she had blighted him—everything he cared for, everything he aspired to. Her image rose before him in the act of inditing this very document. He could see her cold eye, her cold hand at work. A pen dipped in gall! What would she care if she had dipped it in his heart's blood? He knew the horrible, cold enjoyment with which she had formed those phrases alleged to be so painful.

He caught up the sheet again and conned it over. And then the poison spread and worked; his anger turned. Joseph was meddling still! Damn Joseph! If anything would drive a man to recklessness it would be the interference of a sanctimonious smug like Joseph.

Then, all at once, as if written in fire, the name of Wentworth danced across the page. Adolphus Wentworth! He could well imagine the youth! One of those cursed, clean-shaven, up-to-date young ruffians, flaunting the college colors abroad, with his conscious Oxford manner.

Nausea rose in him. Was he, Desmond Brooke, to come after an Adolphus Wentworth? Wentworth—and God knows how many others! "The girl was worse than her mother."

And, after nausea, succeeded a murderous rage. Byron wished that all lovely womanhood had but one mouth, that he might kiss it. Fifi's undeclared lover longed that all his happier predecessors had but one neck—and he the wringing of it!

Inevitably the passionate turmoil centred itself upon the supreme point—Fifi! Under the spell of the indescribable virginal innocence that seemed to encompass her like invisible armor, he had scarce dared, at their last meeting, to touch her hand. He laughed at himself now for a fool; he railed against

her for a hypocrite. Thus, like surging waters in secret sea caves, his anger ground his thoughts to shingle in the depths of his soul.

He was not capable of coming to any clear decision—not capable even of knowing what he wanted; but, out of the turmoil, one purpose shaped itself; he would see her again, were it only to drop the name of Wentworth in her hearing and watch her face. A cruel resolve and a devouring curiosity were now upon him—to speak of his knowledge and to see her face.

And thus it was that he found himself on his way to Branksome, with slow and dragging footsteps, traversing the dusty fields, but yet bent upon the meeting—that meeting which this time might inevitably be the last; or, yet, the beginning of a life unnamed, unnamable, and yet beckoning—calling as with fingers of fire, with voice of ecstasy and tears.

Desmond avoided the crowded lawn and the motor-streaked avenue, and unerringly took the solitary shrubbery walk that led to that secluded spot where, by the sundial, he and Fifi had once met and parted.

And there, indeed, she sat, with hands folded on her knees, all white-robed against the dark wall of clipped yew. Her great, shady hat lay on the seat beside her.

At the sound of his steps she raised her eyes and smiled at him. It was as though she had expected him there. He came slowly across the grassplot, and stood before her; and then she lifted her hat and laid it across her knee, making room for him to sit beside her.

A smile trembled on her lips; but she had cast her eyes down at his approach shyly. He had never seen her in a mood so quiet, so gentle. He took the mutely offered seat; and then could find no word with which to break the silence. He was like one intent on battle who finds himself suddenly weaponless. Those stirred depths of his nature had been driving him to strike and wound. And the first look at her bent head, the first step into that presence of youth and confidence, had disarmed him.

More than all, her new timidity; the something at once expectant and shrinking, which is as the very bloom of the maiden wooed, paralyzed his energies, confused still further his already confused mind, shook his purpose. Was she the most consummate actress, or had nature itself set this exquisite mask upon the wanton? Or—rending thought!—had she been created of such intrinsic innocence and chastity that fate could not all destroy; that the vessel retained the divine pattern, though the essence had fled?

Madame La Marmora's special Hungarian minstrels, who had been indulging in a rest, suddenly broke forth in the distance, with clash of cymbals, maddening rhythm, swing of wind-swept measure, and wail of love song.

The spell of silence was snapped between them. Both spoke.

"No one knows I am here but you," he said; while she made the admission which, in other circumstances, would have fallen so enchantingly upon his ears:

"I knew you would come here."

"Are we safe from the baron, do you think?"

Her young smile ran like sunshine over her face:

"The baron's watching mamma, as a cat watches a mouse hole, to-day. He's so terrified lest she should overdo things, or anything—on account of her voice, you understand." Then she added naively: "And she doesn't think you've come yet."

His eye brooded upon her. How much did she know? Did she guess what he could hardly avow to himself? And was it a simple matter to her? Was she, admittedly in her own mind, her mother's rival?

She went on, after a pause, with a certain little air of dignity as new to him as that first show of shyness:

"To mamma I am still a very little girl. She does not think I ought to be alone with gentlemen; she says it is so boring to them when they come here."

Was not this too brazenly to play the ingénue? He devoured her with his eyes; the soft oval of her cheek, a little

pale to-day with the heat; the dewy candor of her eye; the child lips. Were these, indeed, only conspiring to lie? Then what face would innocence itself wear to the world, that it might hold it sacred?

The strains of the band—that infernal Hungarian music—caught his soul and tore it to shreds. One moment he saw himself holding her to him. It seemed as if the lightning which threatened from yonder livid horizon was flickering in his brain.

"You are not a little girl any more," he said hoarsely.

"No, indeed!" She jerked her head. "Remaining at school years and years does not keep one a little girl. Mamma will forget—" Then, loyally, she amended what might appear a reproach: "How can mamma remember, in her busy life, with all her great journeys? We have had to be parted, and it is Fritz's fault. He is always fussing about me—Fritz!"

His gaze was fixed upon her with an expression she had never yet seen in it, an expression that was almost angry in its intensity. It began to trouble her; she tripped upon her speech.

"Who is Fritz?" He spoke mechanically, as if he, too, hardly knew what he was saying.

"He works with mamma, and——"

She broke off. The low line of sky before them seemed to open and shut upon an inner sullen flame of yellow, a far mutter of thunder succeeded; and then a hot, dry gust of wind.

"Are you afraid of storms?"

She had made a swift, involuntary movement closer to him; it would have brought her into his mad embrace, but that, once again, it was so much like the movement of a child.

"I don't like them," she said plaintively.

She made a gesture—appealing. He took her hand; and, as he did so, and felt her answering his clasp with clinging fingers, the storm broke in him, too. It was so easy then—so easy! Why, the next minute her lips would be offering themselves! No doubt so the blatant young Oxonian had found

it—and the others! The while she counterfeited adorable young graces and prated guilelessly of her years and years at school. Who was Fritz? His thoughts shot across each other like lightning flashes, and his passion roared within him. He dropped her hand, almost flung it from him.

"But you've been in Italy so much—the thunderstorms are much worse over there, are they not? The thunderstorms on the lakes, for instance?" His voice was harsh.

She started, and looked up quickly. The blood ebbed from her face, her eyes grew suddenly dark and widened.

Cruelly he went on:

"Weren't you at Como—once?"

She drew back. A most piteous look came over the whole countenance. Then her sudden pallor was succeeded by a burning, agonizing crimson. He could see it rise over her white, bare throat to the roots of her bright hair. There was fear in the glance that she shot at him; fear, a terrified questioning.

Then the skies flashed and clamored all about them; the earth shook under their feet; the tempest wind beat heavy drops against them. She sprang to her feet and ran from him. And as she went she covered her face with her hands; he thought he heard her sob.

He felt as if he had struck a child. He! To maltreat a child! Motionless he sat on and let the storm rage about him. It was a kind of relief to that inner tempest that was so much more devastating. And yet, now, it was the rain that was falling. His fire and the clash had dropped dead within him, and it was sorrow that had sway. His obsession had veered round to another point of his torturing circle; the pity of it! She was only a child still. A frightened child—a child ashamed! The pity of it!

CHAPTER XIII.

The so-called smoking room was a dark little three-cornered apartment, which had remained untouched from the original building. It was little likely to be used, either by the former or the present mistress of Branksome. It had

an innocent rosebud wall paper, deep window seats, diamond panes, and the faint, musty atmosphere peculiar to cottage structures.

Scott ensconced himself in the window, and Sir Joseph took up his favorite commanding position on the hearthrug before the empty grate.

Scott surveyed the baronet with his malicious smile, and stretched one round leg the length of the window seat.

"Seen your hostess yet, Sir Joseph?"

"No, Mr. Scott."

"You're getting quite a familiar of the Panther. Booked your seat for the first English gambol?"

"Sir——" began Sir Joseph. Then he suddenly altered his manner. He remembered that Mr. Scott, after all, had been more useful to "the family" in their present dilemma than any one else. He remembered the dark purpose that had brought him once more into these purlieus.

"Mr. Scott," said the baronet confidently, "although in your playful manner it pleases you to jest at my appearance here to-day, I feel convinced that you do not really misunderstand my motive. I—I think I mentioned upon our first meeting that, if I felt it my duty to approach our—the source of the mischief herself, to approach her personally upon the painful matter, I would do so."

The critic, with mouth and eyes growing ever rounder, was hanging upon the speaker's words. He looked, as he felt for the moment, actually thrilled beyond amusement.

"Upon my soul," he ejaculated, "I admire you, I admire you!"

Then he proceeded airily:

"When you say the source of the mischief, you refer, I take it, to the mother of the source? To Panther—not Panther's Cub?"

"You apprehend my meaning," said the hero, growing, however, a little thoughtful.

Scott slipped off the window seat as he spoke, and swayed from one foot to another, waggishly surveying the figure on the hearthrug.

"By George," he declared again, "you're a brave man!"

He slipped his arm through Sir Joseph's, and propelled him toward the door.

"Come along, then. No time like the present."

Eager in his work of benevolence, he allowed the baronet no time for dangerous reflection; but, depositing him in the empty reception room, hurried to find his hostess.

He discovered her at the head of the steps, bidding farewell to her visitors, and promptly took an opportunity to draw her on one side.

"Where is Lord Desmond?" she asked, as she vaguely allowed herself to be isolated under the shade of the colonnade. Her eyes roamed; failing to find him whom she was seeking, on the lawn, she shot a piercing glance into the shadowed space of the reception room.

Here one figure alone held the stage; a figure in pompous frock coat and protruding white waistcoat, with emurpurled, oxlike countenance, a stiff right arm bearing, like some staff of office, a large, gray top hat.

She turned impatiently away.

"It is determined to speak to you," Scott urged, "you may as well let it. My dear creature, you'll be very much amused."

"Shall I?" said La Marmora. A second "the dear creature's" dangerous eye glinted on the critic. Then, with another shrug of her shoulders, she wheeled round upon her pertinacious guest.

Sir Joseph was rasping his throat.

"Madam," he said, in words he had been laboriously rehearsing, "I must request your attention for a few minutes on a matter of vital importance."

"I wonder what you can have to say to me," she trilled sweetly.

He cast a rolling eye upon her; met the mockery of a glance that did not in the least correspond with the exaggerated sweetness of the tone.

He heavily pranced on to his assault.

"I am in very great anxiety—the family of Lord Desmond are all in very great, very painful anxiety about him."

"How sad for you!"

"My brother-in-law's constant visits here, his infatuation, madam——"

Sir Joseph paused; and the woman was surveying him through her narrowed eyelids with an air of insolence quite indescribable. He was glad to have a weapon to hurt her withal.

"My brother-in-law's infatuation for your daughter," he declared.

There was triumph in his tone; but his heart thumped apprehensively. He broke off, unable to finish his sentence.

La Marmora slowly took three long pins from her monstrous headgear, removed it from her head, and, placing it on the couch beside her, ran both hands upward through her hair. Then she lifted her face, and spoke with startling quietness:

"Would you mind repeating that last remark of yours?"

It was, perhaps, the consciousness that he was really terrified that lent such desperate boldness to Sir Joseph's answer:

"My unfortunate brother-in-law's infatuation for your daughter. I repeat my remark, madam; for—your daughter."

She broke into laughter; the laughter of blind fury.

"And how did you find that out? Speak! How did you make that precious discovery? Speak, you old fool!"

"By my brother-in-law, Lord Desmond's own admission."

She interrupted him with a sharp, short scream:

"It's a lie! It's a lie, I say."

"Lord Desmond Brooke's own words," began Sir Joseph.

"His own words," she breathed.

"I taxed him with it myself," proceeded the baronet. "I regret to say he showed himself impervious to all representations—brazen! But he did not attempt to disguise his feelings."

"He admitted it—his love?" Her voice was a whisper.

"Madam," exploded Sir Joseph, "he flourished it in my face! He talked, in what I can only define as exaggerated, and—ah—gross language, of the effect

your daughter produces upon him. Galvanizing his corpse, he called it."

La Marmora looked, suddenly, an old woman. Then fury seized her like a hurricane.

"Ah!" she screamed. "This is good, this is famous! Ah!" She clasped her hands, and writhed in laughter. "Ah! Galvanizing his corpse!"

Then the hideous laughter fell from her. Pure passion of wrath and jealousy possessed her, lifting her out of vulgarity, beyond hysteric weakness, into tragedy.

"So that—that's what he came here for! To be—galvanized by Fifi—by Fifi! Ah! 'Tis my own child that robs me."

"Merciful heavens!" murmured the M. P., dabbing his beaded brow.

"Where is Lord Desmond?" cried she, advancing menacingly. "Where is Lord Desmond?"

With the sheer terror provoked by her aspect, he answered vindictively:

"With your daughter probably."

A shriek greeted his words.

"Ah! Where's Robecq then? Robecq! Robecq!"

Running steps were now heard under the colonnade.

"Coming, my dear friend! Coming!" soothed the impresario's accents from afar.

In another instant he was upon them, talking as he came:

"My dear, good creature, for mercy's sake! Oh, tut, tut! What have you been doing to her? Your throat, my dear, your throat!"

"Pshaw!" she snarled. "Where is Fifi?"

He passed his hand across his forehead.

"Fifi?" he drawled. "Fifi's about with—well, I don't think I really know. Now, listen to me, Fulvia——"

"She's with Lord Desmond. Ah, you know—you knew it, too."

The hysterical laughter that shook her was broken by a kind of dry sob. "You're a pretty wooer, aren't you! You knew it all the time."

Convicted, he stood without a word. She flung out an arm again.

"Look here, you, you over there—you, Smith!"

"Smith!" murmured Sir Joseph. This was the last straw. He tottered backward toward the portière.

"Do you want to see my son-in-law?" she went on. "There he stands."

She rose with her histrionic gesture as she spoke; but her knees shook under her, and she fell heavily back upon the couch.

"Go—go!" cried Robecq fiercely.

"Yes, he can go!" cried the singer.

She was livid under her paint. Her head rolled restlessly against the cushions.

"Yes, you can go now, and tell Lord Desmond's family!"

Robecq had come over to her.

"Yes—yes," he agreed. And over his shoulder to Scott: "Will you call her maid?"

Scott expressed sympathy and understanding with eyebrows, shoulders, and Orientally uplifted palms. He was glad enough of the opportunity to escape also.

"We must put a stop to this, Robecq,"

La Marmora was panting.

"Yes—yes," He still held her fingers in his fat grasp.

"We'll have the engagement announced to-morrow. To-morrow."

"Certainly, certainly! To-morrow, by all means!"

"Robecq," she was beginning again excitedly. All at once he dropped her hand and started back from her, finger on lip. There was a sound of a shuffling foot, the tap of a stick upon the marble of the terrace without. She stiffened. The old look of fear swept over her features.

"Fritz!"

Like two conspirators, they looked at each other, then turned their glance in the direction of the advancing steps. These halted. Black against the sunset, Fritz's burly figure stood. He gazed in upon them a second, made a bow, and slowly passed on.



COAKLEY OF GRAY TOP & ELLIOTT FLOWER

T may be that Applegate, as he and his many letters of introduction asserted, was seeking a suitable investment, but I somehow got the impression that he was more interested in girls. His father may have intended and expected, as Applegate insisted, that he should buy an interest in something sufficiently remote from London, and settle down, but it seemed to me that his search was rather for adventure, and that the senior Applegate, unless sadly misrepresented in the matter, was an exceedingly credulous and optimistic old fellow.

The affair at Red Rock, where Applegate's many initials gained him the sobriquet "Alphabet," gave me this impression, and our adventure on Gray Top Mountain strengthened it. In fact, it had occurred to me that he was a little too anxious for adventure, and a little too susceptible to feminine charm. Both occasionally spell trouble.

Still, it was my business to go with Applegate wherever Applegate wished to go, and, whatever his vagaries, this was preferable to grubbing in an office. So, after vainly suggesting various things that seemed to me more promising, I cheerfully journeyed with him to Gray Top.

Some one had tried to sell him a mine here. It was a joke. I was convinced of that when the party of the first part declared he was making a

tremendous financial sacrifice because of his need of ready cash to get back East and see his dying mother.

The aforesaid party of the first part could not wait for us to make a personal investigation, but he produced various people who solemnly assured us that there was no other such bargain in all the wide world. They were probably right. At least, I should hope there was no other like it.

Anyhow, Applegate, although deeply touched as to his heart, listened to my words of caution, and refused to be touched as to his pocketbook. But his curiosity was aroused, and he insisted upon seeing what it was that he had been urged to purchase in such haste.

"Rawther interesting, I should say," he remarked. "It's what you call a gold brick, is it not?"

I assured him that it bore a striking resemblance to a "gold-brick" transaction, and he was then more determined than ever to have all the details. He wished to know more about "the extraordinary ways of this extraordinary country," he said, and, besides, one could never tell where one might find one's opportunity. I think he still rather hoped to find a real mine there.

Instead, as I gleefully pointed out to him, we found a huge porous plaster. One slope of the mountain had been dug full of holes. There were various tunnels and shafts elsewhere, but this slope looked like a target that had had many charges of buckshot fired at it.

We also found on Gray Top one Dave Coakley. This was of no consequence in itself, for Dave was the kind of a man of whom you would say, "Poor fool!" and pass on; but Dave's daughter was with him, and Jessie Coakley was not a girl to be treated thus carelessly. She was, in fact, a girl to make any man pause, and then linger. We paused and lingered.

Shabby and unconventional as to raiment was Jessie Coakley, but you forgot about that after looking into her eyes, observing her glorious color, and noting the freedom and grace of her movements. Many patches, but neat ones, could be discerned in her short skirt, her shoes should have been in the repair shop, and her coat had certainly once adorned masculine shoulders, but her face atoned for all sartorial shortcomings.

She was sitting beside the mouth of a tunnel when we first came upon her, and it was almost a shock to see her there—to see any woman there. It was a region of deserted mines, with here and there a deserted and dilapidated cabin. The "strike" that had brought men there, that had stirred their lust and their passions, that had lured with golden dreams to feverish work, had proved to be only a "pocket" that was soon exhausted.

Beyond that, no one had found more than an occasional "trace." So they had drifted away again, singly and in groups, leaving the mountain scarred and more desolate than before. The primal wilderness has not the loneliness, nor the desert the desolation, of a region by man once occupied, and then by man deserted.

We had seen no human being since morning—nothing but the depressing evidence that man had been there, had striven, failed, and passed on; and then we came upon this girl. Apparently, she was as much surprised as we were—surprised, but not alarmed. She looked at us wonderingly, but without the slightest evidence of uneasiness or discomfort.

"Lost, ain't you?" she asked at last.

"Oh, no," I answered.

"Prospectin'?" she inquired.

"Not exactly," I replied, "just investigating a little."

"Nothing beyond," she remarked, with a contemptuous sweep of her hand toward the higher slope. "Nothing but holes—worthless holes."

"And here?"

"More worthless holes."

"Then why——"

I checked myself abruptly, realizing that it was none of my business, but she understood what I would say, and answered the unfinished question.

"I'm waitin' for dad," she explained.

"I always wait for him. He's in there." And she nodded toward the tunnel.

"Mining?" I queried.

She hesitated a moment, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that I had done an unpardonably impertinent thing in asking this simple question. Applegate, silent as yet, was regarding her with unusual interest and curiosity.

"No, you couldn't hardly call it that," she answered finally, her words coming slowly, "just diggin', like children play in the dirt."

"But you must expect to strike something!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"He does," she replied.

There was something so peculiar in the situation that I was impelled to probe deeper, in spite of the fact that she was answering reluctantly.

"And you?" I said.

"You're not king's counsel, you know," put in Applegate unexpectedly and reprovingly, "and the lady is not on the witness stand."

She gave him a grateful glance, but answered my question, nevertheless.

"Oh, I don't expect only a cave-in some day," she said wearily. "The tunnel ain't braced like it should be, and he keeps pushin' farther in. I'm here to go after dad."

Applegate, perturbed and suddenly active, sprang from his horse.

"Oh, that ain't right, you know!" he objected. "If anything's wrong with your father, let me go after him."

"Nobody has to go till the bell rings," she returned.

We noted, then, for the first time,

that a bell hung near the entrance to the tunnel. Attached to it was a cord that disappeared in the gloom of the tunnel itself.

"I made dad rig it up," she explained. "It runs back to where he is workin', strung along the roof. There couldn't be a cave-in that wouldn't ring the bell, or dad can ring it himself. He did it one time, by accident."

"And did you go in?" queried Applegate.

"Of course."

Applegate pondered this, as also did I. The mental picture of the girl waiting there day after day for the bell to notify her that her father had been either crushed to death or buried alive, of her anxiety, of her agony when the bell did ring, of her exploration of the dark and unsafe hole after such warning, was something to make one gasp. I wondered, and so, no doubt, did Applegate, what manner of man this could be who would leave his daughter to endure such anxiety, and face such possibilities.

"But—but," faltered Applegate, quite overwhelmed, "if there should be a cave-in, you know, how could you get him out?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and we understood. In all probability no one could get him out in such a contingency, but it was something to know that no time would be lost, and no effort spared.

We were still trying to grasp the horror, the strain, of this situation when the man himself appeared. We saw tragedy then—mute tragedy, but tragedy just the same. The vacant eyes, the unkempt beard and hair, the wabbling head, the shambling gait, all spelled tragedy—the tragedy of a young life sacrificed for an old one that was already worthless.

"Any luck, dad?" the girl asked.

The old man eyed us suspiciously, and made no answer.

"They're all right, dad," she assured him. "They're lookin' over the country a little, that's all."

"No use," he mumbled; "no use, no use. Tell 'em to go back. No mines

here now—all played out long ago—all but this one. An' this is mine!" he added defiantly.

"Of course, dad, of course," she agreed. "Nobody disputes that."

"They better not!" he declared.

"They're goin' on up," she explained. "They only stopped to speak to me for a minute."

"What they goin' up for?" he demanded suspiciously. "There ain't nothin' up there. Tell 'em I'll pot 'em if they come sneakin' back here in the dark."

"Dad's afraid somebody'll jump his mine," she whispered. "Nobody could or would, of course, but he's afraid. That's his—his weakness." She faltered a little over the last admission.

"What's that you're sayin'?" he demanded.

"I was tellin' 'em, dad, that you knew the story of every hole on the mountain," she explained.

"Sure I do," he declared, with some pride. "I can tell 'em everything from Dixon's strike to the time that Panner was starved out. I'm the only man that stuck, 'cause I had the only real mine. I know all about all of 'em."

"I'd rawther like to stop over and hear it all," remarked Applegate. "Would you mind putting us up overnight? We got some tinned things, you know," he added, as he noted the girl's consternation.

It was evident that she did not approve, but there was a covetous gleam in the old man's eyes that made the situation clear. It was a chance for some ready cash, and there could be no doubt that it was sadly needed.

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "I can rent you a cabin right near us, an' Jessie can cook what you want. We got enough, I guess, with what you got. Of course—"

"Quite so," interrupted Applegate, who saw what was coming. "You and I can arrange that later."

Considering the matter settled, the old man shuffled off down the trail, and we followed, leading our horses. The girl lagged back with us for a moment.

"You mustn't pay him a cent," she

whispered. "You've got as much right to the cabin he's goin' to let you have as he has, and we ain't got a thing fit to—"

"Pray don't let it disturb you," interrupted Applegate. "I assure you, the adventure and what we will learn from your father is worth whatever it may cost."

She did not seem satisfied, but she went ahead with her father, giving him support over the rough places.

We got the old man talking about mines that evening, and the whole pitiful story came out. He was leading, and compelling the girl to lead, a most miserable existence, although he, of course, was not conscious of it. He had a mine—a worthless hole that, in his opinion, held fabulous wealth that he had not quite reached yet. A little more work—always a little more work—and he would reach the vein responsible for the pocket that had started the original excitement. He was always finding "traces"; he was never discouraged; he always saw wealth just one day ahead.

Coakley had come to this place in the height of the excitement, and he had lingered as the others left discouraged. The "fever" had got him, had wrecked a mind that must have been already weakened, and had made him what he was—a visionary old derelict.

His daughter had come to get him and take him home a year before. They had a home then, heavily encumbered as a result of his mining infatuation, but still a home. He had refused to return, and she had dutifully remained with him. The home had been sacrificed in consequence, the encumbrances eating up all but a little of the sum realized, and that little was soon exhausted. How they had subsisted since then was not clear to me, but it was plain that they had led a precarious existence.

One of the most pathetic, and also beautiful, features of the affair was the brave pretense that the girl made, before her father, of believing in the mine. She humored him in this, discussed the prospects, and journeyed

with him in his dreams of future luxury.

It made a wonderful impression upon me, and also upon Applegate. Indeed, Applegate startled me at last by asking Coakley what he would take for his mine. It occurred to me that he might buy it as a matter of sympathy. That would have been fine, of course, but how could I, who had been specially charged to protect him in financial matters, justify such an investment to my employer? However, Coakley's answer relieved me of anxiety on that score.

"Like to get a big thing cheap, wouldn't ye?" returned Coakley, with a cunning leer. "Think I'm so hard up I'll jump at a little cash, don't ye? Well, I don't know 's I want to sell. Anyhow, I wouldn't talk less'n a million."

There was no chance of Applegate making a fool of himself on any such basis as that, so I ceased to worry. The girl also seemed relieved. Desperate as her plight was, she would have no one lured into loss by her father's foolish dreams and talk, and I saw her frown when Applegate paid the old man ten dollars for the use of a deserted cabin. However, it was Applegate's affair. She could do no more than she had done.

That Applegate was still busy with the problem of the girl was demonstrated as soon as we were alone in the cabin.

"Beastly shame!" he remarked. "We got to do something."

"What can we do?" I asked. "You've already given him ten dollars for twenty-five cents' worth of lodging."

"That two pun," he returned, "wasn't for the lodging."

"No," I agreed; "it was for the girl."

"We cawn't do more than that in money, old chap," he went on, "for she wouldn't have it; but we might stock up a bit, you know."

"How?"

"I'm thinking you're a bit dense, old chap. We rawther fawncy this place, you know, it's so high, and the air's so good, but we cawn't stop without provisions. So you run into town, and

bring out all you can carry on one of those silly awsses they use——"

"Oh, a pack mule," I interrupted.

"That's the beast."

"What then?"

"Why, we go away, and leave it all, old chap. Cawn't stay as long as we expected, you know."

"That's not a bad idea," I agreed.

"But why should I go?"

"Fawncy awssing such a question!" commented Applegate. "Why, I wish to remain, you know. But I'll pay for it all."

"Oh, I'll put in my share," I returned.

"But, old chap," he objected, "I'll make the guv'nor pay, you know, only he won't know it."

"And I'll make the firm pay," I retorted, "only they won't know what they've paid for."

So it was settled that I should go after the supplies in the morning, but I was not altogether at ease in the matter. I felt that I was, to some extent, Applegate's guardian, and it would never do to permit any feminine entanglements. It did not seem quite safe to leave him. He was such a sympathetic and susceptible fellow, that there was no telling what the result might be.

I was further disquieted in the morning, before starting, by a return to the subject of the value of the mine. Applegate wanted to know what Coakley would take for a half interest, and Coakley thought he might let it go for a half million. That was all right, because it was too preposterous for consideration, but Applegate insisted that there ought to be a big reduction if the new partner undertook to do all the work and pay all the expense of developing the mine expeditiously, relieving Coakley, and leaving him free to enjoy his money. In that case, Coakley thought he might knock off a hundred thousand dollars.

Applegate then wanted to know what he would take for the right to work the mine for a certain length of time, and make such profit as he could in that time. Coakley's figure was still preposterously high, but I could see that it

was being gradually worked down to a possible basis. It worried me.

It also worried the girl. She insisted, in confidence, that it wasn't a mine, that it wasn't even a prospect, that it was only a hole in the ground, and that she would feel like a thief if Applegate put even a penny into it. But he persisted, in his obstinate, British way.

I pondered this as I was riding to the little town at the foot of the mountain, and it disturbed me greatly. Upon arriving there I made inquiry as to the mines on Gray Top. Nearly everybody laughed. That field had been exploited to the limit, and there had been but one strike. All but the two or three interested in that had gone broke. One man only, Pete Stoner, offered any encouragement.

"There's sure gold in that mounting somewheres," said Pete, "but the trouble is to find it an' git it out. It's the heart-breakingest mounting in the world, not to say nothing of the men it's broke the other way. There's been 'indications' a-plenty, but they don't come to nothing. The gold is somewheres there, but it may be clean through on the other slope. Anyhow, it's wore out everybody that's tried to find it. Somebody with a gover'ment mint backin' will come along some day, an' put in machin'ry an' tear the whole top off the mounting, an' he'll git it, but nobody else will, only by accident."

I learned that Pete was an experienced miner, although, like many others, he had made only a precarious living so far, and I made a deal with him to go back with me, and take a look at Coakley's prospect. I needed some one to look after the pack mule, anyway, for I was inexperienced in such matters.

We reached the cabin on the afternoon of the second day after my departure, but found no one there. I knew, of course, that they were all up at the mine, so I left Pete at the cabin, and went up after them.

The sight that met my eyes was disquieting in the extreme. Applegate and the girl were seated on a rock, quite close together. Some water-color

paints, some cards, and a sewing-woman's lapboard, somewhat warped, lay near her. I discovered later that this represented her sole source of income. She painted Christmas cards, New Year cards, birthday cards, cards for all possible occasions, and sold them to a novelty house in the East, making that long trip to town occasionally to forward them.

But she was not painting now; she was listening to Applegate, who was talking to her very earnestly. Her eyes were cast down, her cheeks were flushed, and she shook her head from time to time, which only seemed to make him the more insistent. Finally, she looked up and nodded, as if convinced against her will, but still glad to be convinced.

I thought it time to interfere.

She showed her perturbation when I spoke, but he accepted the interruption in his usual phlegmatic way.

"Got all the bally stuff, old chap?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, the bloke that works the mine will need it," he remarked.

"Why—why——" I was so surprised I could say no more.

"We're going away, you know," he explained. "Jessie had some silly scruples, but she's promised now. There's no chawnce of a slip, is there, Jessie?"

"I've promised," replied the girl, without looking up.

It occurred to me that this was a matter to be taken up privately with Applegate, so I asked no further questions at that time. The moment we were alone, however, I asked him what was to become of the old man.

"Oh, the bally old chap is going along, of course," he answered.

"How much did you pay him?" I demanded.

"Only five hundred for a quarter interest," he replied. "The old chap got rawther reasonable toward the lawst, but I got to work the beastly hole."

"Five hundred!" I exclaimed. "It isn't worth five cents."

"Of no consequence," he returned. "The guv'nor can afford it."

No more would he say on the subject, but later he made a bargain with Pete to go ahead with the work.

There seemed to be nothing that I could do now. My "vacation" as Applegate's guide and mentor was certainly at an end, and I knew, of course, that I would be blamed for this outcome; but Applegate was of age, and could do as he pleased financially, matrimonially, or any other way. My first mistake, I sadly realized, was in not getting him away earlier; my second, in leaving him alone with the girl for two days. However, the affair had got beyond me now.

We waited one day before leaving. Coakley insisted upon it, for no particular reason that I could see, except that he hated to leave. Applegate spent the day with Jessie, and Pete spent much of it at the mine.

I was quite busy kicking myself for permitting existing conditions to develop, and wondering what the firm would say. I really didn't need to wonder about that, for I could imagine it well enough, but I kept trying to imagine it some other way.

The journey down the mountain was an odd one. We left the supplies, of course, but Pete went with us to get some necessary tools and his personal belongings, so we had five people, and three horses, and one mule. The old man rode the mule, Pete and I rode our own horses, and Applegate took the girl up behind him on his horse. Slow as we were, because of the mule, Applegate lingered far behind. I did not approve of the arrangement, but I was helpless. I could only make the best of an unfortunate situation.

Pete drew up alongside of me toward the end of our journey.

"I looked into that there mine yesterday," he remarked. "There's sure indications."

"Yes," I grumbled. "I understand there are indications all around there, but that's all."

"They git stronger as you go in," said Pete significantly. "I tried it from the mouth to where the old man quit. There's traces after you git a ways in,

growin' stronger to the end. Right where the old man quit it's 'most strong enough to pay." He paused to let this sink in, and then added: "Unless I miss my guess, that's a *mine*. I'm glad that alphabet feller give me half of his quarter."

"Oh, he did that, did he?" I returned.

"He sure did."

"Well, I'm glad it holds out some promise," I returned, glancing back up the trail, "for he's going to need something when his father hears of this."

Pete followed my gaze until his own rested upon Applegate and the girl, and then turned to me again.

"Folks won't stand for that, eh?" he queried. "Well, I reckon it needn't worry him none, but I got to git in some farther to be sure."

I told this to Applegate when we reached town, but he did not seem to be particularly elated, and suggested that we say nothing about it to the girl or her father until we were sure.

"The silly old fool would go right back there," he explained, "and we're trying to get him away, you know."

"He'll go back later," I contended.

"Oh, no," he returned confidently. "Jessie won't let him, you know. Get him away once, and there cawn't be any trouble. Ripping fine girl, Jessie, only too conscientious. D'ye know, she wouldn't listen to me at all at first."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"How should I know, old chap?" he returned. "Where *are* we going?"

I don't like jokes at such a time, and this seemed to be one.

"You're the guide, you know," he went on. "What'll we try next—after I get Jessie started East? D'ye know, old chap, she's 'most crazy over going back to her old home. Got a lover there, you know—a poor devil that couldn't do anything with the old man, silly old awss that he is. I'm sending her back to him. That's the big thing, don't you think? The mine don't count. Fine to have it pay, but it really don't count with the other. Had rawther a hard time of it, too. She made a horrible row, don't you know, over the old man taking any money from me—fawncy what a conscience!—but I showed her she couldn't help it, and it was the only way to move the old man, and her lover was waiting and writing, so she let me have my way. She'll feel rawther easier about it, though, if the mine pays."

"Then you never——" I began, and stopped.

"Never what, old chap?"

"Never mind," I said. "I want to go away somewhere and think this over for a century or two, and see if I can figure out what kind of an ass I am."

"Silly awss," he suggested.

"Let it go at that," I agreed.

SOUL OF POETRY

I FELT thee once upon my lover's sigh
As he drank in the perfume of my hair,
Once, too, upon a lonely, pain-filled cry
That sought a path to silence through the air.

Again I knew thee in a mother's smile,
Gazing in rapture on her babe new born;
I glimpsed thee for a fleeting instant while
Rose blooms were gently laid upon a pall.

Oh, soul of poetry, what was all thy sin,
That thou art doomed, in this perplexed life,
To wander thus apart, though yet within
The two great warring spheres of Love and Strife?

ANNE PARTLAN.

WITH BENEFIT OF CLERGY

By Albert Kinross



THE bank was in the High Street, a broad, leafy place of stone houses and regularly planted trees. The most of Salcombe, however, is neither broad, nor leafy, nor regular. Old Town—so they call it—a picturesque welter of thatched and cream-washed cottages, climbs the hills and clusters round the harbor; it has grown that way through the centuries, and is not at all ashamed of it. New Town, with its bank, and High Street, and electric light, and things, was added when the railway came. Into this bank, one bright September morning, stepped Miss Mamie Stuart Berridge, of Lansing, in the State of Michigan.

From Lansing, in the State of Michigan, to Salcombe, in the county of Somerset, is a far and distant cry, and the transition—like all transitions—except the greatest—requires money for its satisfactory accomplishment. Miss Mamie had money, a diminishing wad that folded up in a neat black leather case. She stepped into the bank, unfolded her wad, and handed an American Express Company's check across the counter.

The young man who did duty there reminded her that she must sign it.

"That's the second time I've forgotten," said Mamie, and wrote her name in the appointed space.

"All gold, or would you like a note?" inquired the young man.

Miss Mamie thought that she would like a note, and then she altered her mind and exchanged the note for gold; and then she altered her mind once more

and took the note. The young man smiled amiably, and blushed a little; for the transaction was fast becoming confidential, and he was told that the note would "do for Mrs. Bilson." He knew Mrs. Bilson as a party who let lodgings.

"Are you comfortable there?" he ventured.

"As comfortable as one can be in this old England of yours."

A laugh, a snapping of her hand bag, a swish of skirt, and she was gone. Other and duller customers engaged the young man till four o'clock. Once or twice that day he thought of Mamie, and wondered whether she was ever coming back again.

The next afternoon he caught a glimpse of her, seated high on a char-à-banc, and just returned from an excursion.

"She's been to Porlock Weir," he said; and then went off to play tennis, a game that invariably occupied his leisure hours of daylight. After the bank had closed there was little else to do in Salcombe.

The next day he met her face to face, and he blushed a deep pink, for she had recognized him. She gave him a bright little bow; he stopped; she inquired whether he had anything to do; and "Nothing at all," was his answer. The tennis club could go hang, was an inward ejaculation that escaped Miss Mamie Stuart Berridge.

They bought things for her supper and her breakfast, and she also wanted a new pair of gloves, and asked the young man where she could get them.

He did his best for her, and carried the parcels, and explained that a florin was not the same as half a crown. She had given up Mrs. Bilson, who had overcharged her, and was now doing her own catering.

"Just like you English," she added gayly, and led the way to a shop where they sold Devonshire cream.

This latter delicacy, it appeared, was "just lovely," and not to be had in all the United States.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, when at last they reached her door.

The young man hesitated.

"Isn't it proper?" inquired Miss Mamie.

The young man smiled.

"Well, I guess we'll just be improper."

The young man followed her into a tiny sitting room that overlooked the street.

Indoors, Mamie tucked up her sleeves and made a salad, and the young man sat on the sofa and watched her.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Baker—James Baker."

"Always been at that old bank?"

"Since I left school."

"Like it?"

"Not very much."

"Why do you stay there?"

"I don't know."

"Got put there, and here in England people stay where they're put?"

"I suppose so."

"Any prospects?"

"I may be a manager some day—get a branch office like this."

"When you're pie-faced and bald?"

Her frankness was alarming, but Jimmy Baker rather liked it.

"When I'm forty or so," he admitted.

"How old are you now?" She asked the question without looking up from her salad.

"Twenty-three."

"I'm twenty-two," said she. "Uncle Walter left me a thousand, and so I thought I'd come to England and have a good time. I'm going to be a school teacher when it's over. I've been to

college. When you've been to college you can do without a chaperon, and I'd nobody to go with me and nobody to ask. Father died last fall, and I don't remember mother. I was a baby when she died. You got any folks?"

Baker had everything and everybody. His father farmed near Bideford; his mother and sisters looked after the dairy; his brothers were at school or in positions similar to his own.

"What do they give you at the bank?" she asked.

He named the figure of his meager salary.

"My, you're not going on working for that!"

"I have to," he answered.

"Well, it's no business of mine." And now she rang for the landlady, and introduced Mr. Baker as a guest who was staying to supper.

Miss Mamie Stuart Berridge had explored Exmoor, and Dunster, and Porlock, and the other wonderful and romantic places that are within walking or driving distance of the little town.

Till she met Jimmy Baker, however, one thing had been lacking in this romance—the final touch. She saw it at last, and clearly, too; it had not been so very prominent before. Jimmy's ingenuous face brought it home to her. She wanted a companion. Doing England and having "a good time" was all very well; but without a companion, it was only half the good time it might have been.

And there was Jimmy free to go a-roaming every evening after five or even earlier. So she annexed him, and such of Salcombe as knew Jimmy whispered that this annexation was not entirely one-sided.

He was twenty-three and she was twenty-two, and it was the month of the harvest moon, and all the year's stored tenderness. They climbed the winding paths that led to the church; close together on a bench they rested, and found the sea; through narrow lanes they strolled, and thence upward to purple heather and the misty hills.

And there Mamie discovered that she

had not been mistaken. The final touch was a hand laid on hers, and an inward wound like that which comes when music is too sweet, too magical. The night she gave her lips to him obliterated America, and especially Lansing, in the State of Michigan. She wanted to stay here forever in his arms, and the moon poised above Dunkery Beacon. This place was no longer England; it had become the Land of Heart's Desire.

"Let me look and look," she cried. "I shall never see anything like this again!"

And with his arm on her neck, and cheek against cheek, they sat there, awed by a world bathed in moonlight, themselves transfigured, smitten, and silenced by the great mystery of first-awakened love. It seemed to Mamie that she had been born anew, been here admitted into some strange, all-satisfying faith.

Baker's holiday, an annual fortnight wherein he might refresh himself as best he could, was due next Monday. He had been saving up for it. During fifty weeks of the year he was a bank clerk, the other two he was permitted to be a man. By a predestinate coincidence—or so they deemed it—Mamie's trip expired on the same date.

A fortnight from the Monday she must go to Liverpool, and thence return to Lansing, in the State of Michigan. She had her berth on the steamboat; all was paid for and arranged. Thus two weeks and some odd days remained to them before she sailed.

It was on the Saturday that they made up their minds to get married.

Which of the two first jumped to that decision is hard to say, and does not matter specially. That they jumped to it is enough. The Saturday found them at Grabbist, above Dunster, and the inspiration came during a pause. It seemed as simple as the line of Dunkery Beacon, that great hill whose monstrous bulk is so precise.

Next day, in the smoke room of the Pier Hotel, they consulted reference books. They could go to London tomorrow and be married on the Tuesday, it said, provided they paid the fees.

They clubbed their money together, and went.

From then onward unseen hands seemed to guide them; first to their lodgings, thence to the office of the vicar-general, where they bought a license—Mamie had stayed in London and had a residential qualification, it appeared—and next day to the church, where they were married.

The golden sunlight of that exquisite hour when, hand in hand, they faced London was as though made for them; the old heart of the giant city could still rejoice, it seemed, and was ready to crown true lovers, and fold them in mantles of shimmering tissue and cloth of gold. They wandered through leafy squares, and a man stopped them and asked them the way to Bell Yard. Neither of them knew. Had he inquired the road to Paradise, they could have told.

The night found them in Rye, a southern place that Mamie had chosen—she had so often longed to see it.

The boy and girl shared everything in those two weeks, pain and bliss, the joy of early morning, the wistfulness of twilight, and the first white star. Their money was in one purse; they spent it together, choosing things to eat and drink, or little gifts that would remind them when their hour was come.

Over their young heads hung the shadow; they had the courage to out-face it; to-morrow was yet distant, and when it dawned they would praise God for what had been and could never be removed. They knew all there was to know; and a strange pride thrilled them, a tenderness that neither had foreseen. Love was even greater than their dreams of it and their foreknowledge. The sea's strength and the land's strength had tested soul and body, had blessed these two with infinite renewals, an unassailable virginity.

From Rye and Winchelsea they had wandered to Hythe, along that coast line, avoiding Dungeness, and pausing at Lydd, New Romney, and Dymchurch with its sands. Each morning they had bathed and often at sunset;

these old places fascinated them, and especially Mamie, who came from Lansing, in the State of Michigan.

"What a lot you know!" he said one day, amazed at her book learning.

"I'm going to be a school teacher," she laughed back, "and, besides, I like it. No, it's not the history—the dates and things—that fascinates me; but I seem to have been here before," she explained, adding: "Lots of we Americans feel that way about it—as though—as though——"

"You'd come from here?" he helped her.

"That's right—as though we'd come from here. And perhaps we have," she added gayly, finishing with: "Our name's Berridge, so we must have done."

"I never look upon you as a for-eigner," said he. "At least, I haven't since——" And he hesitated.

"Since?" she inquired.

"Since I first wanted to kiss you."

"Do it again."

Jimmy was quite prepared to take up the challenge, but she had fled. He caught her behind the plump Martello Tower, where she was hiding—and did it again. After that they returned to firmer ground, sitting on the beach, and looking out over the Channel.

"You must leave that old bank," began Mamie. "It's served its purpose."

"It brought us together."

"Yes, that's just it. And now it's brought us together——"

"We can drop it?" He had seen her point.

"I don't want you to go on working for them," she pursued. "I want you to work for us—for me."

Jimmy nodded. "I've thought of that as well," he answered.

"They give you a wretched salary; and when you're an old gazook and nobody wants you, they say: 'Perhaps it's time he got married,' and put you in charge of a little office like that at Salcombe."

"That's it," said Jimmy.

"Banking's no good in this old country unless you're somebody's son or rich

on your own account. But I know what," she added, brightening.

Jimmy sat up.

"You must get into some regular article like woollens, or cottons, or manufactured things—a good salesman's always got a chance."

"D'you know, I've thought of that as well," cried young Baker. "My brother Tom travels with wholesale groceries, and he's doing well."

"If you haven't got money, you've got to make business, and then the firm's bound to pay you—it can't help itself. My old uncle was always saying that."

And so it was resolved that, when Mamie went back to America, Jim should quit the bank, and get hold of a "regular article." Only that way could they two come together again—unless they wished to wait till he had become the "old gazook" of Mamie's prophecy.

The day of parting came. He stood on the quay at Liverpool, and watched the great boat out of sight. A mist filled his eyes; but when at last he turned on his heel and faced reality once more, a courage rose within him, and he resolved to conquer or to perish. He would conquer—conquer—conquer! All the way to London the train seemed to be repeating that burden, seemed to be branding it, stamping it in deep-bitten letters on his heart of hearts.

And with that repetition mingled an ineffaceable memory of her and her fine courage. They had kissed good-by that morning in the room of their hotel; and again in the tiny cabin where there was scarce room to swing a cat.

"Believe in me," he had whispered, her slim body close pressed to his own; and once more: "Believe in me—believe in me!"

"If I didn't believe in you," she had answered, "I would just drop overboard and no more said."

"And if there's anything else—when you get over there—you'll tell me?"

She had understood him.

"I'll tell—of course—I'll tell," and then: "It's no fun being a woman, is

it, Jim?" she had added, with a little laugh.

Now in the train, he fed on those last moments; and he would conquer or perish. "Conquer — conquer — conquer!" echoed the onrushing train.

He was in Salcombe that night, and had given notice next morning.

"Got another job?" asked the manager.

"Yes, in London," answered young Baker.

The other seemed to envy him his chance of escape. A month from then, armed with a first-class character and seven pounds in gold, Jimmy set out for the metropolis.

He had told his father as much as he dared tell that unromantic old man. He hadn't been home for his holiday this year, he said, because he wanted to get away somewhere quiet and think about his future. Now he had come to a decision. Unless one had capital or influence, banking was no good; for a poor man it was best to learn about some staple article like woollens, or cotton, or coal, and stick to that.

His father said: "We'll see," and the rest of that week-end passed much as usual.

"You know, I think you're right," said the old man on the Monday morning. "I never thought much of that banking, but your mother says it's a genteel trade, a most like parsoning or being a lawyer."

Jim Baker went up to London, and these West-country folk being a sturdy stock, no one at home or even at Salcombe had any doubt but that he would find a living. Mamie meanwhile had removed to Buffalo, New York, and had there begun her school teaching.

Letters came and went; at first by every post, then not quite so often, and at last it was agreed that, when there was nothing of any consequence to say, a post card would be enough.

Mamie wrote:

I don't want you to be *worried* by all this. You've got your work to do, and I guess I've got mine.

Sometimes to the romantic youth she seemed the least bit hard-hearted. He

mustn't let the thought of her hinder him, she insisted; yet often she wrote two letters to his one.

Baker's business hours were spent in looking for the staple article. He tried several before he dropped on to his feet; cocoa to begin with, then clocks and watches, and finally leather. He resolved to stick to leather; firstly, because everybody used it; and, secondly, because he felt instinctively that the man who had engaged him was of the sort who would give a fellow a chance.

This gentleman, a middle-aged Scotsman, Campbell, by name, had a warehouse in Bermondsey, and to him young Baker went as invoice clerk. Now he wrote leather to Mamie, who answered for a while on cards.

A suspicion flashed across him during this fancied period of neglect; but she had said no word about *that*—and she had promised. The suspicion died down with her first long letter. She had removed to Cleveland, where she had taken a new position. That explained it all, and Mamie was forgiven.

The next year he spoke French and German after a fashion of his own, and could attend to foreign customers. In the autumn he was promoted to the warehouse, and allowed to sell. One day he went out and came back with a contract running into four figures; and then, instead of an increase of salary, he stipulated for a small commission. His employer made no opposition; indeed, Mr. Campbell rather preferred this new arrangement.

Baker was beginning to put by money.

And from across the ocean came an answering whoop, shouts, and ecstasies of triumph, as, step by step, these two drew nearer to the Promised Land.

So passed the years, till he had made a home for her.

The long-awaited day had dawned at last. His commissions had reached the sum they had agreed; with his savings he had taken a modest house and furnished it. She had only to walk inside. He told his chief, now become his friend; he took him into his confidence, and unfolded their whole story.

"So that's what put the devil inside you!" cried Campbell, and slapped him on the back. "Go you off to Liverpool," he added, "and don't come back till you're wanted. Make it a week, Baker; for you're not indispensable, though you think you are. And tell the dear girl I sent you, and that I want to shake hands with her—she's given me the best salesman in all Bermondsey, d'y'e hear that?"

Jimmy heard it, and laughed; and there was a pride in his laughter as well as a deep joy. Few men had a wife like his, he knew—scarce one in all he had run across these six hot years.

Arrived home that night, he found the last letter she had posted from the other side. She wrote:

HUSBAND AND LOVER: Hold on to something tight. I have a dear surprise for you. I am bringing your boy to his father. I never told you before, because I wanted you to be free, because I wanted you to go ahead, and not bother about me and about us. He was born in the spring when I only sent post cards. That was why I only sent post cards, and that was why I removed to Cleveland afterward. I had my marriage paper to show, so it didn't matter much, and I let out and worked for the two of us; and now he's close on six years old. He's just like you, Jim; the same sturdy limbs, the same clear forehead, and good blue eyes. With him I have been able to bear all this separation. He knows you and loves you, and to-day he is mad with joy, because at last we are going to live with father. Forgive me for hiding this from you; but I didn't want to be a drag upon you. I wanted you to have a clear road and go the shortest way. When you meet us at Liverpool, you'll tell me whether I did right.

"My God!" cried Jimmy Baker. "My God, I've got a son as well! And it was like her, too—like her to say nothing, and stand aside for me!"

In Liverpool Baker met them; and the boy was just as she had described him, with his father's eyes, and forehead, and strength of chest and limb.

Mamie stood aside, holding in her tears as father and son hugged one another for the first time. He had kissed her before the child, and she was glad of that. His quick embrace, his look of pride, had been a reassurance, a reward, that wiped out in one stroke the pain of

those long years, their doubts, their fears, suspenses, and privations. From a slip of a girl she had grown into splendid womanhood; and he, the lad that she remembered, was standing there—a man.

They left the boy with grandparents and aunts, a whole cloud of new relations; and then alone they stole off to Salcombe and Dunster and the shadow of Dunkery Beacon.

It was May. Earth, sea, and sky were tender with their own tenderness; in the youth of all things green, new-fledged, or bursting into flower, they found echo and symbol of their own renewal. Lovers they had been here, when he had served in "that old bank," and lovers they were once more, now that steadfastness and self-mastery had brought them a far deeper passion.

"Would you go through it all over again?" he asked her, knowing her answer ere he spoke.

"Over and over again, if it had to be—but God is merciful to lovers," she replied. "I have learned that thinking—thinking how it all happened."

"I, too," he said.

Few things there were that these two had not thought together, though time and ocean rolled between.

London claimed them, and work, and their new home. Mr. Campbell invited himself to supper on the evening of their arrival.

"The living image of you, Baker," he said, when Jimmy, Junior, was introduced, "the living image!" And then: "I want you to stay on with us in Bermondsey; you can have a share—call it 'Campbell and Baker,' shall we, Mamie?" For the old ruffian had insisted on addressing Mamie by her Christian name.

The offer was accepted; and in parting, "Only one man in a thousand could have done what you have done," said Mr. Campbell. "And only one woman in a hundred thousand, Mamie. You've done the impossible; you're geniuses," he ended, laughing at them; and, as an afterthought: "If my boy ever gets married on the quiet and plays the fool, I'll break his blithering neck for him!"

THE ASSIMILATION OF PARIS GREEN

J. W. Marshall



BY her clothes she's an emigrant's kid; by color she's Indian; but by the way she's a-holdin' herself she's rustlin' with silk, and the only white lady in Idaho. I give it up!" says Lem Rogers, absent, to nobody in particular. And then Jim Slater and I looks up from the cinch we're a-makin', and sees this kid standin' there watchin' our kids practicin' up for a circus Percy Hooker tells 'em about seein' back East.

"Who're you?" demands Marie Coombs, bossy like, to her. And then I remembers hearin' her say it a minute before, too, but me'n Jim are too busy to look up at the time.

"What's your name?" blusters Percy Hooker, swaggery, backin' up Marie, of course.

But the kid don't say a word. She just stands there drawin' herself up a little more rebellious, and never takes her fierce eyes off Marie, not for a second.

"Dirty face!" sniffs Marie, nasty. "You're as dirty as dirt!"

And she tosses that yellin' head of hers, disdainful. And at that I sees the kid's face go white, and the sides of her nose openin' and shuttin' like she hardly breathes, and then of a sudden she's a perfect fury.

"You lie!" she screams out to Marie. "You're dirty yourself! And you lie! You lie! You lie!" she rages, over and over again, a-jumpin' up and down, and whirlin' her arms around till it's terri-fyin'. Honest, it is!

Then after a little she seems to sort of wear herself out; her voice dies away in one long gasp; and she wheels sudden, there's a scootin' flash of long, bare legs, and flyin' black hair, and tottery clothes, and she disappears round the doby like a coyote in the sage.

Well, sir, when she's gone everything's that still it makes you feel queer like. It does, for a fact! And us fellers looks at each other, gaspy, and then toward the kids, who're standin' there open-mouthed thataway, and then in a minute Jim draws in his breath like some one's grabbin' for it.

"Well, I'll be goldarned!" says old Jim, awed like. "Well, I'll be goldarned!"

And that's just the way Lem and me feels. And we keeps on a-feelin' that way, and can't think of any one she can be, till Jim remembers of a sudden he sees a old covered wagon down in the river bend the night before; and then we figgers it's them.

And then directly we saddles up and rides off after a bunch of yearlin's the boss sells to Mike Emmert, and we ain't gone a hundred yards past the old doby before we runs across this kid, all doubled up behind a rock, and cryin' and carryin' on to herself dreadful.

And when Jim climbs off his horse and goes over and lays his hand on her arm, she rouses up like a cat and tries to scratch his eyes out. You bet she does! And if it'd been any one but Jim she'd of done it, too, I reckon. But Jim he talks to her like old Jim can

with kids thataway, and first you know he's a-squattin' there with one arm round her, and she cryin' away and tellin' Jim things till it makes you want to go off by yourself somewheres. It does for a fact!

"I am dirty, and I know it!" she busts out, heartbroke. "That's what makes me so mad when she tells me. But she needn't of looked at me that way, need she, just because she's all clean and pretty herself?" she sobs.

And then she goes to work a-cryin' like the dickens again.

And old Jim, he looks at us fellers sort of helpless like for a minute, and then he clears his throat the way he does sometimes, and Lem and me just sit back and rests ourselves easy.

"And you says you and your pa are goin' back home all by yourselves?" he asks her, gentle.

But she only nods her head "yes," and don't say nothin'.

"And what'd you say them things was your ma does, before she goes off that time and never comes back?" says Jim, low.

"She just does everything!" busts out the kid, proud like. "Stands in one place and turns over'n over like lightnin', without touchin' her hands to the floor; and ties herself all up in knots and unties herself without fallin' down, and things like that. And the people they all clap their hands when she does 'em.

"And she was a heap prettier'n *she* is," she goes on, noddin' back toward the house where Marie is. "And her clothes was beautiful. I'm a-goin' to have some clothes like 'em some day," she says, after a minute, absent like.

"Watch me!" she says, excited, drawin' off a piece and makin' like she's goin' to do a trick.

And then of a sudden she shrinks back like she's just comin' to, and looks at Jim, scared.

"Who are you, anyway?" she demands, fearful, backin' away.

"Me?" says Jim, a-lookin' off toward the hills like he hardly knows she's there. "Oh, I'm just a feller named Jim," he says, slow; "just call me Jim.

And I reckon your name'll be—let me see," he says, thoughtful. "It'll begin with a 'B,' I reckon—B—B—Bertha! I'll bet it's Bertha!" he says, turnin' toward her, confident, like he can't lose.

"Tain't!" she cries, triumphant. "It begins with a 'P'! It's Paris—Paris Green!"

Horses are human! If you don't believe it, listen! That kid ain't more'n got them words out of her mouth before that Billy horse I'm a-ridin' turns his head sly, looks at me a minute out the tail of his eye till he ketches mine, bites frantic on the bit like he's doin' the very best he can, and then, like he just can't help himself any longer, he throws up his head, reckless like, and nickers hysterical. He does, for a fact!

And Jim looks at Billy cross as the dickens, and then at me the same way, like Billy's gettin' that unreliable he disapproves of him most thorough, and I ain't much better.

"That horse don't get a oat to-night, Mr. Man," says he. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

And then he turns toward the kid.

"And a mighty fine name that is," he says to her, admirin'. "I knew the first letter was in the alphabet, of course, and I knew it had loops on the side like a B. So I says 'B' to myself right away, and gets one too many loops, that's all. It's a joke on me, ain't it?" he says, a-laughin' like he's the most ridiculous feller in the world.

And with that Paris she starts to giggle, and Lem'n me, we're a-laughin', too.

"What's *her* name?" says Paris, soberin' down of a sudden.

"Hers?" says Jim, noddin' back toward the house. "Her name begins with a M; it's Marie."

"I reckon I could make a M if I tried," says Paris, absent. Then she searches Jim's face close. "You like her because she's clean and pretty, don't you?"

"Um!" says Jim, guarded. "Sometimes you likes folks because they're clean and pretty; and sometimes you likes 'em because they ain't so doggoned clean and pretty. And then, again,"

says he, "there's folks you like anyway, specially after they cleans themselves up some."

"And does things that make you clap your hands?" suggests Paris.

"I reckon," says Jim, vague like.

"Do you like me?" she demands, suspicious.

"Sure," says Jim, "I likes you fine."

"You don't!" says Paris, fierce, after searching Jim's face a minute. "I'm dirty, and ugly, and nobody likes me!"

And then, as she stands there lookin' at Jim accusin', we hears a whoopin' and a hollerin', and here our kids come a-gallopin' over, like we've ketched a rabbit or somethin' and they're a-comin' to help us kill it.

"Kids, and grown folks, and wolves are all the same," says Jim, as Paris she shrinks back against him again.

And then when the kids come racin' up, boisterous, Jim he fixes 'em with his eye, steady, and they halts breathless.

Then in a minute Jim gives that little cough of his, and lookin' at me'n Lem, like he's been talkin' to us fellers all the time, he says, says he, not payin' the least attention to the kids:

"Speakin' of this here improved princess I'm a-tellin' you about," says he; "she's lost from her folks at the time, and been lost for years, till she forgets who she is, and don't remember bein' a princess, special.

"Well," goes on Jim, a-lookin' at the kids out the tails of his eyes, "one day this improved princess—who ain't improved none yet, you understands—is a-makin' mud pies in the road, when along comes one of these here rusty city ladies in the finest carriage you ever sees, with the horses a-tossin' their heads and a-carryin' on high. And this lady she ketches sight of the princess a-makin' mud pies all serene, and she says to the driver, says she: 'Stop!' says she, imperious.

"And with that the driver stops the horses mighty quick, you bet, and the lady she fumbles round somewheres and finds a pair of these here long-handled specs, and she sticks them specs up to her eyes, majestic, and she lays back in her carriage, haughty, and

she says, says she, after lookin' at the princess a minute: 'Dear me!' she says to her husband, languid. 'Did you ever see such a dirty child in all your life!'

"And with that the little princess she looks up quick, and she notes the looks on this fine lady's face, and she hears what she tells her husband, and she says, says she, mortified to death at what she hears her say: 'Dirty yourself, you mean thing!' says she, gruff.

"And with that the lady gives a awful gasp, drops her specs kersmash, flops back on her husband's chest, hysterical, and she chokes out to the driver, breathless: 'Drive on!' she gasps. 'Drive on! Drive on!' And the driver does so.

"And then what you reckon happens?" says Jim to Lem.

"That little princess smears her up good with them there mud pies; that's what happens!" says Lem, indignant.

"And that's just where you're fooled, same as the lady was," says Jim, superior. "That little princess is beginnin' to be improved a-ready. I ain't no sure now whether it's the fine clothes the lady's a-wearin', or the insolent way she looks at her through them specs, or just the impident way she talks; but anyway, as the carriage drives off, somethin' has made the little princess remember all of a sudden that she is a sure-enough princess. And with that she wipes her hands on her apern, all excited, and she goes a-scootin' for the palace she remembers all about now, and the way she takes things in hand when she gets there just does you good to see it.

"Zip! Off comes the dirty old clothes, and splash! She's a-washin' herself up till you hardly sees her for the suds. And first you know she steps out of that kitchen shinin' like new tin, and she whisks on one of the cleanest dresses 't ever comes out of the wash, and she does her hair all up simple but neat, and then she walks out on the stoop, graceful, and the folks all clap and carry on like mad. Sure they does!

"And then, while she's a-smilin' and a-bowin' to 'em, polished, here comes this lady again, a-drivin' past in her

carriage, indignant. And when she sees the *improved* princess a-standin' there all clean and sweet, she's *some* took back, now I assures you. But when she climbs out of that carriage, scared to death, and goes wobblin' up to the princess to beg her pardon for bein' so mean, the improved princess won't let her say a word.

"'There, there!' she says, indulgent, a-pattin' the lady on the head, gentle. 'I understands, dear. Run along, now, that's a good soul, and send your little girl over to play with me to once, please.'

"And with that the lady hurries off with her face just a-shinin', tickled to death. And in less'n two minutes that little girl of hers—who's always pretty particular about who she plays with, you understands—is back there playin' with the princess like they're warm personal friends for years.

"And then does she stand up and do things like my ma did, and make the folks all clap their hands?" asks Paris, when Jim's through. And she's that excited she's tremblin' all over.

"Sure," says Jim, emphatic. "The way folks carry on over that child from then on is sick'nin'."

And then, before you bats an eye, Paris brings her hands together with a little gasp, backs away from Jim, wheels sudden, and goes whippin' off toward the river like she's on important business, certain. And us fellers and the kids watch her a minute, astonished, and then Marie turns toward Jim with a toss of her head.

"Pooh!" says she, irritatin'. "Let her run away, if she wants to. I wouldn't let her play with me, anyway!"

And with that she collects Sidney and Percy up with her eyes thataway, and off to the house they marches, without another word.

And old Jim looks at us fellers a minute, and we looks at him; and then Jim gives a grunt, flops into the saddle with another grunt, and we rides off after them yearlin's.

Maybe it's a couple hours later, and we're a-comin' back with them calves.

We lets 'em feed awhile when we gets to the river, and rides over to the wagon. There's a flash, like a tomtit toward a bush, and Paris disappears in the willers. And what you reckon? There's a old newspaper a-lyin' on the ground, all smeared up with big sprawly M's which that kid's been paintin' on it with stuff she's got in a big box! It's a fact! There 'tis a-sittin' on the wagon tongue! And while we're a-lookin' at 'em, old Green comes crawlin' out the wagon. We-all passes the time of day, of course, and the old man allows how he reckons he stays round a while till his horses get fed up some.

"Funny name that kid of yours has," says Jim.

"Who, Paris?" says he. "Oh," he says, "Teenie names her that, account she says it sounds homelike to hear it. Better not tear it!" he says, warnin', to Jim, who's picked up the paper and is studyin' the M's. "She's hell on high wheels when she gets mad! Say!" he goes on, confidential. "Are you-all the fellers she sees this mornin' a-lookin' for a lost princess?"

"I reckon," says Jim, sober. "Any news?"

"No," says the old man, "I ain't seen nothin' of her. But," he says, glancin' round, furtive, "I overhears Paris tellin' herself how she's just naturally a-goin' to scrub her clean down to daylight when she gets her hands on her."

And Jim's that tickled he laughs to himself all the way to the corral about it.

Well, we don't see any more of Paris till the next day, when we're at that circus the kids been practicin' up for. Mrs. Gates, and Mrs. Coombs, and Mrs. Hooker, and Jim, and Lem, and me all pays our five pins, and sits down grave as old sheep, and we're all ready to begin.

"My Gawd!" I hears old Jim say, of a sudden, under his breath, grabbin' a-hold of my arm, painful. And simultaneous I hears the women gasp. It's Paris!

Paris has washed! Washed till her little bare legs, and her naked arms and chest—where she cuts the whole top

of her new-washed dress away—are red as fire. And stickin' up from that poor little tacker's chest, like it's a thing on a stick, shines the painted face of Paris Green. It's white—dead white from chin to ears, to eyes and hair; and red—a big splotch on either cheek. And you dassen't laugh. She's too awful, and earnest, and sure of herself that-away.

And just when you're feelin' like you can't last another minute, Marie she sucks in her breath and stoops for a stone; and then Jim—good old Jim, who always seems to know somethin' to do—starts clappin' his hands, frantic. It's a inspiration. And Lem and me and the women folks start clappin', vigorous, and the kids looks at us a minute like they're wonderin' if we means it, and then of a sudden they're most beatin' their hands off.

All but Marie. Marie keeps on a-lookin' from Paris to us folks, and back again, black as a black cat, and just won't do nothin'.

But Paris smiles. It's a painty, sticky smile; but somehow it makes you glad you didn't laugh. Then she bows to right and left, blows a kiss to us, and another to the kids, and with one round sweep she's a-standin' on her hands, and goes walkin' in a circle round the kids on 'em. She does, for a fact!

And the women gasp. But around goes Paris till she's back where she started, and then, flip! she's clean over, and lands on her feet, graceful.

Then she starts doin' things with herself, like puttin' one foot back of her head; and bendin' over backward till her hands touch the ground; and whirlin' over and landin' on her feet without touchin' anything, till it makes you dizzy. And old Jim is a-sayin' things under his breath, and I looks at the kids, and Sidney and Percy are a-jumpin' up and down delirious.

But Marie's a-standin' there perfectly still, and she ain't clapped, not once.

Her head is sunk down into her shoulders, and her eyes are shiftin', like she's watchin' everything she has in the world bein' slowly took away.

There's a outburst of clappin' again—and Paris has finished. She stands there pantin' away, with that black hair of hers all down and hangin' round her face, and she ain't hearin' nothin', evident, and she ain't seein' nothin' but Marie. Her shinin' eyes are fixed on that there child like she's earned her, and 'tain't in human nature to wait another minute.

"I know what yours is," she says, eager, takin' a step forward; "it begins with a M; I can make 'em; it's Marie! Mine begins with a P; guess it! It's Paris!" she busts out, like guessin' is too long; "Paris Green!"

There's another gasp from the women at that. Then one of 'em giggles, and, of course, the rest of 'em giggles, too. Paris don't seem to have ears to hear it, but Marie does, and that lost look's gone like a flash.

She drops the stone she's been a-holdin', surreptitious, and the most virtuous expression you sees in all your life comes over that child's face. Honest, it's beautiful! For just a minute. Then with a flirt she's glarin' away at us folks, indignant, and up goes her head again, bossy.

"Pooh!" she sniffs, turnin' to Paris, protectin' like. "They wouldn't know a princess if they sees one! Let's all go play by ourselves!"

And with that the four of 'em go gallopin' round the colt sheds, Marie a-leadin' of course.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" says Lem Rogers, breathless. "Now how does you account for that?"

And Jim gets out that little cough.

"By spellin' it with a W," says he, sober. "By beginning it with a W, and windin' up with a n."

And before he dodges, Mrs. Hooker fetches him a whackin' box on the ear.



The PROPER STUDY

By JANE W. GUTHRIE



ROLAND listened to the retreating footsteps of Malcolm Clarke, who had been his guest, heard the last snap of the outer door, and then turned toward his wife, with the smile of opulent hospitality still upon his face. Conscious for some time past of her icy demeanor, he, nevertheless, with that foolish masculine fatuity which impels men to rush upon their fate, made an assertion that he knew instinctively his wife would deny.

"Clarke is one of the most interesting men that I know," he observed genially.

Mrs. Roland gazed at him abstractedly, almost vacantly, for a full half minute, and then remarked, with careless indifference, and a suppressed yawn:

"Is he? He has always seemed to me to be a social impossibility."

She dismissed the subject with an announcement that it was time to go to bed, and left her husband with his tobacco, moving wearily out of the room, as if the evening had put more of a pressure upon her nerves than she could well stand; and Roland, watching her, pondered, in masculine fashion, upon the inexplicable and inevitable antagonism that always seems to exist between a man's wife and his personal friends.

Malcolm Clarke had been a college classmate of Alfred Roland's who had been buried, Amy Roland judged, in the subsidence of some social clay of business or investigation of abstruse subjects in out-of-the-way places, and

had been unearthed recently by her husband, who had brought him into the intimacy of home life, insisting upon his dining with them once or twice a week, while finding in him an apparent complete sympathy of tastes and understanding.

Described in the city directories as a consulting engineer, Amy had discovered by a system of negatives, as revealed in their conversation across the dinner table, that the two men were engaged in a study and probable practical demonstration of aviation.

Rarely did they refer to this subject in their talk, though discussing at length and broadly engines, and speeds, and cylinders, and elevations, with an indifferent acknowledgment now and again of flying machines and the avid public interest therein; the inference being that caution was necessary in discussing so dangerous a sport before a woman; a masculine attitude which Mrs. Roland used to stimulate an always lively imagination in writing to her friend, Justine Milburn, who had lived abroad for two or three years, with Paris as a place of permanent residence.

A man of few words when not talking upon a theme that interested him, Clarke frankly asserted that he detested society, his half-weary, half-indifferent expression giving full credence to this assertion. Tall, and thin, and rather worn-looking, he carried with him a certain mystery, the suggested knowledge that he withheld from ordinary comprehension, an attitude peculiarly

baffling to a woman of Mrs. Roland's temperament, though he could talk with great charm when he chose to; and yet, out of some possible self-consciousness, perhaps, or that incapacity for speech which men who have lived in the silent places feel in the presence of women who have made a profession of social life, almost habitually, he left Mrs. Roland out of the conversation, and Amy Roland did not like being left out of conversations, as she had evinced on more than one occasion; and yet, the next morning, after her summing up of Malcolm Clarke, with what looked like inconsequence, and before they had finished breakfast, she was urging her husband to wrest a promise from this very man to be a guest at her next bridge party.

"There is no place like the bridge table for studying humankind," she averred. "It offers practically an unlimited field for observation and understanding. And"—Mrs. Roland pushed back her chair from the table for a moment, as if to discuss the subject tolerantly, threw one foot over the other with an inimitable grace, displaying most generously a pair of bronze slippers with gold buckles, daintily exquisite—"I am anxious to be kind to your friends, Alfred," she explained gently, "and if Malcolm Clarke is, as you say"—there was the faintest uplift of the brows, nothing so definite as question, or so positive as unbelief—"if he is, as you say, a very clever man, and a mechanical genius, I am anxious to find it out, mine it out, if necessary; and it takes mining, sometimes, to get any conversation out of him." Amy sighed resignedly. "I am always ready to lend myself to experiment for the family good."

She drew her chair up to the table, took up her neglected cup of coffee, and gazed at her husband over the rim with a flash of laughter in her eyes.

Roland put his plate aside, and leaned his elbows on the table in front of him as he considered the impulse back of his wife's request with a twinkle far back in his eyes.

"On the principle," he inquired

mildly, innocently, "that the proper study of womankind is man?"

Amy nodded her head with conviction, delighted apparently with his unusual perspicacity.

"And the proper study of mankind is—" He was seeking broader instruction, it seemed.

"Is woman." She finished the sentence promptly.

"How about the study of womankind by woman?" urged Roland, always ready to observe how his wife would extricate herself from a net of her own making.

"Woman!" scoffed Amy Roland. "No woman has to study any outward manifestation of another one. She knows by means of her own inward and spiritual grace all about every other woman. She can discount every motive, read every emotion, follow to its legitimate conclusion every impulse."

Roland pulled his watch out of his pocket hastily, and glanced swiftly at the time of day. His hurried, sidelong vision of his wife, as he did so, revealed her leisurely sipping the hot contents of her second cup of coffee as daintily as a bird sips water; her brown head thrown back just far enough to show the alluring curve of her throat; the purity of her olive-tinted cheek where her frock cast a warm reflection; and in her eyes that flash, now of mischievous foreknowledge, that spurred his curiosity.

And now she leaned over and took with casual interest a letter from the top of the collection which was placed beside her plate, held it for a moment in her hand, and then said:

"I have a letter this morning from Justine Milburn. You remember her, do you not?"

Roland groaned. Remember her! Certainly he did. Well did he remember this old school friend of his wife's, he assured himself.

"One of the most uninteresting young women that I have ever known," he asserted positively, notwithstanding his wife's reproving: "Oh, Alfred!"

"She's got pale hair, light-blue eyes,

and a snub nose, and an incapacity for speech which rivals any lack of social instinct illustrated by Malcolm Clarke," insisted Roland obstinately, perversely.

"Nothing of the kind," defended Amy stoutly. "Nor is she uninteresting. Indeed, Justine is one of the most remarkable women that I know; and a very remarkable-looking woman, too. If her hair is pale, it is abundant, and always beautifully arranged. She is tall, and has a stunning figure, and she carries herself superbly. She is merely the modern, athletic young woman, and you have always been unjust to her." Mrs. Roland was reproachful. "You have always met her with that big, indifferent air of yours, and Justine is a very reserved woman. She is very remarkable, I assure you, and I know her thoroughly. She writes," continued Amy blandly, "that she will be back in this country next week, and will give us a day or two on her way to her old home. So good of her!" she breathed fervently. "And"—Mrs. Roland lifted her brown eyes innocently again to her husband's—"she tells me that she is desperately interested in aviation, and has been to all of the big meets in France and England. We will have to arrange for her to see all that there is here in those two days. If you and Malcolm Clarke—" She hesitated delicately.

Roland stared hard at his wife from his point of vantage now beside the mantelshelf—a well-set-up man of about thirty-eight, the fine dust of years upon the edges of his dark hair adding distinction to his appearance, his gray eyes holding that unquenchable twinkle with which he was wont to regard his wife. He wanted to laugh at that delicate little hesitation, yet he hoped that he had smoothed any recognition of it from his face or expression. How in thunder—how did Amy—

And then—Roland did just what generations of men have done before him when their pet secrets stand revealed and ashamed before them. He became conscious, very conscious, of the lapse of time, and being, as he asserted in a great hurry, dismissed the present con-

sideration to hark back to his wife's original request.

"Then I'll ask Clarke to make one at your next bridge party," he conceded. "And I must go," he added hastily, as he gathered together his belongings to leave the house precipitately.

A smile, however, lingered on his lips as he closed the door behind him, a smile that broadened to a grin as he contemplated Amy's deftly arranged plan to transfer Justine Milburn to his care. Was it by way of reprisal for all of those dinners that she had endured with Malcolm Clarke as guest? But Justine Milburn! There was a wry twist to Roland's lips as he recalled his memory of her. He laughed shortly to himself. Justine Milburn and Malcolm Clarke, social undesirables as viewed from the differing standpoints of the family.

Then it was that Roland had an inspiration. Why not transfer the responsibility to be thrust upon him to his friend, Malcolm Clarke? But—come to think of it—was not that just what Amy had meant to suggest? Roland wondered, and then decided to let Amy work out her own plans, while he stood by and observed.

And Justine, like bad luck, he assured himself, came with expectation, and, to his infinite surprise, he was obliged to confess to himself that he would have to readjust his impressions.

She certainly was not uninteresting, though exceedingly reserved. There was, in truth, something very attractive about her, since that very reserve seemed to be an essential part of a character that indicated strength and dignity, an individualism which had nothing in it of pretension or conceit.

She was, moreover, very handsome in the large, blonde style, and Roland confessed grudgingly to himself that her nose seemed to have turned down in the interval of her absence, that her eyes had acquired depth, or else he had an uncertain memory; that there were both distinction and dignity in her personality as she appeared that night among his wife's bridge company.

Bound by his promise for this occa-

sion, he had produced his own friend, Malcolm Clarke, who had surprised him by his eager acceptance of the invitation when delivered, no less than he was doing now in his desire to meet Mrs. Roland's guest. Roland permitted himself to raise his eyebrows at his wife when he saw that she was assigning the two to the same table, and he leaned down and whispered in her ear teasingly:

"On the principle that two social negatives make one positive at bridge?"

She turned and looked reprovingly at him.

"I, too, am going to play at that table," she said, with an air of injured innocence, "and I don't see how you—any one—could apply such a word to Justine. She is very remarkable—certainly much more so than—most of the people who come to this house."

How delightfully feminine Amy always was! Roland laughed outright. Depreciating now one person that another might be exalted, and he looked down at her now with amused eyes, as she continued triumphantly: "Just look there!" indicating Justine Milburn and Malcolm Clarke, who was talking to her now; talking with animation and eager gesture, while the girl was listening with a flush on her cheeks, a light in her eyes, and that superb turn to her shoulders that distinguished her from every other woman in the room.

When she spoke, Roland stared in amazement. Clarke—Clarke was simply hanging on her words, his heart in his eyes; he was absolutely absorbed in what she was telling him so eagerly.

"They do seem to be rather light-headed, do they not?" Roland whispered to Amy. "And I think that you would better place me at that table to prove a balance wheel, and see that my friend is not victimized."

If Roland had been amazed by Malcolm Clarke's unwonted interest in the social opportunity offered him, he was still further surprised, almost dismayed, it might seem, by the chameleonlike disregard which Clarke exhibited for impressions created on former occasions.

He made himself the life of the card

table. He smiled and even joked with Mrs. Roland, poked fun at Roland, and treated Miss Milburn as if he had known her all of his life, and ended by winning Amy's conclusive respect by his bridge.

Indeed, she was puzzled beyond measure by one hand that he played with consummate skill; it seemed to carry with it a meaning that he intended to convey to her, as if back of all of those dinners at which they had played at cross-purposes, and back even of the present situation, he read her, and was not at all stupid in conveying, as delicately as she might have done, his appreciation of her intentions, and a sort of subtle, satirical understanding of it.

As dealer, playing with Justine, and a score of nothing to eighteen against him, and holding ace, nine of hearts; a singleton five of diamonds; seven, six, four, three, two of clubs; ace, king, ten, nine, three of spades, he passed the make to his partner, who made it hearts.

Mrs. Roland, who was leader, holding seven, six, five, four of hearts; queen, ten, nine, eight of diamonds; king, nine of clubs; and queen, eight, seven, six of spades, led her six of spades.

The dummy went down with king, queen, knave, ten, eight of hearts; ace, queen of diamonds; ace, ten, five of clubs; five, four, two of spades.

Third hand held three, two of hearts; king, knave, seven, six, four, three, two of diamonds; queen, knave, eight of clubs; and knave of spades.

Clarke secured the trick in the first lead with his ace of spades, and then took command of the board. He led his singleton diamond to the ace in dummy's hand, and returned the queen to the ace of trumps in his own, leading then his nine of trumps to the ten in the dummy hand; then leading from there the king, queen, and knave in succession; he followed these with a lead of spades—the four—he ducked in his own hand to let the queen in Mrs. Roland's hand take the trick in order to obtain discards of the losing clubs, and by using the last trump, the eight, was able to bring in his spades, making a little slam.

In refusing the finesse, in trumping high in order to unblock the suit, and in ducking, Clarke showed the skill of study and long practice, and there was a gay little glitter in his eyes, as if he had said to Mrs. Roland, when they talked the hand over afterward:

"I am not without understanding, and I can meet any one at his own game and on even terms, and win out if I choose, even with the odds against me, and I hold a fair show of cards."

And Amy, pondering, smiled a trifle ruefully, as she realized that she did not understand him at all.

Justine, however, accepted his game and himself as if they were matters of course, with that reserve that seemed to say: "I understand." Her eyes, if they expressed anything, showing admiration.

In an opportunity for an aside, Roland, observing the trend of opinion at the table, leaned over, and whispered to Amy: "Do you think that he has gone to her head?" And Amy, with a flashing look of feminine satisfaction, murmured in reply: "Not the slightest doubt that he has lost his."

Not yet, however, was Roland's astonishment filled. This came when Justine, the next morning at the breakfast table, informed them, without blushes or excuses, and quite as if it were a matter of course, that Clarke had offered to take her out to the aviation field that day, and she intimated, without any hesitation, but with a sweet politeness, that the presence of neither her host nor hostess was a necessary adjunct to her outing.

It was when dinner had been long delayed by her nonappearance that Roland permitted himself to grumble unrestrainedly, in a sort of relief to his feelings of misunderstanding, or lack of understanding.

"I don't mind anything but that artificial interest of hers in flying machines," he said, "and she doesn't know a monoplane from a biplane, I'll warrant; but insists on talking all of the jargon that she's picked up from the newspapers. She's as ignorant as a donkey about the whole business; and

I'm sorry for Clarke," he fretted gloomily, yet sympathetically.

Undismayed by his wife's exclamatory denial of Justine's ignorance, he went on:

"Now, Clarke does know something about aeronautics. What he doesn't know isn't worth knowing," he asserted. Then Roland, feeling a sense of being abused, in masculine fashion, flung himself back more petulantly. "Will you tell me," he questioned darkly of his wife, "why, when you women find a decent chap unmarried, that you immediately pick out some uninteresting girl to thrust upon his notice, and help to interfere with all of the easy flow of life?"

Mrs. Roland permitted herself to laugh immoderately at this query and its attendant grumble; yet she managed to convey to her husband that there was a deeper meaning to her laughter than she cared to admit just then, a fact that proved a stimulus to his curiosity, and put her as a hostage against the communication that he brought to her the next evening, after Miss Milburn's final departure.

"Amy," he said, at the dinner table, speaking suavely, but with the twinkle shining far back in his handsome gray eyes, "I saw Clarke to-day."

"Yes—yes." She waited impatiently, almost urging further communication with her eager face.

"I wondered——" Roland held his cigar in hand, and contemplated the tip of it, and the blue smoke that curled out from it.

"And you learned?"

She smiled up at him, speaking softly, with anticipatory delight, her brown eyes fixed upon him affectionately. Roland was such a delightful person to tease. Sometimes he was as stupid as the ordinary man, and then again he was as clever in seeing things as a woman; and she never knew just how far he would follow, or even lead her feminine intuitions. "You learned that Justine knew something of aeronautics, after all?" she questioned.

"I did nothing of the kind," he affirmed promptly, understanding, as he did, that aviation was a man's sport,

not for women. "I did nothing of the kind," he repeated, even though he noted, as he did so, a gleaming sparkle in Amy's eyes. "But I did learn—and I wondered if——" Roland took a long puff at his cigar, withholding the gist of his information, dangling it, so to speak, above his wife's anticipatory gaze. "If you, being a woman, and understanding women so well, able to discount every motive, read every emotion, and follow to its legitimate conclusion every impulse, knew——"

"Knew what?" questioned Amy sharply, her "I-told-you-so" expression almost demanding words.

"That Justine Milburn has been engaged to Malcolm Clarke for some months?"

Amy's mouth dropped with surprise—absolute, undisguised surprise. This was just what she did not know. Just what Justine had not told her. The outrage of betrayed confidence pictured itself on her face for one brief moment, and then, true to her instincts, she quickly gathered together the fragments she possessed for defense, the twinkle in Roland's eyes acting like a dash of cold water. It would never do—in Amy's creed—to allow Alfred to have the last word, or witness defeat in any of those little efforts with which she kept life in motion.

"Miss Milburn," Roland explained, "did not wish that her engagement, which took place in Paris, through the introduction of a mutual friend, should be known to any one, until she had communicated it to her relatives and friends in her old home; but my friend"—Roland, it seemed, purposely accented the possessive in speaking of Clarke—"did not feel that this was fair to us, so he told me this morning. It seems strange, too," he remarked innocently, mildly, his eyes fixed abstractedly upon the smoke curling upward from the ashes of his cigar, "that you were not able to divine it the other evening at the bridge table, or understand Clarke, since you had there an unrivaled field for inferences."

Amy couldn't stand that. She rose, and went over to where Alfred sat.

"And he told you nothing else?" she questioned, her voice containing accents of hope.

"Wasn't that enough?" asked Roland laughingly. "Was there anything else to tell after that? Clarke could apparently think of nothing more. The only point that I would make in the matter"—Roland's eyes were fixed now on Amy's face; laughter, suppressed, teasing laughter, was on his lips—"is, since Justine Milburn is not, as you insist, 'a social impossibility,' that you should have attempted to help her out."

But Amy's eyes were shining now, too. Alfred had never yet tangled her up in a net of her own making, and there was always some way out. She stood off from him, a gay, flashing, exquisite little sprite of a woman, her yellow dinner gown setting off the purity of her olive-tinted skin, deepening the glow in her lovely brown eyes.

"Did he tell you," she asked, feeling her way over shaky ground, yet going surely, as was her wont, "did he tell you that Justine is an expert aviator? That she has been studying and demonstrating aeronautics in France? That she 'knows a monoplane from a biplane,' since she is here now to exploit a certain machine, and is known over there as a fearless and expert demonstrator, full of resource and strength for the small machine she handles? I wondered——" Amy mused gently, her head on one side, as she contemplated her husband's supreme, unmistakable surprise. "I wondered, since Malcolm Clarke did not tell you, that you were not able to divine it, through your opportunities for inference. Justine wrote it to me. I knew it before she came."

Roland sat forward in his chair; there was no disguising his actual astonishment; he made no effort now to do so.

"The deuce!" he murmured.

Then he leaned over and lifted his wineglass, with eyes shining with laughter.

"To our friends, Amy," he called gayly, "the proper study!"

MRS. ELLY'S WAY

JOHNSON MORTON

THAT Lord Angora should marry was an absolute necessity. And that the lady whom he might honor with his hand and prospects—"to say nothing of his heart," Lady Butterscotch used to add, with maternal complacency—must, in addition to other proper qualifications, have money, was a condition no whit less essential. For young Angora stood as the sole hope of an ancient house, as rich in daughters as it was poor in rents; and that he had reached the age of thirty-five—by the way, he didn't look or act it—exasperatingly free from any sense of responsibility as to his future, was a constant cause for discussion and head-shaking in his family circle.

"Zenobia Palfrey comes to-morrow," Lady Butterscotch remarked suddenly at the breakfast table one June morning in London, "and I want you to be particularly nice to her." Her ladyship's deep voice sounded a note of command, and the glance she sent in her son's direction was full of meaning.

"Oh, of course, mother." Angora looked up lazily from the dish of eggs and bacon to which he was giving frank attention. "I'm always particularly nice to everybody. But who is it this time, a new protégée? Come, let us know the worst. Rather of a name, Zenobia; don't you think? Who is she, anyhow?"

At the other end of the table, Lord Butterscotch lowered the *Morning Post*

to look reproof over his round glasses. Lady Sybil, the youngest unmarried daughter of the house, who made the fourth at breakfast, tittered uneasily. His mother's retort, however, was immediate.

"Really, Angora," she cried, "I am astonished. Protégée, indeed! My dear boy, if only you'd move in the society where Heaven placed you, instead of going about with the queer people you seem to like, you'd be ashamed to ask the question. Why, everybody knows Zenobia! She's the daughter of the Palfrey who owns half Berchesham. Comes of very decent people, too; and, incidentally"—Lady Butterscotch allowed herself an effective pause—"she's one of the greatest heiresses in England."

Angora made a wry face.

"Oh, Lord, another!" he began flippantly, but his father interrupted.

A great stickler for etiquette in his mild way was the earl.

"That's scarcely the tone to use to your mother, sir, and in speaking of a lady," he ventured. But at a sign from his wife, a sign only too readily interpreted after many years of experience, he stopped short. "Bless my soul," he finished lamely as he looked at his watch. "Bless my soul, I believe I've an appointment for ten, and it's that already. You will excuse me, my dear?"

When he left the room, Lady Sybil went with him. Not that she wanted to go—far from it. Already she could sniff developments in the air. But

something impelled her; something that all her life long she had never been able to resist. And this same something—his desire for flight was equally strong—impelled Angora to remain.

Then, as the door closed, Lady Butterscotch smiled; in her eyes shone a mother's lovely devotion, despite the anxious sternness of her lips; and, with the admirable disregard of preliminaries that had always characterized her, she addressed her son.

"Miss Palfrey comes to-morrow, Angora," she repeated briskly; "and the reason I have invited her is that you may see her, and, if you like her"—the accent paid tribute to a certain dormant sentiment of which the poor lady had never been able to rid herself—"if you like her, and all goes well, you may ask her to be your wife. Please don't speak yet." Her long white hand waved back Angora's protest. "Please wait until I have finished. It all sounds quite bald and horrid, I know; but, really, my dear boy, we are in desperate straits just now. It's much worse than it has ever been before; much worse than you have any idea of.

"Your poor, dear papa has been making a muddle of things again; this time with some new sort of gold mine, I believe. Turncoat is insisting that your sister Lavinia's settlements be paid, which, I dare say, is only natural, for they've been married three years. Then we've started the repairs at Trullover—the roof would have fallen in if we hadn't—and here we are in town, saddled with the rent of a house for the season. Sybil or no Sybil, I'd never have taken it if your papa had been candid with me; but he wasn't, and, as usual, I have to face things. So, you see, my dear boy, something must be done at once. Why, we've simply got to have some money in the family, somehow; and we look to you to make it possible.

"Really, you ought to do this much for us, Angora; for us and yourself as well. You've known how badly things were going with us, and you must acknowledge that we haven't bothered you much, papa or I, though, naturally,

we expect something from you; and we certainly don't want the title to lapse, even though there's hardly enough to keep it up decently. You haven't seemed to give a thought to marrying, and you certainly have never cared for girls as most young fellows do; but now you aren't a young fellow any longer, and it's high time you became serious and settled yourself.

"We don't want you to marry any one you don't like, no matter how rich she may be; but then, again, you may like Zenobia Palfrey tremendously. So, you see"—Lady Butterscotch had left her seat, and now stood beside her son, her hand affectionately on his shoulder—"how easy it will be to make us all happy and comfortable.

"And you must promise me one thing more, Angora; that you will, in a way, give Miss Palfrey a chance. Devote yourself to her, my dear boy, and, even if you don't find her very attractive at first, try to like her. Believe me, it all lies quite in your hands."

Despite himself, Angora laughed aloud; Lady Butterscotch looked puzzled.

"But I don't see anything amusing about it," she protested.

Her son shook his head.

"There isn't," he corrected himself.

"I must have been thinking of something else. On the contrary, it's very serious, indeed. I suppose that's why I laughed."

Then he patted his mother's slender hand.

"Good old mother," he said, "I'll consider it; and I'll promise, at any rate, to do the best I can."

An hour later Humphrey Reginald Cecil Michael Beauregard Portcullis, Viscount Angora, and heir to the earldom of Butterscotch—really, he looked quite worthy of all his beautiful names, as he stood at the door, a figure of fine manliness—was ringing the bell of Mrs. Lacey Ellys' little house in Penguin Terrace.

Now for a word about Mrs. Lacey Ellys herself. A widow and an American, she possessed, in addition to these salient characteristics, charm, spirit,

and beauty. Perhaps she wasn't quite as young as she looked—that would have been ridiculous—but she was, let us assume, of just the right age.

Three years before, after the death of her husband, a man much his wife's senior, she had come, admirably accredited, to London. She found that she liked it, and that it seemed to like her. So she had stayed on to take, in her modest way, a place in London life.

Her friends were many, interesting and clever people, too; painters, writers, and actors, with a pleasant seasoning of those appreciative and delightful persons, who like, now and then, to follow in the wake of those who do things they admire. And gradually it came about that Mrs. Ellys acquired the desirable and intangible something known as a "circle," while her tiny house proved all too small for the throng of its frequenters.

Angora had met the lady somewhere months before—needless to say, not in any of the dull drawing rooms of his mother's friends—and had liked her at the outset. Frank, quick of wit and tongue, and refreshingly free from coquetry—on the discovery of this last fact Angora prided himself—she resembled so little the women of his acquaintance that she held for him the strong attraction of the unexpected; she was so *different* that, under her influence, he became different, too.

With her he had such a sense of equal comradeship that he lost the shyness habitual to him in the presence of the other sex; a shyness, by the way, that belied his very dashing exterior. In fact, women had played so considerable a part in Angora's life that he had entered the untried field of Mrs. Ellys' friendship with all the zest of a boy.

This morning he found her at the desk in her sitting room. She looked up, as he came through the door, to smile gayly, and held out a hand; the loose sleeve of the pink gown she wore fell from her round arm.

"I'm glad to see you," she cried; "but it's only my wild curiosity that got you an audience at this unholy hour—eleven

o'clock in the morning! Oh, I know there's something up." She shook her head eagerly. "And I couldn't resist you, busy as I am"—she touched a pile of checks and accounts—"paying all my bills like a little lady. But it's nice to be interrupted by you, so sit down in that big chair and tell me all about it. Take a cigarette—they're in that box beside you—and make yourself comfortable. There! You look very fit for a nobleman in distress. Oh, yes, something is the matter; because there's a pucker on the absurdly smooth forehead of yours that wasn't there yesterday. So come—confess! What is it? Are the Socialists going to take away his title, or does somebody threaten to marry him for his beauty?"

Angora shook his curly head.

"Not so bad as all that," he began; "though it's got something to do with title and marriage both."

Then straightway under the spell of the sympathy he had always felt, though, to save his life, he couldn't have explained it, he freed his mind. Now, there's nothing on earth so expansive as a reserved man, once he's started; and in ten minutes Mrs. Ellys was in full possession of more than the reciter knew. Upon these intelligences she fell forthwith, though she scrutinized him closely before she spoke. Then she decided:

"It's your plain duty, my friend; a duty that you can't put off any longer."

Angora, reduced to boyish meekness, bowed his head.

"And the sooner you go about it, the better for all concerned, so"—Mrs. Ellys waited a moment before she held out a hand—"I wish you Godspeed with all my heart!"

Somehow her impulse suggested his dismissal. Angora started in alarm.

"But you don't understand," he protested. "I want to know what to *do*. I came to you to find out. I can't do anything without your help."

Mrs. Ellys shot at him another shaft of scrutiny. Then her mood seemed to change. She leaned back in her chair. Her smile invited confidence; her tone breathed sympathy.

"Oh, I *didn't* understand! Why, of course, I'll help you," she said, "all I can. But first you must tell me how."

"In every way," Angora went on uneasily. "I don't know what to do at all. How shall I begin? How shall I—oh, hang it all, I feel like an idiot—how ought I to get Miss Palfrey—you know what I mean—well—*interested* in me?"

Mrs. Ellys' face grew serious. For the third time she flashed that scrutinizing glance of hers.

"Oh, I don't think that will be difficult."

"But how shall I go to work?" the other persisted.

"Do you *really* want me to tell you how?" Suddenly Mrs. Ellys sat bolt upright. Her eyes took in a look thoughtfully remote, the wisdom of ages seemed to smile at her lips. "If you really do," she said, "I will. Listen: If a man really wants to make a woman notice him, first of all he must be—a *man*; and I don't think that this initial step is going to be hard for you, my friend. Then he must make her feel that his interest in her is supreme; that he is watching her constantly; that the smallest thing she says or does, or even *looks*, matters to him. He must let his thoughts go always just a bit ahead of hers. She must feel—and right here, my friend, let me tell you that a woman's feelings are very important things; how important you can't realize, so take my word for it, please—that he knows before she tells him whether she is warm, or cold, or tired, or bored—praise Heaven, however, she'll never let him guess this last—or that the sun is too strong for her, or that she's sitting in a draft.

"So much—you see, I'm merely sketching roughly—for material things. And, when all is said and done, the subtler things go in quite the same way. He must take nothing for granted; he must make a drama out of an incident, an epic from a turn of an eyelash; provided it's *her* eyelash, of course. As to appreciation, why, every woman loves to have a man compliment her beauty or her clothes—that's almost an axiom

—but, if he's a really clever man, he'll go further. He'll praise her for what she hasn't got, and what she knows she hasn't got, too.

"For instance, let him defer to her *judgment*, if he is wise. Let him ask her advice on matters that she couldn't be expected to know anything about. It won't deceive her in the least, but it will please her *mightily*!

"And all along he must wear an air of modesty—or, rather, let us say, a veneer; for in order to produce the best effect—and this will delight you, my brave Englishman—every woman loves to feel that back in a man's nature there is a strength that will never yield to her one jot; a strength to beat herself against in times of revolt, and to lean on in times of trouble.

"So, you see"—Mrs. Ellys broke off abruptly—"it's the easiest of easy matters if you'll only follow out my little formula. Go straight to your lady of millions in pounds sterling, with plenty more where that came from, and try your hand."

Angora was looking at her intently.

"Do you know," he declared, "I believe there's a whole lot in what you say, and I like jolly well to hear you say it. But it all seems to me rather over the heads of most of us. It's all right for women like *you*; but aren't English girls, somehow, different? They wouldn't understand; and, if I didn't know you, I doubt if I should myself. So, you see"—his face reddened as he spoke—"I want something easier. I suspect something that's right for people that aren't clever, you know. The fact is—I dare say you've noticed it—I'm no go at all with women. I'm *afraid* of them—I don't mind telling you; and what I rather expected from you was something more definite. I hoped you'd tell me how the courtship of a girl like Miss Palfrey should be done; how I ought to treat her; what I ought to say to her when we're alone; and how long—oh, hang it all, it sounds blunt, but you'll understand—how long I ought to know her before I take her hand, and all that sort of thing."

But Mrs. Ellys' sudden laugh inter-

rupted. It rose gayly over Angora's deeper tones. Mrs. Ellys had risen, too. She came toward him; her hands touched his shoulder. The gesture made for dismissal.

"You're too absurd to talk with," she said; "and I refuse to let you waste any more of my time. Go and profit by what I've told you, and do your best. Then come and report progress, my poor Jason." Then for a fillip: "Oh, you child, you!" she cried. "You great goose!"

These words pursued him merrily enough; but, with the closing of the door behind the viscount's broad back, Mrs. Ellys grew strangely silent. She sighed, and, instead of turning to her work again, leaned forward on the desk, and sat staring fixedly at his photograph that, in its silver frame, held the place of honor there.

With the next afternoon began for Angora a period of existence such as he had never experienced, and in which his position was entirely passive. He felt himself as futile as a leaf on a stream of destiny borne to an inevitable sea. The realization that in his case the arms of Miss Zenobia Palfrey might be equally inevitable clothed him in a sort of alarmed modesty, at once pathetic and becoming, which that lady found charming at the outset.

She herself had proved an agreeable disappointment. Tall, fair, and more or less young, she had "nice" features, and a pleasant, downright manner. Perhaps she was inclined to agree rather too constantly with whomever she was talking—especially if it happened to be a man—and her likes and dislikes, prejudices, enthusiasms, and preferences were all of a safely conventional order.

In short, she was an excellent example of the type of girl to which Angora's family associations ought to have accustomed him—only they *hadn't*. So after a day or so—they had dined quietly at home the first night, and had lunched with a party at Lavinia's the next morning—these attractions, irreproachable as he confessed them, began to pall. He fell to comparing her with

the only complete antithesis he knew—Mrs. Lacey Ellys—and in that process poor Miss Palfrey fared but ill.

"How can I follow out Julia's advice with a girl like this?" Angora pondered as, on the second night, he was regarding an act of an opera over Zenobia's strong, pink shoulder. "Why, she wouldn't even know what I meant. I don't suppose many other women would, either."

But on Mrs. Ellys herself nothing would be lost, he warranted proudly. This was food for thought. Angora smiled to himself, and straightway his mood became so ruminative that his silence lasted throughout the evening, to dampen afterward the supper party at the Savoy, on which his mother had counted much.

Nevertheless, Lady Butterscotch rose magnificently—from this failure. Her generalship asserted itself. She suffered no occasion to go untried. She offered surroundings and backgrounds to suit every mood and taste. She dealt in opportunities. The play, the races, polo games, the dinner table, motor trips, private views, drives, and walks followed in turn, and followed, alas, in vain. Lady Butterscotch was plainly worried; her smiles grew almost as frayed as the freshened gowns she wore, doomed to too stout a service.

Then she reproached her son delicately. Why had he not taken his chance? Time pressed, for they had asked Miss Palfrey only for a fortnight. It was exhausting—this campaign; and, she added plaintively, so *very dear*.

Angora's reply was impatient.

"Chance?" he cried. "When have I had one? There's too much hurry about the thing. It's ridiculous! One would think I was a professional proposer. I declare I'm getting tired of the whole business."

At bay, Lady Butterscotch had persisted.

"But you don't *try*, my dear." Tears of despair seemed to drop behind the words. "And you *promised*, you know."

Afterward, encouraged by his peni-

tence, she had made a last stand. It was for the final night of Miss Palfrey's stay.

"I will give them an evening alone and together."

She found herself thinking of it, dear lady, as a prelude of domesticity, provocative of decision.

So after dinner was over she had withdrawn on the plea of an inevitable engagement, and had taken with her the earl and Sybil; the former vaguely puzzled, the latter frankly amused.

"You'll find the library very nice, my dears." Her ladyship's parting suggestion floated; her smile seemed to involve both Angora and Miss Palfrey in some joint and mysterious implication.

"The chairs there are more or less comfortable, and you'll have the gramophone in case you care for a little music."

"But if it hadn't been for that beastly gramophone, I dare say I might have pulled it off."

Fresh from the episode, Angora had fled next day straight to Mrs. Ellys; his object, however, less discussion than advice. This time it was late afternoon, and his hostess had luckily been found alone.

"Of course, it was my chance," Angora explained. "I knew that all along from the way the mater looked at me, and, honestly, I did my best. But, try as I might, I couldn't—simply couldn't—keep Miss Palfrey to the point. She wouldn't listen, and, somehow, she'd contrive to turn the subject every time.

"Once, do you know, I almost asked her to marry me, and I never felt so queer in my life. It was when we were talking about boats—she knows a lot about boats, by the way—and I spoke of an afternoon last week when I took her on the river in a punt. I had told her how much I enjoyed it, and I was about to suggest—please, Mrs. Ellys, don't laugh at me, for, of course, it was an awfully hackneyed way—to suggest that I'd like jolly well to punt her about always; when, of a sudden, up jumped Miss Palfrey, as if she'd been shot.

"Oh, that reminds me," she cried,

and she ran straight to the cursed gramophone, 'of the song the man in striped flannels was singing on the little house boat just as we came under Teddington Bridge. Don't you remember? I'm sure that Sybil said she had a record of it.'

"The worst of it was that she had, Mrs. Ellys; and a minute later the machine was grinding out that idiot song the fat American woman sings at the Empire, all about Uncle John's collar, and that rot. So, you see, that was the end of everything, as far as my chance was concerned; for how can a man make love seriously to a nice girl when he hears nothing but a roar of

"You're a perfect lady, but when I get hitched for life, I want an orphan!"

"You don't think there was any ulterior motive in Miss Palfrey's choice of that song—the orphan part, I mean?" Mrs. Ellys asked gravely.

"Ulterior motive!" Angora's tone was scornful. "My dear lady, Miss Palfrey hasn't got such a thing with her. She wouldn't know one if she saw it. Everything about her is as plain as the nose on one's face. She's awfully nice, and all that, but she's so simple that—I don't mind telling you—she's beginning to bore me to pieces; and so, you see, I've simply got to hurry it."

"Hurry what?" Mrs. Ellys interrupted. "There was such a note of innocent inquiry in her tone that Angora looked up, puzzled.

"Why, my marriage. I thought you understood. And you are going to help me."

Mrs. Ellys smiled, and nodded her head.

"Oh, that," she admitted; "why, of course I am! I'll never desert Mr. Micawber."

"Don't you see the thing's reached a point when it's got to be settled at once?" Angora had left his seat, and now stood looking down at his hostess. "I must know my fate as quick as I can, or I can't tell *what* may happen. Not that anything especial would." He had met Mrs. Ellys' glance halfway, with

this assurance. "And so at last I've made up my mind to do what I've wanted to do all along, though you didn't like the idea, and that is to offer myself to Miss Palfrey by letter. And now I want you—I don't know at all how it should be done, and you're awfully good at that sort of thing—I want you to write this letter for me."

At first Mrs. Ellys had laughed aloud.

"Have you no humor," she cried, "my brave Briton?"

Then she had flouted him:

"Coward, to hide behind a woman's pen!"

Irony she touched as well; her words edged with scorn. She twisted phrases to his confusion. She confronted him with arguments. She twitted, she scolded, she pleaded; then, as if desperate, she threatened tears. But, at last and suddenly, she yielded.

"Wait here," she bade him, "until I come back. You are everything that is outrageous, and yet—see—I am going to do just what you ask."

When she returned, she thrust some sheets of writing into his hand. Her voice rose briskly, though her eyes did not meet his.

"Take these and copy what I've put down," she commanded. "Now, at that desk in the corner. Hurry! You've no time to waste. Use my words *exactly* as I have written them. Don't change a thing. You may trust me implicitly, my brave Briton."

Angora did as he was told; and, an hour later, the letter was being read by Miss Zenobia Palfrey in Portland Place, whither she had gone to pass a few days with the Dowager Duchess of Marigold.

At the absurd hour of ten the next morning, Lord Angora was again in Mrs. Ellys' library. This time he sat alone in a straight-backed chair, which an aproned footman had placed for him with some show of reluctance. The room, evidently in process of being swept, showed a like inhospitality, and yet as he sat there, fresh and debonair as only a nice Englishman may be, it

would have been patent to the most careless observer that Lord Angora was in high good humor.

Not even the period of waiting, protracted to almost penitential length by his hostess, or Mrs. Ellys' apparent coolness when she finally did appear, could dampen this in the least.

He rose eagerly to meet her. He ignored the protest she began: "Really, my friend, you shouldn't drag me out of bed like this *every morning!*" He forced her to smile at last by the very infection of his spirits; but when she asked her question, it was with a serious air.

"Then am I to congratulate you?"

For answer, Angora took a letter from his pocket. He looked at Mrs. Ellys closely.

"Yes, you are." He held out the letter. "Please look at it," he said.

Mrs. Ellys' hand trembled as she opened the sheet; the color faded from her face. And this is what she read:

MY DEAR LORD ANGORA: Your letter has given me two emotions. I am, naturally, pleased that you should consider me worthy of the expressions of devotion which you have put so beautifully; but, at the same time, I am astonished that any act of mine should have led you to think that I was prepared to receive them. Indeed, it never occurred to me that ours was more than an ordinary sort of friendship to which, during my stay in your father's house, I have owed many agreeable moments. However, as your letter leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of your intentions, I must show my sincerity as well, and tell you at once what everybody will know soon. I have been, for some months, engaged to an American gentleman—Mr. Arthur Trescott—whom I met last year in the States. Our marriage will take place on his return from the West, where he is at present in charge of a mine which I am financing.

Pardon the brevity of this explanation which is certainly due you. I am sorry if in any way I have made you unhappy. I thank you for the honor you have done me, and I am,

Very sincerely yours,
ZENOBIA PALFREY.

Mrs. Ellys lifted her eyes.

"Oh, you poor, disappointed boy!" she began plaintively.

But Angora interrupted. He seized both her hands. His voice rang triumphant.

"Disappointed!" he cried. "Not a bit of it! I'm glad, glad, glad!"

"Glad?" Mrs. Ellys hinted at surprise.

"Yes, glad, and relieved, and gay, and hopeful—in fact, every decent thing a man can be. Why, don't you see"—he rushed on as he brought her struggling hands to his lips—"don't you see that I never cared for her in the least, never could care for her, and that it is you I love, my darling—you, you, you? You needn't say a word! Isn't it ridiculous, and absurd, and, best of all, glorious to think that I've found it out at last? It's worth the boredom; yes, worth the ignominy—for I'd no sort of business to think of marrying a nice girl like that just for her money when I didn't care a sixpence for her. Thank Heaven that's over—what should I have done if she'd said yes?"

"And now I want you. Will you marry me, Julia? I'm asking you in so many words. I've always loved you. There's no other woman in the world for me, and there never has been. I've not been able to live without you ever since I've known you. Oh, you must marry me, marry me, marry me, even if I haven't a penny, and you haven't, either—even if Lavinia's settlements are never paid, and the Trullover roof falls in, and if we have to rent the place and live in a Bloomsbury flat!"

"You *will* marry me, won't you? Ah, my darling, my darling, you needn't say a word! I've got my answer. I'm the happiest man in the world! I *know* you will, because you've let me kiss your lips."

Some moments later she lifted a glowing face from his shoulder. Out of the peace and contentment that rested there came a flash of roguery.

"I think I ought to tell you something."

Angora held her close.

"You needn't." His satisfaction swept the skies. "I know everything."

"Ah; but this is important, and—*necessary*."

"Well?" He grew resigned.

"I ought to tell you that I'm not a pauper; no American is."

"As if I cared."

"Don't interrupt."

"I'm all attention."

"On the contrary, I'm rather well off; *very* well off. And I'm *going* to be rich; *we* are going to be rich, if you like that better; perhaps, very rich, indeed. So your family needn't worry. We'll pay Lavinia's settlements, and we'll marry off Sybil, if she likes, and Trullover shall have a brand-new roof every year."

Angora looked his wonder.

Mrs. Ellys hesitated charmingly.

"Why, you see, it's simple enough. I'm like a person in a book. There's a gold mine back of me. It's the Trescott mine in some place. Have you forgotten that I wasn't always named Ellys? My brother is at the head of it, and there's money enough now to work it to advantage because it's been financed by a very rich—"

She stopped short. A light broke over Angora's face. For an instant he looked very blank; then suddenly he laughed aloud, the sterling laugh of a man whose sense of humor is adequate to the demands upon it.

"By Jove!" he said. With his arms about her, he was looking straight into Mrs. Ellys' eyes. "Then Arthur Trescott is your brother—the man that Miss Palfrey's going to marry—and the mine belongs partly to you, and you're going to be a rich woman. By Jove!"

Then Angora laughed again.

"But there's something else that interests me still more." He made a fresh start. "Tell me honestly, Julia, you witch, you wonder girl, did you *know* all this when I came to you and asked you to help me with Miss Palfrey?"

His manner had grown serious. A certain stern authority sat on his words.

Against this Mrs. Ellys struggled for a moment. She tossed her head.

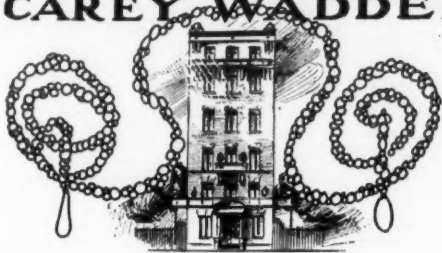
"I don't know what you mean. I refuse to incriminate myself."

She flung a gay defiance.

But an instant later she capitulated unreservedly by throwing her arms about her lover's neck, her face pressed close to his.

THE CLEAN UP AT THE CLITHEROE

By CAREY WADDELL



OF all Mrs. Worden Wills' experiences in the rôle of amateur detective, the affair at the Clitheroe—the luxurious Murray Hill apartment house where she lodged—must unquestionably be counted her greatest success; yet it was at the same time her most disastrous reverse.

A paradox, of course; but, then, was not Mrs. Wills herself a paradox?

Ideally married, she had rushed off to Nevada and procured herself a divorce. Declaring her former husband the only man in the world worth a moment's consideration, she yet encouraged a horde of scrambling suitors—brainless fops, for the most part, where they were not out-and-out fortune hunters.

Proud of Worden's success in the commissionership of police, which he had taken up after their separation, she, nevertheless, bent all her energies to thwarting his most cherished official ambition—the capture of "Diamond Sammy" Cook, a mysterious jewel robber, who had laid Fifth Avenue under heavy tribute, and sensibly paled the glitter of the horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The phrase, "most cherished official ambition," is used advisedly. Personally, the commissioner's one desire—the thing he dreamed, and hoped, and lived for—was to reclaim as his own that delectable bundle of caprice, and contradiction, and inconsistency, his wife; yet, strangely enough, the two pursuits

eventually merged for him into a single trail.

In brief, the commissioner of police had come to centre his suspicions on the same man whom the husband regarded as his most formidable rival.

Undue prejudice, possibly; yet it cannot be denied that Mr. Wills had a certain amount of justification for his theory. The thief, from all indications, was a "Raffles," posing as a member of society, and no one better conformed to these requirements than the Bret Hartesque Westerner of problematic antecedents whom Mrs. Wills had brought back from Reno in her train, and blithely forced upon her circle of acquaintances.

"Sumner Cox, indeed!" Worden would rail angrily. "Why, the very name is an impudent avowal. What flimsier alias could be found for Sammy Cook?"

Still, a belief, however plausible, is far from legal proof; and, although Mr. Wills and his assistants devised trap after trap in the hope of catching their quarry, somehow he always managed to frisk out of the snare with a whole skin.

It also added a little to the commissioner's satisfaction that often, succeeding some fresh "Diamond Sammy" depredation, when he would be congratulating himself that Cox was at last about to be run to earth, his resourceful wife, scenting what lay in the wind, would set her wits to work, and, nosing out quite another trail, would confound

him by bringing to light an entirely different culprit.

Mrs. Wills, indeed, scoffingly maintained that there "wasn't any Diamond Sammy." She put him down as a myth, a sort of "Wicked Brother," invented by the police department to cover up its own blunders and shortcomings.

The public, too—euphonious name for the nine journalistic tailors of Tooley Street—seemed to be inclining to the same view. At least, it was rather fretfully demanding that if a "Diamond Sammy" existed, he be forthwith trotted out for inspection, or, in lieu thereof, that it be presented the head of Mr. Wills on a charger.

On a single morning, the commissioner, perusing the papers laid out on his desk at the office, found in one paper a turgid, column-long editorial with the caption, "Blue-blood Incompetence"; in another, a fusillade of caustic paragraphs stinging like a shower of pebbles; in another, a cartoon depicting him asleep at a club window, while a thief robbed a woman of her rings on the sidewalk outside; while two others had hysterical, double-leaded appeals for his resignation.

He cast the sheaf of criticism and abuse from him, and sat moodily regarding the toes of his boots.

Mr. Wills was a rather stout, slightly bald, well-meaning young man, with a highly developed sense of civic responsibility. Of unimpeachable birth and social position, and with sufficient money to be able to chuck the salary of his office to charity, his advent into public life had been hailed with general encomiums, and he had taken a distinct pride in the realization that his administration was making good.

It was hard, after tasting the heady wine of public favor and applause, to find himself now so vilified and misjudged, especially when he felt that he was doing all that lay in the power of mortal man, or police commissioner, to do.

While he was thus pessimistically brooding a visitor was announced; and, with the quick tap of feminine heels, a

woman leading a small boy by the hand entered the door.

She was a pocket Venus in type—or, rather, one would say a pocket Diana—with a pretty, piquant face, and a lithe figure, almost as straight and slender as a lad's. One gathered that her shopping demands would be chiefly in misses' sizes; and she accentuated the idea by the broad-brimmed hat she wore, the "middy" blouse, with its wide sailor collar about her girlish throat, and the short skirt just reaching to her shoe tops.

Noting her extremely juvenile appearance, the commissioner hastily glanced a second time at the card he held in his hand.

"Mrs. Bellows?" he questioned uncertainly. It seemed impossible that she were other than some little girl who had come straying with her kid brother into his office by mistake.

She smiled, a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

"Yes; and this is my son, Robert. Bobby, shake hands with Mr. Wills."

Worden, concealing his astonishment, took the pudgy fist unwillingly extended to him; then, turning once more to the wrenlike little mother, waved her to a chair. Her feet, as she sat down, he observed, swung clear of the floor, like a child's.

"I am the superintendent at the Clitheroe, Mr. Wills," she commenced; but broke off to admonish her offspring, who was scuffing his toes against her chair, and muttering in an undertone.

"No, Bobby," she chided. "Mother wants to talk to the gentleman a little while. You go over to the window, and be quiet, like a good boy. Promise me you won't lean out, though, dearie, and don't climb up on the sill."

Settling herself once more, she resumed: "I am the superintendent at the Clitheroe, and——"

But Worden needed no further enlightenment. Cynthia had often spoken to him of this tiny, energetic creature—"Hop-o'-my-thumb" they called her in the house—and of the capability she showed at her rather unusual calling.

"Surely. Surely." He nodded. "I

have heard my—I have heard all sorts of nice things about you from the tenants there, Mrs. Bellows.

"I suppose, too"—with an involuntary change of tone—"you have come to see me in regard to the robbery in the building last night?"

Frowning, he reached for a bundle of reports on his desk, and drew out a memorandum from among them.

"I think you will find we have our details correct, but possibly you may note a discrepancy, or be able to furnish some additional information. Let me see"—glancing over the slip—"a diamond necklace was stolen from the apartments of Mrs. Moxley, on the seventh floor of the Clitheroe, between nine and ten o'clock last evening, while the family was at the theatre; the second maid, the only person left at home, being held at the telephone by a bogus call from a confederate while the thief was at work.

"It seems pretty well established that entrance was effected from the roof by means of a rope let down to Mrs. Moxley's windows; and I might add that—"

But at this point Mrs. Bellows, with a startled exclamation, leaped from her chair, and, diving toward the window, was just in time to seize Bobby by the legs, and drag him back from pitching headlong into the court, three stories below.

"Didn't I tell you not to lean out?" She shook him vigorously. "You must learn to obey me. Now, don't go near that window again, but sit down quietly and wait until I have finished. I declare, Mr. Wills," plaintively, "that boy keeps my heart in my mouth almost every moment of the day. Not that he is a bad child, you understand, or unwilling to mind if he could only bring himself to remember, but his disposition is so reckless and impulsive that he is always getting into mischief before he thinks."

The commissioner regarded the pouting Bobby with small favor, but remarked politely that boys would be boys.

"As I was about to tell you, though,

10

Mrs. Bellows," he proceeded, "we have traced up the telephone call, and found that it came from a booth in a Broadway drug store a block or two away, although the point is, after all, of no practical value. The place is a busy one, you see, and, naturally, the clerks are unable to give any information as to the sender.

"The circumstances I have previously mentioned comprise, I fancy"—this with a slightly interrogative note—"all that we have to go on?"

"Except," she supplemented dryly, "for the rather important fact that the Clitheroe has been robbed in similar fashion five times in the last two weeks."

Worden winced, as though at a personal criticism.

"True," he admitted unhappily. "We are—er—bearing that feature in mind, Mrs. Bellows, and"—catching at a saving formula—"are making, I think, definite progress. Nothing that I care to talk about yet, you understand; but I shall probably have material developments to report in a very few days."

His visitor, however, did not appear especially impressed.

"The different thefts were all committed by one person, of course," she commented. "Diamond Sammy, I suppose; wasn't it, Mr. Wills?"

"Diamond Sammy, certainly," with a touch of acerbity.

"But," she challenged, with her bright, shrewd glance, "you have been trying to capture him for the past six months without success."

He started, and flushed angrily as he saw the trap she had led him into. Then, in spite of himself, he laughed; she looked so like a little bird perched there, scrutinizing him with her head cocked to one side.

"Mrs. Bellows," he said good-humoredly, "I refuse to be heckled. There are many people who think they could manage affairs down here better than I, and possibly some of them are right. But I am on the job, and I propose to run it my own way."

"Good!" She gave a quick nod of approval. "Still, you would be willing

to accept outside assistance, if you thought it worth your while, wouldn't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"A mouse once helped a lion; and, although I may flatter myself, I believe I can succeed where all your trained detectives have failed."

"In capturing Diamond Sammy?"

"Yes. At least, I should like to try my hand."

Mr. Wills reflectively stroked his chin, and studied her through half-closed eyelids. It behooves the public official to be cautious; many and various are the snares laid for unwary feet.

Yet it cannot be denied that her offer was a temptation. Baffled and discouraged, he was in no humor to reject any overtures which gave promise of accomplishment; and, truth to tell, he was rather favorably impressed with the brisk self-reliance of his diminutive visitor. Neither was he one to underestimate the feminine intelligence; association with Cynthia had long since relieved him of any misconceptions on that score.

"H'm!" He probed. "What's the motive, Mrs. Bellows? Surely, you don't claim to be actuated purely by the promptings of public spirit?"

"Hardly." Her tone was frankly practical. "I have myself and my boy to provide for, Mr. Wills, and if I should be successful in the matter, I would expect suitable remuneration. Outside of that, though, unless this continuous performance at the Clitheroe is put a stop to, the house will be ruined. Already three of our best tenants have given notice, and the rest are on the verge of following suit."

"It's a cold, commercial proposition with me, you see, Mr. Wills. Either Diamond Sammy or I have got to get out of business."

Nor were her answers to the other questions he propounded less satisfactory in tone; while the scheme of campaign she outlined for her operations struck him at once as both feasible and ingenious. In short, the commissioner, completely won over by the odd blending of naïveté and shrewdness she

showed, promptly concluded a bargain at the rather stiff terms she named, and bade her good-by in a more sanguine frame of mind than he had known in many a day.

Even the discovery later on that little Bobby had artlessly emptied two bottles of ink and one of mucilage into his favorite ash tray failed to cloud the serenity of his mood.

He whistled over his work that day for the first time in weeks, and smiled tolerantly, even with amusement, at the gibes and cartoons against him in the evening editions. Animated by auguries of victory, he could afford to disregard the buzzing of the gnats.

It had been arranged by Worden that his new ally should report her progress to him from time to time; and, as was only natural in New York, where most business and all love are transacted over a restaurant table, these conferences were usually held in connection with little luncheons or dinners, where the commissioner played the host.

Naturally, too, the conversation on these occasions did not always hold rigidly to the subject at issue; and, barring a tendency to revert to Bobby and her maternal anxieties, Mr. Wills could not have asked for a more entertaining companion. He found himself immensely diverted by her quaint, original comments and breezy turns of speech.

Moreover, as transpired, there was a certain bond of sympathy between them; for Mrs. Bellows was also a victim of the Nevada divorce statutes. Unlike Worden, however, she was not supinely waiting for chance or destiny to restore her stampeded spouse, but had invoked the surer processes of the law.

"Leave him alone and he'll come home' may be good in theory," she scoffed, "but I've always found that I had to go after whatever I got. My lawyer—and he's no pettifogger, either—tells me that I can have this decree set aside, and I'm not wasting any time about doing it. The case comes up for hearing next Thursday."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Wills by no means remained ignorant of these intimate lit-

tle tête-à-têtes. We are advertised by our loving friends, especially if there be a hint of indiscretion attached; and Worden was too well known a personage long to escape notice.

Mrs. Carver came panting to Cynthia with the story of a dinner at Sherry's. Kate Frenew rustled halfway across the theatre at a matinée to detail a similar function at the Plaza. The cordon of suitors eagerly added their budget of intelligence.

In response, Mrs. Wills showed just the proper quality of interest. She was an adept in simulating delicate shades and nuances of expression; and even the sharp eyes of her feminine cronies were deceived by the artistry of her indifference.

"Far be it from me to impeach Worden's good taste." She laughed lightly. "Really, if I were a man, don't you know, I think I should rather take to 'Hop-o'-my-thumb' myself."

Still, as the reports continued to come in, it might have been observed that a slightly abstracted, not to say anxious, pucker manifested itself between Cynthia's smooth brows, and that she waxed captious, even quarrelsome, in her manner.

Mrs. Carver, her bosom friend, was reduced to tears a dozen times a day, and Freddy Onderdonk, one of her admirers, who had a pretty taste in women's dress, fairly had his head snapped off for merely suggesting that a certain gown was a trifle girlish for her style.

Finally, when word arrived that Worden was motoring almost every day with Mrs. Bellows, and that he had been seen with her at the opera three times in a single week, Cynthia ceased to pretend to herself any longer that she didn't care, and, retiring to her room, devoted herself to a season of serious reflection.

It did not take her long to fathom the secret of the bond existing between her husband and the tiny superintendent. Cynthia possessed more than her share of womanly intuition; and, besides, she knew Worden like a book. She was as certain that the two were leagued to-

gether to hunt down Diamond Sammy, as though she had heard every syllable of their compact.

Not, however, that she troubled herself particularly over that phase of the affair. It was the very reasonable outcome to be expected of such an alliance, and it was the conviction that little Mrs. Bellows had exactly that purpose in view which aroused her antagonism. Yet she clearly recognized, too, that she had but one chance to dissolve the objectionable partnership; and that was to capture Diamond Sammy herself.

To capture Diamond Sammy! Was she a Merlin to clothe a mere name—a John Doe, as she firmly believed—with substantiality, and make him flesh and blood? Could one slip handcuffs on the wrists of airy nothing?

Or, granting Worden's contention, and accepting the other horn of the dilemma—who was she to successfully lay by the heels a crook who, for six months, had mocked the entire police force of New York? Verily, she had laid herself a course between Scylla and Charybdis.

Still, the thing had to be done, somehow, even though she fitted Diamond Sammy's personality and fame to some lesser rascal. Cynthia set her chin in stubborn determination, and knitted her brows as she strove to recall the various things she had heard or read of this twentieth-century *Robert Macaire*.

It was a mild day in February—one of those days which sprout out like the crocuses between snowstorms as harbingers of coming spring—and Cynthia had her window open.

The voices of some children playing in the court below rose up to her, and mingled with her reveries. Suddenly she started, as though with an inspiration, and, leaning from her casement, eagerly watched the progress of the game.

Presently she turned back into the room, and, after a moment's thought, summoned her maid.

"My black voile, Marie," she said impatiently; "the one I wear to funerals. And do up my hair very simply—parted,

Madonna-wise, in the middle, you know, and low on my neck at the back."

She looked at herself in the glass, and shook her head in disapproval. Her eyes were dancing with excitement, and there was a vivid touch of color on either cheek.

"Some powder, Marie," she enjoined, drawing the corners of her mouth into a pensive droop, "and just a touch of the black pencil underneath my eyes."

Satisfied at last, she gave orders for a cab—no festive taxi or hansom, but a somber and penitential four-wheeler to match her chastened mien—and set off for Worden's office.

The commissioner received her amiably, but without enthusiasm.

"You look pale, and a bit seedy, Cynthia," he said. "Don't you think, perhaps, you are sticking too close to town? Why not cut it for a while, and take a run down to Asheville?"

She merely smiled wanly, and shook her head. She seemed to be nerving herself up to a desperate effort.

"Worden," she said faintly, at length, "you have been worried a lot over this Diamond Sammy mystery; and I want—I want to help you clear it up." Her voice was almost a whisper as she finished.

He shot her a quick glance out of the corner of his eye; then turned his gaze away.

"I thought you didn't believe in Diamond Sammy?" he said evasively.

"I—I am afraid I have to believe." Her hands were twisting in her lap. "These repeated thefts at the Clitheroe, don't you know—one coming right on top of another?"

"And you are getting frightened, eh?"

"No, not frightened. As I said, I simply feel that I must help you clear things up. You are being criticized, and abused, and——"

"There, there!" he interrupted a trifle brusquely. "Don't you bother your head about me, or Diamond Sammy, either. Take my word for it, that a few days more will see the scamp's finish, cunning though he is.

A clue was turned in to-day which I think just about settles the matter."

"By Mrs. Bellows?"

"Yes," he hesitated a second, "since you ask me; by Mrs. Bellows."

Cynthia's eyes widened, and she drew her breath with a little shiver.

"I might have known a woman would find out," she muttered.

"Worden"—she lifted her head, and forced herself to face him—"I must ask you something. Does she suspect that Diamond Sammy is a woman?"

"A woman?" He started, and eyed her keenly. "No, she hasn't suggested such a thing, nor—— And yet, by Jove, it might easily be." He paused reflectively. "We have pretty thoroughly demonstrated now that the suspending of those ropes from the roof was merely for a blind, and that the real method of getting into the various apartments was by way of the dumb-waiter shaft, indicating, of course, a rather slender, wiry person as the thief. Still, there's no reason why a woman, who was something of an athlete, might not have——"

He broke off sharply.

"Why are you looking at me that way, Cynthia?" he demanded.

He started to shake his head, but halted sharply with a quick throb of the heart. Yes; he did know of one who possessed not only the daring, but the requisite skill as well. He himself had seen her, down at their country place, mount a rope hand over hand, like a sailor from the floor to the very cupola of the barn.

It was this reminder which prompted him to turn to Cynthia with his startled inquiry.

"Oh, Worden!" was all she would respond. "Oh, Worden!"

She dropped her head into her arms outstretched on his desk, her shoulders shaking convulsively.

"Cynthia!" His tone still incredulous, he leaned over and caught her by the wrists. "Do you realize what you are forcing me to suspect? Look at me! Look at me, I say, and tell me that I am an idiot even to harbor such a thought!"

But she only buried her face deeper in her arms, and continued to sob miserably.

"You? You did this thing?" Worden gasped. "Surely, you are jesting. What possible motive could you have had?"

From her hidden lips came only an incoherent mutter, but he caught the words, "Wall Street," and something about having lost money.

"I will get everything back for you, though," she cried hysterically. "I can recover everything which has been taken."

Worden took a steadying turn or two across the room. When he returned to the desk, he laid a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

"We will go away from New York as soon as possible for a long trip abroad, Cynthia," he said gently. "You would not deem me taking advantage, will you, dear, if I urge that we get married again at once?"

"But your office, Worden," she exclaimed, in protest. "You have taken such pride in it."

"Oh!" He gave what was for Worden a really creditable pretense of indifference. "That was merely because I had nothing else to occupy my mind."

"We must first fix up some sort of a plausible story, so that I can return these gimcracks," he went on in practical fashion. "And then to-morrow morning I will hand in my resignation, and we'll shake the whole blooming show."

Not a word of reproach, not even a hint of censure in his voice; yet she knew how it was galling him to quit under fire in this way, and leave his work unfinished.

It was more than Cynthia could stand. Creature of impulse, she tossed her carefully arranged ruse to the winds, and with a contrite, little sob clasped her arms about Worden's neck.

"I was only trying to outwit that scheming 'Hop-o'-my-thumb,' Worden," she explained, nestling her head happily against his shoulder; "but I couldn't tear your blessed, old heart into fiddle strings doing it."

Still, she refused entirely to reveal her purpose.

"Come to my apartment to-night," she demurred, with a mysterious smile, "and I'll give you the answer. Or, no," she added, on second thought, "don't come until I send for you. Be at your club just around the corner, and I'll telephone when I want you."

That evening Worden waited impatiently at the club for the expected summons. Eight o'clock passed, half-past eight, nine; he was beginning to give up hope, when at last the call came; and, merely stopping to seize up hat and coat, he hurried around to the Clitheroe.

Cynthia herself opened her door to him. No wan and subdued Cynthia now, though, but one sparkling with excitement, radiant in a violet gown—Worden loved violet—bewitchingly attractive.

Worden took an ardent step toward her, but she stayed him with quickly uplifted hand.

"Not now," breathlessly. "We've no time to waste. Sh-h!" lifting a cautioning finger to her lips as she caught him by the hand and drew him hastily into the darkness of her little kitchen, and over toward the dumb-waiter.

"Listen!" she whispered tensely.

There was no mistake. From the shaft came a faint squeaking of the rope, a muffled rustling against the walls, as some one climbed warily inside. The sound stopped for a moment at Cynthia's floor, and Worden, swinging her behind him, braced himself to grapple the intruder; but it was only a temporary halt. Almost immediately the fellow resumed his ascent.

Worden hesitated a second; then, drawing his revolver, he switched on the electric light, and threw open the dumb-waiter door.

"Come down, or I fire!" he ordered.

The man obeyed; but, as he scrambled into the kitchen and stood revealed, Cynthia recoiled with a gasp of dismay. It was Sumner Cox.

"Ah!" Worden gave a short exclamation of triumph. "Caught at last, eh?"

But Cox seemed in no wise dashed at his predicament.

"Keep quiet," he growled, "and put up that gun. You'll spoil everything with your foolishness."

His manner carried a certain authority, and involuntarily they heeded his bidding. Worden slipped the revolver back into his pocket, and stood waiting with Cynthia's hand clasped in his. Cox closed the dumb-waiter door, and leaned against it with an expression at once alert and preoccupied on his lean, melancholy face.

For a space there was absolute silence in the kitchen, broken only by the ticking of a little round clock on the shelf; then with an active movement the Westerner flung open the door behind him, and, reaching into the shaft, dragged out two small, wriggling forms—Bobby and a boy companion of the same age, their pockets stuffed with loot.

The other boy, crying and apprehensive, shrank into a corner, but Bobby twined himself about his captor's leg.

"We was only in fun," he whimpered; "just playin' the bandit kings. All the stuff we swiped is down in the cellar, in a cave what we made out of packing boxes. We didn't really steal it, dad. Honest an' true, we was going to give it back some time."

"Dad!" Cynthia gave a low, questioning exclamation.

"Yes." It was the first time Cox had directly met her gaze. "Yes, he is my boy, and"—with a faintly ironic twist—"apparently not turning out anything to be especially proud of."

"I never told you that I'd been married, did I?" he went on, after a pause. "Well, it's on account of this boy that I'm not now. My wife's all right, but she had certain ideas in regard to his bringing up that didn't agree with mine, and—"

"But there's no use going into all that." He shook his head impatiently. "I got a divorce, and took a new name, and thought I'd started a complete new deal. But"—glancing down at the curly head now nestling against his knee—"I find that it takes more than a Reno de-

cree to cut you loose from some things. A man is bound to do some thinking when he discovers his only son hatching out to be a first-class burglar, and it didn't take me long to realize where my duty lies. I've only waited to get positive proof that I was right; and I guess even Nan will have to agree in the face of this that the child needs a father's hand over him. At any rate, I'm going to propose to her that, for the little fellow's sake, we settle up our differences."

In his slow, matter-of-fact drawl and impassive face, Worden, slightly obtuse, caught no hint of struggle or renunciation.

"That's right," he said cheerfully. "And, what's more, I don't think you need fear about her answer. In fact, Mrs. Bellows telephoned me this afternoon that she had won her suit to have the decree set aside. The court held that, since you went to Nevada and established a residence there only for divorce purposes, as was clearly shown by the evidence, the separation is void and invalid."

"Ah!" said Cox simply. "Come, Bobby."

And, with the two boys in tow, he left the apartment.

As Cynthia turned from closing the door upon them, Worden noticed a tear glistening in her eye.

"What's the matter?" he questioned hastily.

"Nothing. That is, nothing that concerns you and me, dear heart."

She led the way into her little parlor, and, motioning him to his favorite chair in front of the open fire, drew up a smaller chair for herself close beside it.

"Was it true what you told him about his divorce, Worden?" she demanded curiously.

"Yes."

"Then you and I, too, have never been divorced, eh?"

"Such appears to be the law."

"Worden"—she slipped an arm about his neck, and drew his cheek down to hers in happy, conjugal familiarity—"the law does occasionally have a glimmer of sense in it, after all, doesn't it?"

IN MUSICLAND

By William Armstrong



WHAT impression does playing to an enthusiastic audience make upon a prodigy? None at all, or so little a one that he forgets it, for with him playing is as natural a thing to do as is a bird's first testing of its wings.

This is Josef Hofmann's declaration, and he has the right to make it convincingly. At five he played his first concert in Boston, and of that day he has not a single recollection; it meant no more to him than playing before an audience of one at home. Undoubtedly this goes far to shatter the theory, held so tenaciously, of hurtful strain and stunting process imposed upon a prodigy appearing in public. Sympathetic pity in such conditions would seem based on imagination; ignorant of ascribed sensations, he can scarcely suffer from them. Hofmann's view, founded on his own experience, is that harm comes to the prodigy from *not* playing.

The American idea of the matter is strangely and antagonistically set; there is no discriminating between the widely opposite types of prodigy and precocity, the first going by early strides to final attainment, the second stopping abruptly because its talent extends no farther. It is *quality* that fixes the difference between the two, and the prodigy alone possessing that quality is bound to reach the stature of an artist.

The fact that he himself was barred here in childhood from continuing con-

cert work, Hofmann pronounces now, after twenty-nine years, not a pleasant thing to think of. "I might better," he added feelingly, "have kept on playing until I was thirteen, when my really serious study started; it was so much happier to play in concert than to be shut up in the house from morning until evening." It is, then, deprivation of real happiness and not memory of any presupposed strain that rankles with him.

These early appearances and their sharp curtailment brought two obstacles to his future; until this season, when he is accepted as one of the world's greatest pianists, he feels that he has had to fight the doubt held here so commonly that a prodigy may not become an artist, and that being cut off from seven years of public playing meant serious handicap in that branch of practice, as important to an artist as private study.

At three Hofmann had approached the piano curiously, searching up and down its keys; at four he had begun to study it; at five he made his debut. Following this last phase, it was not the audiences' appreciation that caught him, but the table found at home afterward, piled with flowers, toys, and sweets, sent by the friendly interested—exactly as a normal child would view it. If absent for a day he expected the display to be as full as if he had been gone a week. This being impossible,

he recollects of it: "I felt that my success had ended overnight."

Sometimes he reasoned with quaint logic, as children will. When he wanted a gun he asked not one but four different people for it, just to make sure that he'd get the kind he wanted. And he reasoned well, for, with the thickness common to adults, only one out of the four rightly met his wishes.

"Moods, as a child, I had," Hofmann confesses, "such as grown people are subject to; only then, not being old enough, I was not able to restrain them."

Moods, though, are not confined either in adults or children to the gifted. Outside of music he knew as little as his few years warranted. In that direction there was no trace of precocity. His playing, something separate and apart from everything, was that of the prodigy, simply an instinct of his being. And so he missed it when it was shut off, as a plant misses sunshine. In his case restraining kindness proved to be the contrary.

Leschetizky, in speaking of America, once said to me: "The one thing I dislike there is the attitude toward prodigies. You have some of the best critics in the world, perhaps the best, but a prodigy has only to appear for them to annihilate him. To be artists, there must first be prodigies."

This same point Hofmann supplemented when he said: "Liszt at six was marvelous; at thirteen Rubinstein was a noted player. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin were prodigies; Paderewski at thirteen played as a prodigy at Warsaw. How else could you expect it? Wonders do not happen."

"In America one or two cases of precocity, without the fundamental gift—people who could do at thirteen what is done at eighteen—wiped out belief in prodigies. I know it, because it is that thing which I have had to fight against, that doubt that a prodigy can become an artist."

"Nine years ago Gherardy, Kreisler, and I made a tour together; all three of us had gained what we wanted, yet

all three had been prodigies; at thirteen Kreisler played exquisitely. It is a strange idea, this widely accepted one, to combat. In every line, even in sports, there are cases of very early development; boys are sometimes the superiors of those of double their age. If talent in any branch is forced as in a hothouse, to bring it out too early, it is never developed. The secret of guiding any prodigy is simply not to overdo in practice.

"If I had continued to play in public until I was thirteen, without enforced interruption, I should have had seven years more training in playing before audiences. And the accumulation of seven years of stage experience is a valuable thing; deprived of appearing for that time means to get out of touch with it. I find that now. I may know a work well at home, but not in the same degree before the public. I have to try it many times in concert until it goes exactly as I wish; I am not able to feel as perfectly there as at home."

"What critics write I read, to see what they may find in me or find lacking. Of the present generally recorded fact of my advance in art I am appreciative. But I can only say that I have always had the same ideals which I hold now; my attitude of thought toward the composers is unchanged absolutely, only now both come out more plastically. Hitherto they did not judge me by my characteristics, that is all. As a young man, I was timid; my convictions did not find expression as fully; the young are ashamed to show them. But that did not change the characteristics of my work, did not change my ideals of art or of composers. I have now a little more freedom."

The wave of thought going from audience to artist is a tremendous factor, supporting or depressing. The sensitive musician reads collectively the minds before him; if doubting they can hamper him, if of complete sympathy they sustain him to exceed his knowledge of himself.

To completely understand what follows is to know that Hofmann is intensely sensitive to the mental attitude

of others, as well as to their personality. Sympathy and understanding bring from him complete unreserve; if these fail he congeals. In both his playing and his life, results are proportionate and identical.

"I shut up, I cannot say two words," is his explanation of antipathetic mental influence, "for I cannot simulate."

"In Russia, and there I had never played as a child, was never known as a prodigy," Hofmann explained, with frank honesty, "they took me as I was, very warmly, very sincerely, and I felt like playing. If audiences here had not been skeptical of me, believing that a prodigy could not grow to be an artist, I should have opened my heart long ago, without waiting for the stronger self-reliance of developed manhood to help me to it."

In Boulevard Haussmann, under the shadow of the Grand Opéra, whose best period he so brilliantly upheld, Jean-Baptiste Faure lives in his memories. In America, we of to-day know him chiefly as composer of "The Palms," "The Crucifix," and some other of his universally sung songs. But to the Parisian he is, at eighty, still a potent figure in musical traditions.

They vitally remember that he was chosen by Meyerbeer to create *Nelusko* in "L'Africaine"; that his greatest rôle was *Hamlet* in Thomas' opera, which he sang at its première in 1868, and that farther away yet he was the original *Mephistopheles* in Gounod's "Faust," when it was brought out in 1863.

Operagoers of those times still say feelingly when any appears in his old parts: "You should have seen Faure." The impressions that he made are sunk indelibly; they overlap the singing careers of three generations since his retirement. Few operatic figures endure with such tenacity.

In his old home, delightfully artistic in its environment, surrounded by old servants whose lives and affections revolve solely about him, he seems a central personage in some shadowy drama which Time's hand has suddenly hushed into silence. There is none of that

crude harshness in its tragic side, such as comes to most singing idols; he is the very embodiment of serenity; even death appears touched by his hand with friendly gentleness, as one to bring him comradeship of calm and peace.

When he entered the drawing room to meet me, there were a concentration and alertness, an elegance of gesture, and, when he spoke, a charm of diction which proclaimed his past career. These lasted only a flash—the silence following was mutual, he gathering his spent energies, I feeling myself turned back into that shadow world of his. His white hair and beard appeared yet whiter for the black skullcap he wore; his features were nobly commanding in their regularity; his clear, blue eyes regarded me searchingly—then absently, I was no link of interest with his past.

When he spoke it was to say something uppermost in mind.

"If I compose now, I can only try out the melody on the piano, the chords in an accompaniment crash in my ears; at church the organ roars in them until I must hold fast to the *priedicu* or I should fall. I can no longer listen to music."

His tone was not complaining, only supremely sad.

He did not allude to his voice or his career at the opera, thirty-four years ago, that became a closed book to him when he retired. Henceforth he would teach and humbly listen to the great things he had sung in his own great way. But sentiment in a man of his artistic fiber often suggests a refuge in some new activity, supplying in a manner the chosen one lost. His father had been a church singer at Moulins, where Faure was born; as a boy he had sung at the Madeleine. Beyond this he was devoutly religious. Consequently for many years, like Gounod, he found joy in composing for his church. Worldly ambition ended, the sentiment that had run like a web through life from its earliest recollections turned him to it.

Now, at eighty, he can no longer listen to music, even its comfort in the church service is denied him; at length-

ening intervals apart he uncertainly picks out on the piano the melody of a song that he has written to the glory of his God. Time—that has swept away his great career, his noted colleagues who wrote rôles that he might sing them, his ability to listen—has left but that one last thread of consolation.

And so that first impression of being in the midst of a voiceless, shadowy drama when I met him was not a wrong one. It remained just as forcefully when he showed me his collection of paintings, medallions, and works of art, that make, with their faded personal associations, a sympathetic surrounding to the ending of his life.

In the big music room, on that wall of his home nearest to the Grand Opéra, there is a portrait of him seated at the piano, singing. It is wonderfully painted, especially in the mobility of the lips, from which the sung words seem to drop, silently, voicelessly. Faure stood mutely regarding it, until he turned to say that for three hours on a stretch he had sung while giving sittings to the artist, who had caught and painted lips that will go on singing for centuries.

Then Faure again lapsed into silence, his eyes fixed on that living self of which he was the shadow. In the dim light it stood out vibrant. I could fancy him at night, light in hand, and moving with shuffling steps to study it, straining his shattered hearing to catch the cadence of a well-remembered song that it was singing.

Life, not death, is tragedy when one has lived so long that Time has reaped it bare of all but dried, hard stubble. And yet he suffers this with a suave, calm patience, moving in a dream of life which presently will fade into a dreamless dark.

Gounod and Ambroise Thomas, great friends who left him long ago, are vague, gentle memories with him, part of that everything which he has lost. Any details of their associations seemed too trivial for him to recall that day; it was merely the spirit of the two that remained in his thoughts when he said: "It was always summer with those il-

lustrious composers." Adding, after a pause in which his eyes had rested on the past, and speaking for it: "My greatest joy was in their works. Our associations were not only as artists, but as friends."

Late that night there came a knock at my door; it was Monsieur Faure's faithful old butler, a little breathless after his journey from the Boulevard Haussmann. In his hands he carried a small package; from the air with which he offered it, it might have been a document conferring knighthood. It held an engraved portrait of the great singer; under the dedication on it he had written: "J. Faure, of the Opéra." And of the Opéra he is still; one of those memories dimmed by Time, yet bright enough to light with their faint halo where otherwise all would be darkness.

Two glorious things, youth and a high place in his art, make one side of Pasquale Amato's life; the other is full of the simple charm of love of home.

To wander casually through Italy, and viewing things open to all, is to carry away ineffaceable memories of beauty; to linger there is to find in the ties of its home life something better still. There is a patriarchal aspect to the plan of it, but there is, too, the gift of a perpetual youth that makes the elder so sympathetically understanding of the young. And so it was that when Amato married at twenty-two, in Trieste, the news was met by his father at Naples with the comment: "I now have two children where I had only one." The father himself had married at the same age; at fifty-two he has long been a grandfather; the young lives of children and grandchildren have so overlapped his own that there has been no gulf of years making the one unapproachable to the other.

In Naples the family is an old one, and when Amato made his début there in 1900 it was before hearers knowing him in boyhood when he had sung to them in church. In the years just afterward, and with the intimate knowledge which comes from close contact

in a smaller city, they also knew him destined for the navy, but any thought of this relinquished patriotic service was forgotten that début night in the joyful knowledge of his voice.

Between these episodes of musical beginning as a choir boy and attainment to the opera, enough of incident even for a Latin life had come into his own. Controversy of the active kind with an instructor while preparing for naval examinations, had barred him by order of the minister of war from further attendance at state schools. So fate sent him to study under foreign rule in Trieste, for preparations that could not be made at home.

It was at a musicale there, where he sang as an amateur, that he met the destined Madame Amato, singing also as an amateur in the same program. The engagement was no lagging one; a telegram from Amato to his father, and announcing his speedy marriage, was followed shortly by another, giving news of determination to forsake the navy for the stage. The matrimonial announcement was welcomed, but the stage was barred.

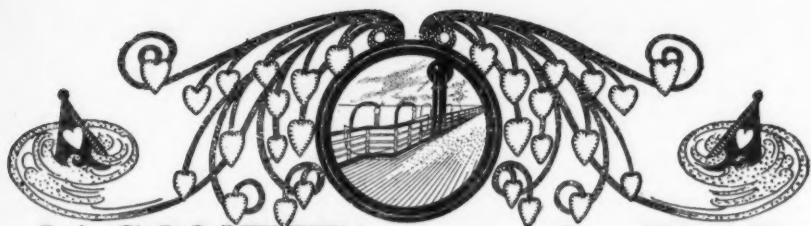
Back to Naples, with the operatic decision firmly fixed, the boy took his girl wife into the family home and happiness. There were four sisters and four brothers there; of the latter one is now a priest, whose tenor is a treasure at the cathedral of Naples; two others are in mercantile careers; and the youngest about to enter the Italian navy as officer.

And so the story, with its prelude opening in Trieste, has gone on unchangingly, making the intimate the rarer side of life to Amato's brilliant public one. Two are needed to make any one career, and Madame Amato has ably supplied in his the all-important subordinate part. A seldom exception, that career has gone on glowingly from the San Carlo in Naples, through four seasons in South America, then at the Metropolitan, with but one episode, very near to tragedy, to

disturb it. Ill, he came out in "Gionconda" on the first night of an engagement at La Scala. In the second act his voice left him. It was as if his world had been engulfed. Despair and he had lingering company in long days following. Sending in a cancellation of his contract, he faced the future of an eternity of silence. "With my voice gone, I am better dead," he would reiterate to Toscanini and Gatti-Casazza each day when they came, refusing always to release him, firm in belief of what his future held. Time proved them to be right. As *Kurwenal* in "Tristan und Isolde," his powers of voice returned on the boards where they had failed him.

Since then, as through despair, Toscanini has been his staunch friend—the artistic belief on which that friendship is founded means much, for the ultra honesty of Toscanini in music, as in everything, puts him on a plane where few men stand. His summer home is bare three miles distant from Amato's villa on the Adriatic at Cesnatico, near Rimini, where many singing artists and the noted actor Zucci have their places. Working all winter, and studying the summer through, toward the end of it they give a combined performance for the little town's charities. Life is a simple thing there; in free hours they are all children, the greatest among them glad to forget the fact of it away from professional routine.

In the Amato home was Tanara, the conductor, a close friend with whom he studies; and near by, among other close friends, the family of Giuseppe Campanari, of whom Christopher, following in his noted father's footsteps, has now a brilliant début at Naples back of him; and the younger daughter of the house, to enter opera later, with a voice that will bring her fame, as will likely that of the Amatos' boy Mario just passed seven, already knowing his father's rôles, *Scarpia*, *Christoforo Colombo*, and the rest, both text and music.



JACONETTA *and the* CELT By Fannie Heaslip Lea

IT was the fourth day out," said Jaconetta, "and there was a man——"
"Why the italics?" suggested Stanford coldly. "In my somewhat lengthy experience of you, there is always a man."

"And that," Jaconetta explained friendly-wise, "is one reason for your somewhat lengthy experience. 'If you had been the sole appreciator of my sirenic sweetness, you would long ago have flickered out. It's because one or two others find me amusing, as well—because when you ask to come on Thursday, there's some one else ahead of you, and you have to wait till Saturday—because your roses are not the only ones I press between the pages of Felicia Hemans——'"

"Don't be silly," the Cynic interrupted at this point.

Jaconetta laughed. She pushed the dark hair off her forehead, and twisted her soft, red mouth into an insulting semblance of polite surprise. In the glare of the bonfire she seemed not so much a woman, as a small, impertinent boy. Her wet bathing suit set itself closely to the lines of her slender body, and she sat upon her small black-stockinged feet, Turk fashion.

Stanford, stretched lazily beside her, burrowed both hands into the dim, warm sand and drew them out again.

"Anyhow," he reminded, "about the man?" Jaconetta laughed again. Around the fire the leaping shadows showed harmony of ten resolved into a

series of five duos. Only a chaperon, the stoutest matron on the beach, sat lazily aloof, wrapped in a long gray cape, her drowsy eyes misting comfortably with the smoke of dreams.

"The man?" said Jaconetta, and sighed elaborately. "He was an Irishman. Aren't the cliffs dark to-night? And isn't the world big? And do you suppose if I were to walk in the wild, wet woods yonder, a bear would get me?" Which was distinctly a Jaconettian way of encouraging curiosity.

"I think," he assured her threateningly, "a bear may get you here—unless you're good. Go on, Jack! I'd rather like to know—about the Hibernian romance. There've been one or two things since you came back——"

Across the fire a throaty baritone began without preface: "Ah, now, shtop your philanderin'."

Jaconetta lifted a small, attentive forefinger.

"Listen," she murmured. "Oh, very well, then—there *was* a man; and it was the fourth day out; and his name—his lengthy and illustrious name—was Michael O'Ferragh Kearney. A nice boy from Arizona brought him up to my steamer chair, and presented him. Does that begin like a romance?"

"I seem," admitted the Cynic, "to have heard it somewhere before. Still, we'll pass it. He was red-headed, of course, with an open expression of countenance."

"Open," said Jaconetta approvingly, "to a degree. But his hair was black and

curly, and he had the bluest eyes that ever looked from a grown man's face—also, a profusion of black lashes, sunburnt, red cheeks, and white teeth."

"He must have looked like a chromo," observed the Cynic, with a trace of unnecessary acerbity.

Jaconetta considered.

"No-o—he looked like a nice, clean, eager boy, who'd grown up unexpectedly. If you're going to be nasty, we won't talk about him."

"Take it back. I'm probably jealous."

"That would be it," said Jaconetta. She laughed, clasping her hands about her knees, drawn up beneath her chin. Her eyes narrowed, looking out to sea, and a restless little pain flickered about her mouth. "Beyond a doubt, Stan, that would be it."

"Go on," he said briefly.

"Oh!" Jaconetta came back from something, clearly not of the moment. "Well, he was presented. He said, with richest conceivable brogue, but a voice, Stan, to be remembered; a deep, warm, laughing Irish voice: 'I've been beggin' to meet ye.'"

"To which," Stanford offered in the interval that followed, "you replied appropriately——"

"Appropriately," Jaconetta accepted, "as ever: 'How do you do?'"

"H'mph!"

"At that, nevertheless, he said: 'May I sit down?' And I, appropriately as ever, remarked that he might. Are you interested?"

"Probably shall be," conceded the Cynic, "later on."

On Jaconetta's face a smile wavered and grew.

"Even I," she protested, "can't entirely ignore the little decencies of life. How was I to know that, two hours afterward, he would ask me to marry him?"

"He didn't," Stanford denied incredulously, startled for once out of his indifferent poise.

"Cable," said Jaconetta, "to Michael O'Ferragh Kearney, Ballyclare, County Roscommon, Ireland; and ask him if I lie. I'll admit that if I'd known what

he was going to do, I might have altered my reception of him in the beginning. I might have started to my feet with a loud shriek, upon meeting his glance——"

"You are a great little goose," said the Cynic, but he said it with the indulgent tenderness a strong man sometimes accords to folly in woman, and Jaconetta smiled wistfully in the dark.

The bonfire was dying down. A softer crimson rose the shadowy figures round it, and the throaty baritone had fallen to a mellow humming.

"Nevertheless," persisted Jaconetta, "and notwithstanding everything, I speak the truth. He did—at the end of two hours."

"Pretty darned fresh," commented the Cynic grimly.

"Not in the least; he meant it."

"After two hours? Quite likely!"

"Oh, if you're going to be fussy," said Jaconetta coldly, "and object to all the dramatic situations in my story, I won't tell it to you."

The Cynic put out a hand, and covered one of hers with it lightly.

"Go on, Jack. Two hours it is."

After the lapse of an infinitesimal moment, Jaconetta shook off the hand.

"And he wasn't the only one that 'pretty darned fresh' might apply to."

"Jack! My dear girl!"

"There were quotation marks," said Jaconetta hastily, "in my voice. However—about the wild Irishman. He began in the middle of things, as it were, with a brief sketch of his past, present, and future. Six years ago, he said, he had been in Paris on a holiday—a raw kid of twenty-three—and the notion took him to go to America. So he wrote his father he'd be back in six months, and sailed."

"Twenty-nine now?"

"That was six years ago," Jaconetta nodded absently. "He went West. He was a cowboy first, then a rancher; and he got hold of some mines—good ones. In any case, he said he'd made 'big money,' and he was going home to round up the fatted calf."

"Big money," Stanford offered disparagingly, "is easy talk."

Jaconetta sifted the sand through her fingers.

"No, it was true. The nice boy from Arizona knew him out West. He told me, too. And I knew the nice boy's people, so it was straight enough. He had two big cattle ranches, and a mine."

"Then what on earth—"

"Why," said Jaco^onetta, "let me tell it my own way, Stan. You do interrupt appallingly. He'd been living among horned cattle, and prairies, and things, till he'd forgotten how very nice a nice girl could be, that was all; and when I smote his vision—"

"You were the only girl aboard ship?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Go on."

"Oh, well," admitted Jaco^onetta modestly, "I dare say there was something about me. Be that as it may, when we had been talking half an hour, I knew his past. At the end of another half hour, I had his ambitions at my finger tips, and after that"—she stifled a little sigh—"he began to make love to me. A great many men make love to me, Stan."

"Doubtless without encouragement," rejoined the unfeeling Cynic.

"It is not," said Jaco^onetta, "incredibly difficult to encourage the average man. You have only to pet his vanity with the tips of your fingers, and he says to himself, says he: 'Poor little thing! I've been and gone and done it again. I can tell from the look in her eyes. Jove! I ought to be ashamed of myself!'"

The Cynic laughed shortly.

Jaco^onetta continued, unmoved:

"The wild Irishman, to do him justice, had no such idea. He didn't fence. He didn't even lead up to it warily. His hand and heart came like a bolt from the blue—if you see what I mean. It was in the beginning of the second hour, something like this"—her long drawl took on an inimitable and delicious touch of brogue—"I've made big money—I've two ranches and a mine. What I've got, I got with me two hands and me wits—but it wants more. The money's nothin' to me—the ranches and

the mine are nothin'—the whole round divil of a worruld is nothin'—without what goes in the heart of me."

"Sufficiently explicit," said the Cynic.

Jaco^onetta nodded.

"Exactly. So I answered quite prompt and proper: 'And what goes in your heart?'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He said: 'I knew, the minit I laid eyes on the wicked, laughin' little face of ye.'"

"I said it was absurd," continued Jaco^onetta, "and he said love never was absurd. He said: 'Do ye know what love is?' And I said: 'I've seen a few copies.' Then he said: 'It's to walk in the sunshine, black-blind, unless one other walks beside ye. It's to wake all night because the day's not long enough for the sweetness of yer thoughts. It's to suffer, and be happy in the pain. It's the top of the mornin'—and the blackness of the pit. If ye know what it is, no one can tell ye; and if ye don't, no one can tell ye, either. But I'm thinking, that with these big, wonderin' eyes o' yours, ye will have learned early.'"

The Cynic was silent.

"Did you tell him," he inquired at last, "that you were the happiest, most irresponsible, most utterly careless young person who ever wore a petticoat—and that the juggling of emotions was your meat and bread?"

"I told him it was pie to me," she accepted gravely, "and added that I was twenty-eight and a widow."

"Jack!"

"I did," said Jaco^onetta firmly. "You mustn't blame me, Stan. I was startled, and a widow sounded so *safe*—a widow of twenty-eight."

"A widow of twenty-eight would just about suit you," Stanford agreed, with a grin. "You'd have each returning ghost thinking he was the only one about the premises. I swear, Jack—"

Jaco^onetta abandoned herself to mirth, in a succession of deliciously suppressed chuckles.

"It doesn't really matter," she objected, "because he declined to believe me. He said he'd give me twenty-three at the most; and that I was no widow, be-

cause he'd looked me up in the passenger list. Also, the nice boy had answered questions about me. So—are you interested, Stan?"

"Considerably."

"So I said I didn't know anything about *him*, beyond his name—and he produced credentials."

"Mere matter of pen and ink and a little ingenuity."

"Not the kind he had. There was a letter from his mother in Ballyclare; and his passage on the *Lusitania*—he was booked to sail two days after we got into port; then a wire from the St. Regis—his reservation of rooms for those two days, and a letter from the nice boy's father to a banker in New York. He couldn't have faked those."

"No," admitted the Cynic, with some reluctance, "those were solid enough."

"For a long time I thought he was funning," said Jaconetta thoughtfully. "I laughed, you know—any one would. But he insisted and protested till at last I saw——"

"He was in earnest, eh?"

"Absolutely. He said he hadn't asked me to be presented before, because he wanted to be *sure*. He had been watching me on deck, every one of those three first days. Why, Stan, he told me almost to the minute what I had done, whom I had talked to, where I had sat. I don't mean to be a triumph of egotism, but—I knew it was real. When I objected to the suddenness of the thing, he said it made no difference whether I'd known him ten minutes or ten years. That I ought to know for myself without some one to label my feelings. He wanted to build a house on the biggest of the two ranches—any kind of a house I liked, so long as it looked to the West—and I should plan every room of it as I pleased. He said there'd be a machine if I wanted it; or if I wanted horses he'd lashin's of those. He said he'd both hands full of money, and now he knew why—it was for spending with me and for me."

"Vulgar sort of inducement to matrimony," suggested the Cynic dryly.

Jaconetta shook her head.

"No. He wasn't vulgar. He was more like a boy, offering you all his best-beloved junk. He wasn't vulgar—because I asked him if he didn't know that one sort of a girl might take him at his word in a minute, merely because of what he could give her. I said: 'You're rather indiscreet, aren't you?'"

"Rather," the Cynic observed, without sympathy.

"And he said," proceeded Jaconetta dreamily, "I'm not askin' that kind of a girl!"

Stanford frowned and shrugged.

"How could he tell in a couple of hours? Women look pretty much alike—above a certain level."

"Do they?" asked Jaconetta.

She winced a little. There are times when the Cynic touches her on the raw; when she shrinks from a something in him that is not of her kind, and was never meant to be.

"I know," she added now; "you mean he hadn't waited to see below the surface. Still—I told him all of that, and how do you suppose he argued?"

Stanford declined to conjecture.

"He said: 'Faith, if ye shtood at wan end of a pin, and I shtood at the other, by the time I got to the middle, I'd know I loved ye!'"

"Going some," commented the Cynic briefly.

"Wasn't it?" said Jaconetta.

Beyond the embers of the fire figures arose amid a sudden spurt of laughter.

"Come on—we're goin' in again!" called a man's voice cheerfully.

"Much obliged, we've had enough," said Stanford.

Jaconetta added an indolent explanation.

"We'll stay here with Mrs. Cartwright."

Mrs. Cartwright smiled comfortably, being only halfway free of the delightful reverie induced by warmth, and quiet, and dusk. Her young son, his head on her capacious lap, slept like the material cherub he was, and she brooded above him largely, her back against an upturned, derelict skiff.

"Don't stay in too long," she warned the bathers mildly; then drew her cape

close about her, and abandoned herself once more to meditation.

"You didn't care about going again?" asked Stanford carelessly.

"Now that you ask me," retorted Jaconetta, "I did not."

"I wanted to hear the rest of your Irishman."

A flippant appreciation accented Jaconetta's speech.

"Your story interests me strangely," she mocked. "Where was I?"

"At one end of a pin."

"Oh, yes! Well, apparently, he had gotten to the middle. He wanted me to marry him and sail on the *Lusitania* for Ballyclare."

"Did he think you were crazy?"

"My answer exactly," said Jaconetta approvingly. "whereupon he said, very well then, he'd postpone his sailing two weeks, send a wireless to the St. Regis, reserving his rooms for that long, and occupy those two weeks in calling upon me daily, so that at the end of the time I'd know him well enough to marry him."

"You were with your Cousin Martha."

"Again, my own answer. This is distinctly weird, Stan; we must be in telepathic communication."

"Merely common sense," said the Cynic. He added, after a moment of reflection: "I'm glad you had prudence enough to call him down."

Jaconetta objected promptly.

"I didn't, though. I said I was with Cousin Martha, that we were going to the Martha Washington, and that if he chose to send up his card when I was in, I would not decline to receive it; but that I thought he'd be awfully foolish to postpone his sailing. He might be no nearer winning out at the end of two weeks than at——"

"Might be?" repeated the Cynic in lively horror.

"Might be!" said Jaconetta. "You say it almost exactly like he did."

"Do you mean to tell me that you let him think——"

"It has never been my habit," Jaconetta interrupted severely, "to interfere with the mental processes of

any nice young man. Let him, it, or they think—if they can—has always been my motto."

"You need shaking," said the Cynic brusquely.

"Perhaps if they'd whipped me oftener when I was little I'd be a better girl—eh?"

"I wouldn't doubt it."

"I wish they had," said Jaconetta regretfully; "I often think, Stan, that if I were a better girl, I'd be more worthy of your friendship—wouldn't I?"

"Do you want me to shake you?" demanded the exasperated Cynic; but when he made a prefatory movement Jaconetta waved him aside with one sharp gesture of a small brown hand.

"You know better. Don't you be silly! We were talking about Michael O'Ferragh Kearney, weren't we?"

"He was just about to postpone his sailing," suggested Stanford.

He leaned on one elbow in the sand, and dug holes with his left hand scientifically.

"So he was," said Jaconetta.

"Did he?"

"He said he'd take a chance."

There was a long silence, through which the cries of the bathers came eerily across the water.

"You've been home a week," said the Cynic slowly at last, in the voice of one who computes imaginary dates.

"That was six weeks ago," Jaconetta contributed evenly.

"And you didn't go to Ireland?"

"The West remains."

Stanford stopped digging holes, and concentrated his attention upon his companion.

"Oh!" he remarked inscrutably.

"He was so clean, and decent, and likable," said Jaconetta slowly. "He was 'white'—isn't that what you say?—clean through."

"You might say it," admitted Stanford coolly, "though it's not the most appropriate phraseology for a girl."

"Am I speaking to a girl?" inquired Jaconetta sweetly. "Or about a girl? In any case, you doubtless follow me. I am trying to convey to you the fact that he was one of the very nicest men

I have ever met. He was impulsive, but he was strong, too. And he had a laugh that made the whole world seemed pleased. Also, when you are a little tired, and a little lonesome, and a little reckless, and a big, dear boy of a man comes up through a trapdoor, on his way to Ireland, and takes you right off your feet—"

She hesitated and stopped, twisting her fingers tightly together in her lap.

"Off your feet," said the Cynic slowly. "Somehow—I've had an idea lately—off your feet—why haven't you told me before, Jack?"

"I don't know," said Jaco-
 netta.

She said it rather softly.

Stanford reached around behind him to where his coat lay huddled on the sand, and felt in the pocket with practiced fingers. After a moment he found cigarette case and matches, and hunched himself back into his original position.

"Soon?" he asked between the first two puffs.

He had time to blow out the match and throw it aside before Jaco-
 netta answered. She had pushed the soft hair once more away from her eyes, and sat there hugging her knees like some small, dreamy goblin.

"Eh?" she asked lazily. "Soon what?"

"Are you going to be married soon?" replied the Cynic, with obviously curbed intensity.

"I don't know," said Jaco-
 netta. She had all the appearance of viewing for the first time, and with a pleasing interest, the subject of his question. "What should you say? A good many people do seem to be fond of me, but I don't like to ask them their intentions. anyhow, a fortune teller told me once I'd never be married under forty—what?"

"I was talking sense," said the Cynic coldly. "If you don't care to tell me, say so."

"I thought I was talking just like you," Jaco-
 netta protested meekly. "What is it you want to know, Stan?"

"Nothing—unless you care to tell me.

I merely asked"—the Cynic's tone was stiffly aloof—"when you expected to marry Mr. Kearney."

"Mr. Kearney!" said Jaco-
 netta, amazed. She flung back her head with a movement of utter, appalled surprise. "Michael O'Ferragh Kearney? When am I going to— For pity's sake! Who said I was going to marry him?"

"Didn't you?" demanded the Cynic grimly.

"Well, I should hope not," said Jaco-
 netta, with a virtuous show of disap-
 approval. "A man I'd only known for two hours? Really, Stan!"

"And two weeks," Stanford remind-
 ed her, "daily."

"Who said he stayed?"

"Didn't you?"

"I said he wanted to."

"You wouldn't let him?"

"I told him it wasn't any use."

The Cynic finished his cigarette and flung it away. He drew a long, careful breath of relief.

"Well," he said deliberately, "if you aren't the—"

"I am," Jaco-
 netta agreed at once, "but what's the difference?"

The bathers were coming back. They splashed through the shallower water, reluctant to leave it. In the shadow of the skiff Mrs. Cartwright dozed. The bonfire had fallen to ashes.

"He had his nerve," said Stanford.

"It's a good thing to have," said Jaco-
 netta, "when you're asking somebody to marry you."

"You liked him, didn't you, Jack?"

"Yes, Stan; I liked him uncom-
 monly."

"Do you know," said the Cynic thoughtfully, "you're such a reckless little beggar—you're always taking chances—I wonder why you passed that one up?"

"I wonder," said Jaco-
 netta.

Then she began to laugh.

"I told him," she explained, wide, mocking eyes on Stanford's fresh-lit cigarette, "I loved another."

"He didn't know you," said the Cynic.

"Do you?" asked Jaco-
 netta.

ONE SONG MORE

BY OWEN OLIVER



January 1st.



VOW to set down herein the truth, nothing but the truth, and, if not the whole truth, then none of it.

Whereto I set my hand,
ETHEL CARRUTHERS.

Having doubt of the wisdom of diary keeping, I record my reasons for persisting in the folly.

1. I can tell the truth to a diary.
2. It blows off steam.
3. It knocks the conceit out of me.
4. It enables me to take stock of myself.

I proceed to my annual stocktaking.

Age: Thirty-four.

Looks: Good. Verified in mirror.

Appearance: Still youthful. Two gray hairs. I will begin the New Year by pulling them out. Done!

Temper: Variable. On the whole, amiable, but wants watching.

Conduct: Improved of late. Only four flirtations last year.

Condition: Widow. Five years and two months.

Intention: To change condition.

Obstacle: Henry Macdonald.

Henry is staying here. He is growing just a wee, wee bit middle-aged, but is as good-looking as ever. Frankly, diary, I always did like him, and I do. He is so clever in big things, and so simple in little ones; the sort of man that you can tease and torment, and yet look up to. In his way, he likes me. If he

didn't live up in the clouds with his story people, he would probably make a heroine of Ethel Carruthers. As it is, he copies little bits of me for his books—consciously or unconsciously.

He came down to earth to-night. His descent was connected with a piece of mistletoe—and me. I suppose the wretch wanted to make a passage in his novel realistic; but he *said* that the temptation was overwhelming. Temptation! The man is a St. Anthony! He saw the mistletoe over us twenty minutes before he—fell!

Of course, I was very indignant! I agreed to forgive him, on condition that he didn't do it again; and he promptly accepted the condition.

Oh, dear! I know I am a minx! But I really do like him.

I'm going to bed, diary. At my age you can't afford to lose your beauty sleep. I can't be so old. I still say my baby prayer: "Make Ethel a good girl, and make people like her." I put in the last part myself when I was three, they say. It was always my ruling passion.

January 2d.

St. Anthony has kept away from temptation to-day. If I want to escape his society, I have only to sit near the mistletoe. Coward!

He talks a deal to young Nora Gray. I suppose he is merely studying a blue-eyed young heroine; but men of his age are such fools. A big-eyed school miss can always catch them if she tries. I

wonder if Nora is trying? She seems simple; but so did I when I was nineteen. I'd like to see *her* diary.

January 3d.

Diary, I've had an exciting day! The marsh bears, and we have skated, and skated, and skated.

St. Anthony spent most of the morning teaching that silly little Nora. She squealed like a bunny rabbit, and clung to him. Well, she looked very nice, and young, and alluring. I have more looks, and I dress better, and I talk better; but I haven't the pretty faults of foolish nineteen.

I didn't enjoy the evening so much. I had a crotchety fit, and thought Nora ought to have a fair innings. The child has a ridiculous admiration for me, and when I went up to wake her she hugged me, and got under my guard. So I played bridge, and let her monopolize St. Anthony till ten.

Then they haled me from the card table to sing. To tell the truth, diary, I had been hoping that they would. He loves music; and I can sing. I was being trained for grand opera when I married. To tell you the truth, diary, my mother married me. I suppose I should have earned my living by singing if I had been left badly off.

I sang twice, and declared that I would not sing any more; but *he* asked me—I knew he would—and then I sang:

ENCORE!

One song more!

I am tired of my motley, tired of singing,

Tired of my songs sung over again,

Tired of my voice's clear outstringing—

How does it manage to hide the pain?

Tired, growing old, and soon on the shelf.

Off with the mask! Here's the woman herself

For one song more!

One song more!

Know, dear people who like my singing,

It is not acting, the joy and pain.

Out of my heart the words go ringing.

Back to my heart they ring again.

Life, love, sorrow, soon on the shelf!

Time, stay a moment! The woman herself

Wants one song more!

The funny thing is that people think the way I sing that song a triumph of acting.

He pointed the moral beautifully when he said good night. I am laughing, diary. That blot is a laugh!

"I should be a great writer," he said, "if I could catch you and your song in my book."

In his book! I shan't say my prayers to-night. He doesn't want me; and I don't want to be good.

January 4th.

I have not been good. I have flirted outrageously with Jack Chalmers, Tom Richards, and Fred Lesson; mostly with Jack, because he is safe. He understands me. What a good old friend he is! He was very nice when he went for a walk in the afternoon.

"Now, Ethel," he said, "about 'One Song More'?"

I shrugged myself.

"I can't stop you talking," I told him; "but I don't want to."

"I shan't ruffle you up," he promised. "We're both in the same boat, Ethel. We want another song, eh?"

"If it's the right one," I qualified.

"Yes. It's rather a pity we never fell in love with each other, don't you think?"

"A shocking pity," I agreed. "But, you see, dear fellow, we *didn't*."

"No. It might have been all right if *one* had done it, even. If you had been foolish enough to want me, I should certainly have tried to marry you; and, upon my word, if I'd lost my heart to you, I believe you'd have taken me with it, Ethel, just out of kindness."

"I dare say," I admitted. "It's more than I've done for other people, you know; and I don't think it's right; and neither do you. But you were too good a pal to hurt."

"And I can't stand seeing *you* hurt, Ethel. Suppose we find we can't get the songs we want? I dare say *you* will; but suppose we *don't*? Shall we try to make life jolly for each other before we're on the shelf? You understand?"

"I understand very well," I said. "It's no use telling you that I don't care for him. You are afraid that, if he won't ask me, I'll accept some one else

out of sheer pique, and live cat and dog——"

"No." He shook his head. "Not that. You wouldn't be nasty to any one who was nice to you; and any one would be. Only—you're easier to hurt than you let people think."

"Yes, Jack. You think I'd be atrociously unhappy with some one who didn't understand me—and not so atrociously unhappy with *you*."

"I've thought a bit about myself, too, you know, Ethel."

"Oh, yes! I know! My dear fellow, you'd much rather be a bachelor if *she* won't—I believe she would if you asked her again. Wouldn't she? I don't think *he* will, either, though. If they won't—you may bring the question forward in three months' time, if you like. There's one good thing about the arrangement. *They* wouldn't like it! *They* mayn't want us themselves, but they won't like any one else marrying us. Well, we shouldn't do it just for that, should we? We don't want to hurt them. *You* know I'm not quite a wretch, Jack."

"I know," he said, and patted my shoulder. Kind old Jack!

I think I shall be good, anyhow.

January 5th.

For once I have done something useful. I won't frivol about it. I am glad from the bottom of my heart.

I slipped off quietly to the station this morning, and went to Dunton and saw Maud Etherington.

"Maud," I said, "I have come to ask you if I shall marry John Chalmers."

She made a funny, whispering sound, but she pulled herself together quickly. She was always plucky.

"If he wants you," she said, "yes. You will marry the best man in the world. I always thought that he admired you. Indeed—I should wish him to be happy, and—he will be. I have the very highest opinion of you, Ethel."

"Good gracious!" I cried.

She looked at the wall, and I put my arm round her.

"Maud," I cried, "it is *you* he loves. If I marry him, it will only be because

you won't, and because some one else won't love me, dear. You love him."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, *yes!* Yes!"

"Then why did you refuse him?"

"He asked me when—when I had the toothache!"

She laughed hysterically.

"Go and have it out!" I counseled.

"I did. I wouldn't have gas, to punish myself. If he asks me again——"

I kissed her, and made for the door.

"Expect him this afternoon," I said.

"I must run for the train. If you're not good to him I'll pull your hair! Do you remember when we quarreled over our dolls, and I did? Good-by."

I had a carriage to myself, and sang all the way back. I telegraphed to Jack to meet me.

"Jack," I said, "Maud is simply dying for you to go and propose again. I made out that I was going to marry you, and that did it. I thought it would. The train goes at one-five."

"Ethel!" he cried. "You are an angel!"

"Not a bit," I denied. "I did it to save myself from you! I haven't talked her into it, Jack. She is very much in love with you; and she was all the time. She'll tell you about it."

St. Anthony was abnormally dull to-night. Even Nora couldn't make him smile. I sang gay little songs, but they didn't seem to cheer him. I suppose the novel weighs upon his benighted mind. I asked him if he'd lost a heroine. He said, "Yes." I suggested that some one else had found one. Young Fanshawe is obviously sweet on Nora. I suppose that is what makes St. Anthony so glum. Or else he thinks that Jack and I—I wonder!

January 6th.

I am puzzled. St. Anthony has the air of a love-sick swain. I know the air. I can't make out whether it is Nora or the charming lady who inks nonsense on these pages. The charming lady was her charmingest to him this evening, but her charms failed to cheer. She remarked that the druidical berry of temptation was removed for another year; and St. Anthony groaned.

She mentioned with eulogium one Jack Chalmers. He groaned. She mentioned two, Nora and Fanshawe. He groaned. She mentioned his novel. He groaned again.

The charming lady then charmingly retired, expressing the hope that the morrow would find him relieved of his malady, whether it be of the body or the mind—"or only of the heart." She curtsied to him from the doorway; and again he groaned.

I feel wicked. I have thought of a wicked way to find out whether St. Anthony groans for Nora or for me.

January 7th.

I have found out. It is Nora.

He went to town this morning. As soon as he was gone, I told our hostess that I wanted to be very quiet to write a special letter. She sent me to the attic that they had given him for a study—just as I expected. She told me that I was to be sure not to disturb his papers; "and, whatever you do, don't touch his precious novel!"

I recognized the novel at once. It was a great bundle of paper tied round with a piece of tape. I untied it.

I meant to read it through, and see who was the heroine. I dare say it was mean; and, of course, it was wrong. I don't think it was very wicked, really. At the bottom of my heart I believed that he was in love with me, and only wanted a little encouragement to speak and make us both happy. I couldn't give him the encouragement while I wasn't sure. If the novel made me sure, I meant to give it.

I hadn't to read it through. The first page was enough. It was a dedication in verse; altered and altered back again till it was only just readable. It was about blue eyes that inspired him without the owner's knowledge. It was evident that she was young and innocent. I am not young, and not innocent. My eyes are gray, though I have always tried to make out that they are blue. Nora is young, and innocent, and blue-eyed.

If you could read this diary, Harry, you would think me a wicked little

creature; but, do you know, if I could give you the girl you want, you should have her? You can't, poor fellow. It is Fanshawe. I saw him kiss her this morning. They are young, and we are growing old. The songs are done. God help us!

I have considered whether I should stay and catch him on the rebound—I am as designing as that. I have decided against it. I didn't just want *him*. I wanted him to love me. I wanted him to love me without rival. He shan't have me as a makeshift. I shall go to-night.

January 8th.

Home again! What a lonely woman calls home; chiefly a little dog and a tabby cat. Well, they were glad to see me.

I have got over it very nicely. He came back before I went. He was so annoyed at my going that I felt sure he *had* been making copy of me. I presume I am the villainess who persecutes the blue-eyed heroine.

He offered his company to the station. "As Chalmers isn't here," he said. He made several mendacious insinuations that he believed me engaged to Jack. I suppose he felt that he had behaved badly. Indeed, he had the impudence to insinuate that, too.

I was very merry. Oh, very! I talked about the pretty little love affair of Nora and Fanshawe, and suggested that it would make a delightful episode for his book.

"You really should study them," I advised. "Young love is so sweet to watch, don't you think?"

He wriggled like a worm on a hook. He sometimes wished that he were younger, he said, and dared study love at closer quarters. I blandly suggested that he might try the eldest Miss Davis. She is fifty, and he is only forty-two.

"You are both getting on," I said; "and, really, it is time that you were settled! It would be so suitable."

I managed a giggle. He was in a *white rage*, and hardly spoke again.

In short, my dear diary, I was thoroughly malicious and spiteful, and suc-

ceeded in hurting the only man whom I have ever really loved. I have fixed in his mind the sting that never comes out; the sting of age. I have made him believe that he is old; so now he will be old. I'd go through all the pain of it again just to have the chance of leaving that part out. It's no use worrying. I can't undo any of it. I will forget, and be my old jolly self again.

The trouble is that it takes a long time to forget; and you can never alter "selves" back again. There's an American book on psychology that Harry says is the wisest book in the world. I read this in it, and copied it out one time when I was preaching to myself to be good:

"God may forgive you, and men may forget; but your nerve cells will do neither!"

January 9th.

Diary, I hate you! I am going to put you on the fire. What's the use. One can't burn memories.

January 10th.

If I begin writing about it, I shall finish all January and February. I will just stick in the letter that I had this morning.

MY DEAR MRS. CARRUTHERS: Ten days ago, when I finished my novel, I intended dedicating it to you without mentioning the fact till I sent you the first copy of the book. It is no exaggeration to say that your bright young beauty inspired the story, and inspired me in telling it, so far as a dull man can receive inspiration.

I had thought our friendship sufficient to warrant such a liberty. Unfortunately that very evening I overstepped the guarded bounds which I had so carefully set to myself—my reason being the fact that I am old for my years, and you are young, rather than our actual ages—and I took another liberty which you, perhaps naturally, resented. I say "perhaps," because the druidical custom is very generally accepted among intimate friends as an excuse for what I did.

I am "getting on," as you told me—I think teasingly rather than unkindly, for it is un-

like you to be unkind—but I have not reached the point when your charm ceases to attract. The temptation was very severe. I thought that you realized that I felt it; and, as you did not move, I—frankly, I did not think that you would regard the privilege as passing the bounds of our friendliness. Since you do I sincerely apologize.

The dedication I originally proposed was this:

To Mrs. Ethel Carruthers, the beautiful and charming original of Helen. If the author had been a perfect copyist the book would have been a perfect book.

This was no lip service. I know no woman to compare with you. I shall never know one.

Afterward, when I judged that you would not wish dedication by name, I wrote some verses to a lady whose blue eyes smiled into an author's heart and inspired him. But, on reflection, I felt that these betrayed the warmth of my feelings more than you would desire. Will you, then, allow me to dedicate the book in the following terms:

To the Sweet Singer
Who inspired One Book More!
What the book lacks
Was not lacking in her singing.

If I might mention the singer's name? Please! To ease the heart of a man who will soon be on the shelf? A man to whom you—as surely you must know—are far above all women; the only woman—forgive me for saying it—whom I have ever loved.

Yours very sincerely,
HENRY MACDONALD.

When I had read the letter, I danced round the room; and, while I danced, I laughed and cried. I wrote back this:

My eyes are only gray, but if you think them blue I am glad. Will you come and look at them, and make sure?

If I had only said that I think it would have been very nice and artistic; but I thought I would rather be comforting than artistic. So I wrote a little postscript to keep him from worrying:

I am sorry I have hurt you. Your "beautiful and charming" woman is really a little cat; but I shan't be very catty to you. It is nonsense about your being old. You are not very old to me. I am thirty-four.

Thirty-four, diary. Well, there's one song more—the song of my life, diary!





PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A FIRST NIGHTER

Blanche Bates charming in Avery Hopwood's clever comedy, "Nobody's Widow." Zelda Seem makes a successful stellar debut in Anna Caldwell's quaint play, "The Nest Egg." "The Thunderbolt" at the New Theatre Pinero's best play. An Oscar Wilde revival. Mrs. Carter seen in adapted play by Rupert Hughes. Two very agreeable musical pieces

THE note of comedy sounds once again in the record of the month, with occasion for rejoicing in the return of Miss Blanche Bates to the field of labor which she best adorns, though it has been many years now since she was content to act for laughter's sake rather than the hope of thrills and tears. As a comedienne, Miss Bates is in a class by herself, and therefore duly welcome in a play by Avery Hopwood which provides her with plenty of opportunity for the display of charming lighter gifts.

Mr. Hopwood, as may be recalled, is the author of "Seven Days," which ran the whole of last season at the Astor, and his present play, "Nobody's Widow," promises to bring him greater fame and added fortune at the Hudson, where it is perfectly produced by Mr. David Belasco, again exhibiting his unique skill as stage manager, selector of proper casts, and trainer extraordinary in all that goes to make an ensemble what it ought to be.

To begin with, Mr. Hopwood's play is enjoyable because it introduces what appears to be a wholly fresh and original idea. The central figure, *Roxana Clayton*, while touring abroad, has met,

loved, and married the *Duke of Morceland*, and as we first see him he is a most agreeable figure with charming manners and masculine attractions. Indeed, in the person of Mr. Bruce McRae, who plays the part, he is necessarily an agreeable figure. However, the duke is mere man in respect to the fact that he cannot quite forego the temptation to flirt a little, an unfortunate habit in his case since the doting *Roxana* has caught him kissing another woman at the very time when, presumably, no other should appeal to him. Whereupon *Roxana*, without a "by your leave," has immediately set sail for home, after cabling her best friend that the new-made husband is dead, with a sudden and short illness contracted before the honeymoon had been begun.

So much you learn early in the opening act, the scene of which is *Roxana's* rooms, in a villa at Palm Beach, where she is momentarily expected by a little house party of friends assembled to properly condole when she arrives. Preceding her, however, the duke is on the premises, *Roxana's* friends having no idea that he is the man from whom the supposititious widow fled on her wedding night.

Here is a capital situation, but it is one which at first impresses you as rather slight for the purposes of a three-act play. It is handled with such delightful twists, however, and with such an abundance of truly comic lines, and above all with such charming art in acting and in staging that interest increases from act to act, and only the end, which must, you feel, be happy, can be guessed in advance. Even here the freshness of the treatment saves it all from being too obvious.

Roxana arrives, properly decked out in her mourning weeds—very fetching and becoming they are—and she is formally presented to the duke. Neither discloses the fact that they have met before, but shortly, when they are left alone, the man pleads his suit only to be denied by his indignant "widow." He protests that he loves her, apologizes for his momentary lapse, and is properly penitent and humble. But *Roxana* will not pardon the offense. He insists that he will win her love. She, on her part, tells him that he will "go down on his knees" before her only to be again refused. And so, indeed, he does. But at the moment of avowal, with *Roxana* hesitating and wavering, yet pretending complete indifference, there is an interruption.

It is she who makes the next proposal, the confession coming too late unfortunately to prevent the angry man from making an engagement to sup alone that night with the "widow's" best woman friend, herself engaged, but willing on her part to indulge in a little flirtation on the side. Aware now that *Roxana* does love him, the duke tries to break off this engagement, but fails, and finds himself more or less at the mercy of the amorous best friend, who insists upon his kissing her, though he tries to avoid it. At the moment of impact—a proper word in such a calamitous proceeding—*Roxana* enters the room, at once assumes that the habit with the duke is too strong to break, and eventually has an opportunity of telling him exactly what she thinks of him.

However, by this time, the man is

properly master of himself, and is determined to be master of his "widow." He argues, pleads, cajoles—then, in a frenzy, insists that she is his "wife" and that she must obey. And he now learns for the first time that, unknown to him, she has got a divorce.

The extreme point of laughter comes presently when it appears that he has succeeded, though unwittingly, in placing her in a position where she will be compromised unless they are really man and wife. And with a final flourish of righteous indignation she flaunts from the room.

"What are you going to do?" he asks.

To which, in the top note of anger, she replies:

"Do? Why, marry you, damn you!"

And the curtain falls.

The third act keeps up the promise of the other two, the skill of the handling giving great charm to a situation which in less capable hands might easily become offensive. As it is, however, with the appeal of Miss Bates' acting, the clean, wholesome quality of Mr. McRae's personality, and the delicate finesse of Mr. Belasco's directing, the act is tinged with tenderness as well as humor. Here the complications between the betrothed "best friends" provide a new line of fun, and the exhibition of the women of the play in process of "making up" for the night adds an extremely funny touch.

Miss Bates' performance is a richly varied one, and will add greatly to her general popularity, and in Bruce McRae she has admirable support. A capital figure is also provided by Miss Adelaide Prince.

Contrasted with this play with its smartness of dress and people is "The Nest Egg," by a hitherto unknown writer, Miss Anna Caldwell, and which, like the one just described, brings prosperity to a theatre sorely in need of a successful play. "The Nest Egg" was produced at the Bijou. And it serves further as a useful vehicle for the first starring venture of Miss Zelda Sears, an actress who has been best known for her eccentric character portrayals in plays by the late Clyde Fitch. Miss

Sears has an unusual capacity for characterization, and though she has generally been seen in spinster types, which might easily seem all alike, she knows how to vary them, so a different person steps before you with each one she plays. And this, be it understood, is not a matter of make-up, but of individually emphasized personal peculiarities.

In this new play the "ancient lady" essayed by Miss Sears is one *Hetty Gandy*, of Eden Centre, a rural post-office station, where she varies her pursuit of dressmaker with occasional attempts at marketing the products of her hen yard. On one occasion, being in a sentimental mood, Miss Gandy writes a verse upon an egg which she is about to ship to market, the sentiment being one to which she hopes some male person may eventually respond. In other words, *Hetty Gandy*, being poor and lonely, thinks that with a proper occasion and candidate available, she will be willing to exchange her spinster state for wedded bliss.

When the play opens, three years have elapsed since the time of the departure of the egg. Of course *Hetty Gandy* has ceased to hope, and, living in a rural community where eggs oft pass direct from producer to consumer, she knows little of the devious roads oft traveled by the shipped hen fruit. To her amazement she gets a telegram announcing the finding of the egg by one *Willy Bassett*, said-telegram further announcing that the gentleman in question is on his way to Eden Centre, and requesting that *Hetty Gandy* be ready to start back to Albany with him at once. Joy and rapture on the part of *Hetty*, and an immediate purchase of orange blossoms and a veil, notification of the neighbors of the prospective wedding, and the receipt of numerous bridal gifts, mostly duplicated.

And now *Willy Bassett* arrives, and poor *Hetty's* cup of bitterness is full to overflowing. For *Willy*, a confirmed dyspeptic, is a crank on the subject of pure food. And *Hetty's* egg, having been properly dated at the moment of packing, has provided him with evi-

dence for the prosecution of the storage company that has held the fruit three years before allowing it to come to table. *Willy Bassett* is not looking for a bride, but a witness to help him win his case. He is a good enough fellow at heart, however, and he is willing to humor the deception to the extent of saving *Hetty* the mortification of telling her neighbors of her disappointment. And so they depart, passing beneath a wedding bell of immortelles which the spinster has hung over the door, while the neighboring friends assume that the pair are to be married as soon as they arrive in Albany.

In the final act *Hetty's* difficulties in appearing as a married woman at the hotel and in keeping up the deception when some of her town people arrive provide no end of fun, with a happy ending, finally, in a prospective marriage with *Willy Bassett*, who has learned to appreciate her good qualities.

There are several sub plots of a sentimental nature to give interest to the piece, which on its dramatic side is commonplace enough, but so humorously compounded and so agreeably acted as to provide an evening of excellent entertainment.

The New Theatre, as heretofore, has occupied a share of general attention, two new productions having been made by the regular company since the last chronicle of the month. Of these the revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was disappointing on the histrionic side, none of the principals being especially brilliant. But at best this tale of *Falstaff* in love does not prove so merry as its title promises, and with the sense of humor scarcely suggested in Mr. Louis Calvert's playing of the fat knight, the whole affair became rather tedious. The wives were enacted by Miss Edith Wynne Matthison and Miss Rose Coghlan, both of whom have appeared to better advantage in other plays.

More important, in a sense, was the production of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's best play, "The Thunderbolt," largely an exposé of middle-class English meanness forcing itself to the sur-

face, under the pressure of unexpected hope of profit, in a family of people who have been eking out existence with little more than the bare necessities of their various stations in life. All of the *Mortimores* are respectable people in the ordinary sense, but the news that one brother of the family, a rich brewer, hitherto estranged from his relatives, has died, leaving no will, brings out all the latent greed in each of them.

The first act shows them at the home of this brother, cold-bloodedly discussing their individual hopes for advancement, though the body of the dead man, through whose success they expect to profit, still lies in a room above. In the general contentment one flaw is found in the knowledge, hitherto concealed, that the deceased man had a daughter. The relatives are perfunctorily tolerant of the girl, and even go so far as to promise her some consideration. But while having no desire for riches, the girl is unhappy at the thought that her father has so signally failed to leave behind some indication of the fact that he loved her.

In the contemplation of the coming riches, each of the dead man's brothers enters into schemes requiring more or less additional capital, so that when the thunderbolt falls they are in a sadly embarrassed state. For it appears eventually that there was a will, that it was destroyed by the wife of one of the brothers, and that in it all the money was left to the daughter.

The confession of the theft and the subsequent scene in which the young husband tries to shoulder the blame, and is found out, provide the most dramatic minutes in a play which is remarkable in its exposition of character, but which lacks any warm human note to make it generally appealing. In this play Mr. Louis Calvert somewhat redeemed the unfavorable impression made in the Shakespearean comedy, and especial excellence in acting was shown by Mr. E. M. Holland and Miss Olive Wyndham.

Among other plays which have enjoyed a degree of general favor it is possible to note "The Importance of

Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, and now revived at the Lyceum. The brilliancy of the text is sufficient to make the play enjoyable, even though the acting is not always in best accord with the contents of the comedy. In the present cast Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Hamilton Revelle, Miss Jane Oaker, and Miss May Blayney have the principal rôles.

Of plays brought into New York for a definitely limited period some mention must be made of "Two Women," a flamboyant piece adapted by Mr. Rupert Hughes from an Italian original bearing the title, "The Statue of Flesh." The play tells the story of a young artist, saved from the gutter by a little provincial seamstress, who becomes his wife, and who is eventually taken from him. As Mrs. Carter acted her "she died beautifully" with the limelight illuminating her almost carmine hair, but not without having previously delivered herself of a seemingly unending string of talk. So, too, in the subsequent scenes Mrs. Carter held the centre of the stage most of the time as the most loquacious heroine in years.

In the scheme of the play the artist, still mourning his dead wife, is lured to Paris through curiosity to see a notorious woman who, from all accounts, is the living image of the dead woman. He meets her at the Bal Tabarin, a stage scene of much richness and abbreviated feminine costume, with the blare of a Hungarian orchestra to enliven the proceedings, and a familiar concoction of incidents of love and jealousy. The artist invites the cocotte to his home in the country that she may serve as model for his dead wife's picture, and, as might have been foreseen, she falls in love with him, and yearns to lead a better life. Five long acts pass before this dream of hers is realized, the painter at first spurning her, but ultimately reciprocating her passion, and receiving a wound in a duel as a result of interference with the man who has previously been her main support and favorite.

Mrs. Carter, again in this play, exhibits her familiar ability in passionate declamation, but her opportunities for

the display of it are far too frequent. The play is lavishly staged, and has emotional and pictorial elements which may give it popularity with Mrs. Carter's admirers "on the road."

Two musical plays of rather more charm than is ordinarily to be noted have been produced—the one "Naughty Marietta" at the New York, and the other "The Girl and the Kaiser" at the Herald Square. In the former, which has a weak book by Rida Johnson Young and a most delightful score by Victor Herbert, the title rôle is played by Emma Trentini, a recruit from the grand-opera stage, whose fresh voice and piquant manner provide occasion for rejoicing. She has, too, in her company the fortunate co-operation of Orville Harrold, whose voice is one of the finest ever heard on Broadway outside of the regular opera houses.

With two such singers and such a score as Mr. Herbert has provided, the patrons of this entertainment seem willing to overlook the sad attempts at comedy provided by two ex-vaudevillians, brought into the play as a concession to what managers are pleased to regard as popular prejudice in such matters. As *Comtesse Marietta D'Altena*, who runs away from a Paris convent school to New Orleans to escape a loveless marriage, and meets with numerous adventures before she encounters the man of her choice and reveals her identity, Mademoiselle Trentini has ample opportunity for the display of her brilliant vocal talents. She assumes

several characters, one of them a marionette; and, attired in a boy's garb, she sings and dances in a most engaging way. Madame Maria Duchene and Edward Martindel are others who contribute good singing in this entertainment.

"The Girl and the Kaiser" was originally a German operetta, first produced here at the Irving Place Theatre. The music is by George Jarno, and the English book has been provided by Leonard Lieblich. Its story is said to be based on an incident in the life of the Austrian Emperor Josef II, who met and was interested in a pretty girl wandering in his game preserves, and who subsequently encountered her in time to save her lover from execution.

In the play Miss Glaser is the for-ester's daughter, at first disclosed as a charming little creature in green hunting togs, and subsequently obliged, for purposes of the plot, to put on court dress, foot it in the minuet, and assume royal manners on short notice. These things she does with her familiar combination of pretended awkwardness and natural grace, making always an alluring picture for the eye, and singing the music in a way to make it generally agreeable to the ear. In the course of the final act there is a momentary transition to seriousness, and both Miss Glaser and her chief assistant, Mr. Julius McVicker, handle the incident with sincerity and good effect. Miss Edith Decker provides a colorful character, and sings and dances pleasantly when her rôle permits.





FOR BOOK LOVERS

ANOTHER novel is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., from the busy pen of George Barr McCutcheon. It is a decided departure from the previous stories, the "Prisoner of Zenda" type, that have brought Mr. McCutcheon fame and presumably wealth. Nor is it in the least like "Brewster's Millions," or "Jane Cable." This new book, which he calls "The Rose in the Ring," is like nothing else but itself. It is a bit old-fashioned, judged by current standards, in atmosphere, characters, events, and even in style, but it has its claims to popular interest and, as novels go nowadays, to the approval of critical judgment.

The plot is developed in the environment of the circus tent, in the period following the Civil War, during the seventies. Those whose experience has made them familiar with that environment will be able to estimate, with some degree of exactness, how far Mr. McCutcheon has been able to reproduce the facts of the sort of life he describes.

The young man who figures as the hero of the tale is not one of the folks attached to "Van Slye's Great and Only Mammoth Shows," which was owned and managed by a disreputable brute named Braddock. David Jenison was one of the Jenisons of Virginia, a name known even to the circus people and usually spoken in a whisper and with every manifestation of reverence. He happens, however, at the beginning of the story, to be a fugitive seeking refuge from detectives who pursue him to compass his arrest on the charge of murdering his grandfather. The circus people shield him until the time

comes when his innocence is proved. Christine Braddock, the daughter of the proprietor, becomes David's good angel, and the result, of course, is inevitable.

The characterization in the story is its weakest part. David and Christine are both too good to be really human, the latter's mother is too refined for the wife of such a man as Braddock, Dick, the thief, is too warm-hearted, but probably Mr. McCutcheon thought all this was needed for the exigencies of his story.



Katherine Cecil Thurston has written another "Masquerader" in "Max," published by Harper & Brothers, and she has fallen far short of the standard set by the earlier book. It seems to us a more or less perfunctory piece of work, a book which would hardly have been conceived had it not been for the popularity of its predecessor. In fiction as in the drama, indeed in life generally, great success seems to draw in its train a procession of weak sequels; we seem unable to realize that "imitation is suicide."

Fundamentally "Max" differs from "The Masquerader" only in the fact that the principal character is a woman instead of a man, which indicates a certain poverty of invention on the part of the author. To be sure, she is Russian instead of English, the scene of the story is Paris, the action is in the atmosphere of Montmartre instead of Mayfair, but these differences are superficial.

The beautiful Russian has an unquenchable thirst for art, and can sat-

isfy it only by assuming the disguise of a boy, to penetrate the mysteries of the ateliers of the Quarter. As Max, she becomes the protégé of an Irishman named Blake, and together they live the life of the Parisian cafés and absorb art.

The dénouement is quite obvious, so that one need not, if he is disinclined, follow the melodrama, with its strained and unreal passion, its fantastic situations. There are some rather good descriptions of Max's studio under the shadow of the *Sacré Cœur*, but they are a very small part of the book and are not sufficiently striking to be worth the trouble it takes to get at them.

"The Masters of the Wheatlands" is another story of the Northwest by Harold Bindloss, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

We cannot help feeling that Mr. Bindloss has impaired the strength and unity of his story by his description of Harry Wyllard's excursion to the Siberian coast in his quest for those former comrades of his who actually have nothing to do with the tale. The only purpose that this diversion can serve is to throw a somewhat stronger light upon Wyllard's character, and it could have been done much more satisfactorily without breaking the thread of the plot and diverting the attention of the reader to a series of descriptive adventures.

Otherwise the story is interesting, and, like Mr. Bindloss' other books of the Canadian Northwest, convincing and more or less instructive. It gives a good idea of the hardships of the life, especially for women, as well as its allurements and its rewards.

If it had not been for Gregory Hawtrey's shiftlessness, probably Agatha Ismay would have remained in England, so that Wyllard would never have seen her, and so the complications that resulted from her journey to Manitoba would have been missing. Fortunately for the reader, however, Hawtrey happened to be the kind of man he was, and hence the story. He was fun-

damentally a well-intentioned individual, and so gave Mr. Bindloss the chance to write a human-interest story with a good plot and without a villain.

"No Man's Land," by Louis Joseph Vance, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., is a weird tale of adventure, which begins plausibly enough as Mr. Garrett Coast leaves his office in the neighborhood of Wall Street one afternoon and takes a subway train uptown. When he leaves the subway at Twenty-third Street and continues his journey on foot up Fifth Avenue, stopping at an art dealer's, things begin to happen. First of all, he encounters a man named Blackstock, whom he dislikes and suspects, but whose invitation to a card party he nevertheless accepts. Continuing his walk, he is picked up by Miss Katherine Thaxter, with whom he happens to be in love, but who makes it quite clear to him, as she takes him home in her automobile, that she has a tender feeling for Blackstock.

At the latter's card party, that same evening, Blackstock murders one of his guests, but the crime is fastened on Coast, who is tried and convicted, but is pardoned by the governor. This part of the story the author wisely handles with an impressionistic touch, and it would serve no useful purpose to undertake to analyze it; the reader will doubtless be satisfied.

After Coast's release the scene shifts to the waters surrounding Martha's Vineyard, or more specifically to the little island, south of Martha's Vineyard, from which the story takes its title. Here Coast finds his enemy and Katherine, who is now the latter's wife. The reader can find out for himself how all these people happened to come together in this out-of-the-way place. He must also read the book to get the narrative of exciting incidents that followed. A Secret Service agent named Appleyard becomes an active participant in the plot, and largely instrumental in bringing things to a head and seeing that the guilty are punished and the righteous rewarded.

One of the best Western stories we have read in some time is "Hidden Water," by Dane Coolidge, published by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is good chiefly because of the success its author has achieved in transferring to the printed page, not merely a realistic picture of cowboy life, but the spirit of the mesa, and the desert, and the mountain with such fidelity that the reader almost sees himself in the midst of them.

This achievement is really what gives the book its vital interest. Human beings are, of course, needed, people suited by character and occupation to the environment, but it might almost be said of "Hidden Water" that the characters in the tale are, more or less, only accessories. Lest this statement convey a wrong impression, we hasten to add, for the benefit of those who read novels to become acquainted with the people in them, that Rufus Hardy, and Jefferson Creede, and Lucy Ware, and Kitty Bonnaire are all of them worth knowing. Creede is a typical cowboy—Mr. Coolidge obviously knows them—and consequently a particularly attractive individual.

Mr. Coolidge has taken, as the theme of his story the "irrepressible conflict" between the sheepman and the cowman, obviously writing from the latter's point of view, for he enlarges on the devastation wrought by the sheep and the helplessness of the cattlemen.

Miss Clara E. Laughlin has published, through the Macmillan Company, a book which may be called either a novel or a volume of short stories, as the reader prefers. "Just Folks" has appeared serially, as short stories, in AINSLEE'S and other magazines, and hence it might be supposed that the narrative of the book is more or less disconnected, but this is not so. Partly because of the character of the stories and partly because of Miss Laughlin's skill in construction, the book presents a story that has unity both in purpose and technique.

It is a thoroughly charming and de-

lightful volume that Miss Laughlin has written, in spite of the fact that it deals with the poverty and sordidness of the slums.

Beth Tully belongs to a class of educated young women which is growing in numbers. She is a settlement worker in Chicago, and has a good deal of help and encouragement from Hart Ferris, a young newspaper reporter. She has many protégés, young and old, among the hopelessly poor people, the most prominent of whom are Lisa Allen and the Casey family. Lisa is a decidedly unique character, humorous and pathetic at the same time, with a certain spirit of independence which she manages to keep alive by her work as a dressmaker, in spite of the fact that her customers are as poor as she is herself. She and Pa Casey, who never "works stiddy," would make a book by themselves, but Miss Laughlin has filled her pages, not only with them, but with the quaint characters of the Ghetto in addition.



Important New Books.

- "A Cadet of the Black Star Line," Ralph D. Paine, Charles Scribner's Sons.
- "Are You My Wife?" Max Marcin, Moffat, Yard & Co.
- "The Drums of War," H. De Vere Stacpole, Duffield & Co.
- "The Readjustment," Will Irwin, B. W. Huebsch.
- "Jim Hands," Richard Washburn Child, Macmillan Co.
- "Edison; His Life and Inventions," Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Commerford Martin, Harper & Bros.
- "The Boy's Drake," Edwin M. Bacon, Charles Scribner's Sons.
- "The Unforeseen," Mary Stewart Cutting, Doubleday, Page & Co.
- "The Path of Honor," Burton E. Stevenson, J. B. Lippincott Co.
- "The Eagle's Feather," Emily Post, Dodd, Mead & Co.
- "The Dawn Builder," John G. Neihardt, Mitchell Kennerley.
- "Open Water," James B. Connolly, Charles Scribner's Sons.
- "The Price of the Prairies," Margaret H. McCarter, A. C. McClurg & Co.
- "The Bird in the Box," Mary Mears, F. A. Stokes Co.
- "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods," Marjorie Benton Cooke, A. C. McClurg & Co.

Talks With Ainslee's Readers

WE have had hundreds of letters since we began these talks with you; letters of commendation of the magazine as a whole, letters of suggestion showing the individual tastes of the writers, words of praise for specific stories, like "The Golden Web," "Viviette," "The Brute," and "Behind Their Masks"; but none of them has pleased us more than those which have spoken so warmly of Mr. J. W. Marshall's stories of Lem Rogers and Jim and Little Sidney. One reader says that "The Liar" was the best story he has seen, and "AINSLEE'S" was lucky enough to get it. The title is not a happy one, I'll admit, but the creation of the 'Hoo-Whoofer' is a feat in fiction, and the tale is gay with humor, steady and sure in purpose, with not a waste word of introduction, and nary a hint of explanation. You're never once told that the little liar is a fine, sweet chap; nor that the grim and gentle cowboy loves him; but you go along with the story, chuckling as you go, and congratulating yourself that you've come upon a fresh and pleasing oasis in the arid, dreary desert of magazine fiction."

PROBABLY all of you know, from your own experience, that comfortable sense of satisfaction with the world which comes to you when some one else approves a pet theory of yours, or warmly shares a thing you particularly like. We are sure, therefore, you'll not grudge us the small comfort we take in this letter and the others like it that have been received; the less so, because in telling you of it we are taking advantage of the chance to let you know of what we especially like with the same candor that we have secured from you. A frank exchange of opinions is one of the purposes of these talks, and we want you to feel confident that we are willing to meet you more than halfway.

We confess that we have always had a weakness for Jim Slater, with his sympathet-

ic understanding of boy nature, his humorous but unerring philosophy, and his wise methods of meeting and solving juvenile problems; problems which, after all, are not so very different, fundamentally, from those of us grown-ups. And because they are not, because they present, in miniature, so to speak, the same sort of tangles in life that we encounter, they contain the substance of the best sort of human-interest stories. Jim interests us because he has one of those rare natures which instinctively appreciates the troubles of others, never shirks the burden of them, and has the insight to weigh and value and dissipate them; his humor and his wisdom are unfailing. Do you wonder that we like him?

YOU have all of you shown an interest in Margaretta Tuttle which, we think, must have pleased her. We don't undertake to speak for her; she is eminently capable of speaking for herself, as you know, to your great advantage and edification, and she is likely to let you know what her feelings are in the stories that she is writing now for AINSLEE'S—good story-tellers usually put their feelings in their tales, more or less. You have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Carson and the Reverend Wrexford Thorne and his brother, the doctor, in "Curb" and "The Shadow of the Waste Places," and you are going to know them better. Incidentally they will tell you something about Mrs. Tuttle herself, a little cryptically, perhaps, but at any rate so that you can understand if you want to.

If you want to read Mrs. Tuttle's stories, you must read them in AINSLEE'S, for the work she has undertaken to do for us is so comprehensive that, as she says, she will have no time for any other. So we can all congratulate ourselves upon the fact that we are to have all she does. Therefore, let us do our part and make her satisfied, by showing our appreciation.

ONE of Mr. Locke's charming traits is that he is so apt to do the unexpected thing. You would hardly think that the Muse of poetic inspiration would be stirred by a piece of fiction, however good. Nevertheless, "Viviette" has evidently attracted Calliope's attention, and here is the proof of it:

All like a tale of love and life,
That lifts them far from earthly strife;

That's why a million readers flock
To buy the works of William Locke.

He'll show a pleasant English scene,
With bits of travel thrown between,

And characters that move and thrill
To tears or laughter at will.

And, better yet, he will devise
To spring a climax of surprise;

And wise is he who can foresee
The end of all the mystery.

But, best of all, we close the book
With something of an upward look,

With something of a livelier trust
In Him who whirls these worlds of dust,

And him who lives his little span
Here at our side, our brother man.

One who can lighten toilsome hours
And scatter wholesome thoughts like
flowers,

Deserves our praise as much as he
Who tills the ground or sails the sea.

Now comes the sprightly "Viviette";
I have not read the ending yet;

But watch me drain the sequel down
As soon as AINSLEE'S comes to town.

Of such a tale I'm just as fond
As "Marcus" or the "Vagabond."
So, here's my verdict any day:
Please give us more of William J.

There's no mistaking the sentiment that inspired the author of this.



NOW, just one word more about the contents of the March number. We will have for you a complete novel that we are certain you will find intensely interesting, because it is something new; it is essentially dramatic; it is direct, and leads up to a situation, which is its climax, without circumlocution or discursiveness. "A Man and His Mate" is by an author, Constance Skinner, who is new to you; but we know you will want to improve your acquaintance with her.

Margaretta Tuttle and J. W. Marshall we have already mentioned; they will have two of their best stories. Kate Jordan has been one of your favorite authors for eight years; she also is one of the contributors to the March number, and her story belongs to the detective type. There will be another Western tale by Elliott Flower, and other short stories by Fannie Heaslip Lea, Frank Condon, Dorothea Deakin, Carrington Phelps, and Albert Kinross.

Agnes and Egerton Castle's serial will have progressed far enough for you to form an opinion about it.

How do you like it?





Making "Dreams"

Come True

Depends largely upon clear thinking.

Coffee is one of the most subtle of all enemies of a clear mind. Not for everyone—but for many.

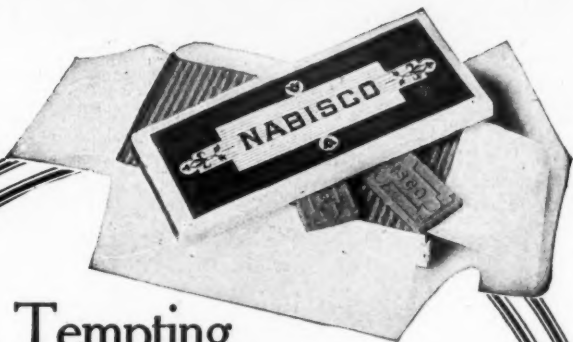
If you value comfort and the power to "do things," suppose you change from coffee to well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



A Tempting Dessert Delicacy

to serve in place of pies or pastry, and at
luncheons or afternoon teas.

Nabisco Sugar Wafers make instant
appeal to everybody.

They have a charm wholly their own,
and are exquisitely superior to any other
confection delicacy ever produced.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—NABISCO-like
goodness enclosed in a shell of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

When love languishes



Love chained to a coal-hod is a sorry spectacle. Men chafe at the burden of climbing stairs with a coal-scuttle—once in a while they do it with an "Oh-let-me-help-you-dear" expression, but the moment it becomes a daily duty, the joy is fled.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

do away with coal-hod slavery for men and women.

Then, too, the coal-hod kind of heating means ash-dust, embers and soot spread through the living rooms, which in turn means incessant toil to make the rooms clean. No woman is ever happy to see her efforts wasted. Women love cleanliness and if this is impossible then the house is not a home. No architect or manufacturer would think of heating a factory by grates, stoves or hot-air furnace. Why should men expect their wives to put up with such old-style methods?

In an IDEAL Boiler the fire will not need rekindling in the whole heating season—will run 8 to 16 hours or longer without recoaling—depending of course upon the severity of the weather. A child can

run the outfit.

Ask your architect to specify and insist on IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Fully guaranteed. Do not take any other.

Every owner or tenant—small or large—in town or country—ought to have our catalogue (free). If the care of old fashioned heating is robbing you of two hours a day which could be devoted to better purposes, don't delay longer. All inquiries cordially welcomed.



IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators keep a new house new and cause an old house to have its life and value prolonged.



A No. 22 IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$1115, were used to heat this cottage.



A No. C-241 IDEAL Boiler and 555 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$250, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 39 Chicago



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Repairs Cost 43 Cents per 1000 Miles

FOR three years we have been gathering *sworn* mileage and upkeep (repair) statements of Winton Six owners.

Figures covering 30 Winton Six cars, owned and driven in and around New York, Boston, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Minneapolis and Los Angeles, and on many long and hard tours, are given on this page.

¶ These 30 cars totaled 350,092.3 miles—more than 14 times the distance around the earth at the equator.

Fourteen cars ran 148,074.3 miles with absolutely no repair expenses.



Sixteen cars ran 202,018 miles on a total of \$149.39 repair expense.

One car (owned by Mr. J. E. Clenny) ran in three years a distance of 41,173 miles on 30 cents repair expense.

¶ Each of these 30 cars averaged 1603.4 miles per month, and 53.4 miles per day. Had to

keep moving to do that distance in all weathers.

And the average repair expense for each of the 30 cars was 43 cents per 1000 miles.

¶ That's a world's record that goes straight home to the pocket books of these Winton Six owners.

Motoring did not prove expensive to them.

Because the Winton Six is a car that keeps out of repair shops.

¶ What the Winton Six has done for these owners, it can do for you.

The record established by 30 cars in three years of work is no accident.

It represents car merit, for no car, no matter how carefully petted and nursed, could do such work if the merit wasn't there when the car was designed and built.

¶ The self-cranking 48 H. P. Winton Six touring car sells at \$3000. With four-door body \$3050. We make six-cylinder cars exclusively, and that we make them right is apparent in these wonderful mileage and repair records.

¶ Our catalog gives abundant information about the Winton Six. With it we will send you our Upkeep Book, which presents in detail the facts and figures that put the world's upkeep record at 43 cents per 1000 miles. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

The Winton Motor Car Co.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

WINTON BRANCH HOUSES

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St.
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 12th St.
BOSTON	Berkley at Stanhope St.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 No. Broad St.
BALTIMORE	200 North Liberty St.
PITTSBURGH	Baum at Beatty St.
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT	295 Woodward Ave.
KANSAS CITY	3328-3330 Main St.
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
SAN FRANCISCO	250 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike St.

Sworn Records of Automobile Upkeep

Car Owner and Address	Year	Mileage	Expense
Azelrod, Jacob, New York	1908	7,570	None
"	1909	17,720	\$60.00
Bacharach, Isaac, Atlantic City	1909	11,000	.30
"	1910	17,390	3.46
"	1910	15,526	None
Boothe, S. S., Los Angeles	1910	21,127	1.40
Barnsdall, T. N., Pittsburg	1909	15,669	31.15
Brennan, Jas. T., Brooklyn	1908	6,806	3.00
Burnham, Wm., Philadelphia	1909	8,702	None
Cheney, H. M., Toledo	1910	14,059	None
Clenny, J. E., Chicago	1908	5,155	None
"	1909	17,003	None
"	1910	19,015	.30
Cuddy, Loftus, Cleveland	1909	8,728	.30
Daab, Martin, Hoboken, N. J.	1910	17,130.9	None
Fish, Joseph, Chicago	1908	5,535	None
Friedlander, W. J., Cincinnati	1910	18,809	.30
Frost, G. W., Montclair, N. J.	1909	10,595	None
Mallen, H. W., Chicago	1909	7,572	1.50
Martin, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,726	7.50
"	1910	14,847	None
McAllister, W. B., Cleveland	1909	10,788	26.55
Petersen, L. T., Youngstown, O.	1910	15,790	None
Phipps, H. J., Boston	1910	14,208	1.50
Fickands, H. S., Cleveland	1908	6,632.8	None
Roelofs, H. H., Philadelphia	1908	5,415	None
Rooney, E. A., Buffalo	1908	4,594	.10
Schnaier, Milton, New York	1909	11,683	12.00
Somers, Warren, Atlantic City	1908	6,183	.03
Speare, Mrs. L. R., Boston	1908	6,113.6	None
Totals		350,092.3	\$149.39

*Same car three years.

†Same car two years.

Average Upkeep Expense for 30 Cars—43 Cents per 1000 Miles.



THE WINTON MOTOR CAR CO.
122 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Please send Winton Six literature to

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Save 25% on Tires

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent oversize. That means an average of 25 per cent more mileage without a cent of extra cost.

Goodyear tire sales trebled last year—jumped to \$8,500,000. And 64 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyears for 1911.

One reason is that these tires can't be rim-cut, no matter how far they run flat. And there is no other practical tire ever invented which cannot be wrecked in this way.

Another reason is that Goodyear tires give you 10 per cent oversize with no extra cost.

The picture shows a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire behind another tire of equal rated size.

The Goodyear—while it fits the rim—gives you 10 per cent more tire for the money. That means 10 per cent more carrying capacity. It means, under average conditions, 25 per cent more mileage per tire.

The Reason is This

Motor car makers, in adopting a tire size, figure on expected load. That means the weight of the car as they sell it and the weight of the passengers at 150 pounds each.

They use a tire size to support this

load, but they rarely leave any margin. Motor car prices are now figured closely.

Perhaps you add a top, a wind shield, gas lamps and gas tank, an extra tire. And passengers sometimes overweigh. With nine cars in ten the expected load is exceeded.

The result is a blow-out—often while the tire is new. There is no doubt that overloading, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire cost.



We Save That 25 Per Cent

When you specify Goodyear No-Rim Cut tires you add 10 per cent to your carrying capacity—25 per cent to your average mileage—without any extra cost. For Goodyear oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires. This isn't philanthropy. It is simply good business. When a blow-out occurs you blame the tire maker, and we wish to avoid that blame.

There are other things you gain, and all are told in our book, "How to Select an Automobile Tire."

This book is saving motor car owners millions of dollars. May we send a copy to you?



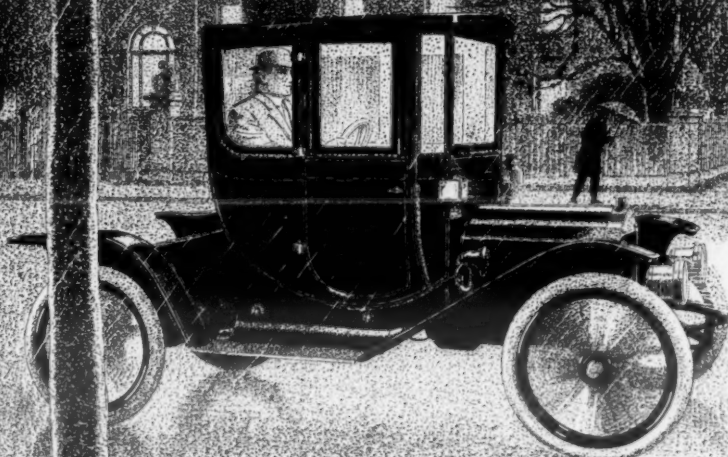
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, until lately, cost 20 per cent more than other standard tires. Now they cost but an equal price.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Eighth St., Akron, Ohio
We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Branches and Agencies in all the Principal Cities

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ontario

FLANDERS
"20"
Coupe \$975



Office Comfort on Wheels for \$975

The Flanders "20" Coupe will convey you through city streets and across country roads at all hours and in all sorts of weather accompanied by every comfort of your home. This Coupe is luxuriously equipped, is finished in dark green enamel with nicked trimmings, has English Broadcloth upholstery, and is fitted with interior and exterior electric lights. Mounted on the standard Flanders "20" chassis this body is interchangeable with the Runabout Suburban and Roadster type of body for summer service.

The E-M-F Company
Automobile Manufacturers, Detroit, Mich.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Are YOUR Hands Tied?

Do you want to get on—**SUCCEED**—earn more money? Is there a certain line of work you think you could do better in—if you only had the training? Or a certain kind of position you would like to hold—only you fear your "hands are tied?"

Don't let your ambition die! Don't think your hands are tied! Don't think that you can't strike out for advancement and *success*—that you do not dare, because you must eke out your daily bread—that you must go on in the same old rut as long as you live.

Get out of the crowd of ordinary *untrained* men—whose each day's work puts them *no further ahead*—for whom the future has no *promise*.

Start your advancement **NOW**—mark the coupon with a cross opposite the occupation you prefer, mail it *to-day*, and let the International Correspondence Schools give you full information on how they can *help you* to succeed as they have thousands of others—costs but postage—you incur no obligation.

Simply let the I. C. S. tell you how they can assist you to become an **EXPERT** in your chosen work—in your spare time—at home—no matter where you live or how little you now earn.

Your hands are not tied. Victory is within your reach—you can succeed.

It's a winning game for you—if you will only enter.

More than 300 I. C. S. students monthly **VOLUNTARILY** report increases in pay due to I. C. S. help—363 in November.

The world owes you *success* if you demand it—the world owes you nothing if you do not.

Mark the coupon—make your beginning **NOW!**

This Coupon is for YOU

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1199, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Automobile Raising	Civil Service	Spanish French German Italian
Mine Superintendent	Architect	
Mine Foreman	Chemist	
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages—	
Concrete Construction	Banking	
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor	
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman	
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing	
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating	
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming	
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing	
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man	
Electric Lighting Supt.	Stenographer	
Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper	

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

The EVERETT PIANO

One of the three great
Pianos of the World

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York Chicago
Owners of
The Everett Piano Co. Boston



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Reduced photograph showing difference in size between a volume of the new (11th) edition of The ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA on ordinary book paper and the same volume printed on India paper, and bound in full flexible sheepskin.

PLAN OF SALE

The preliminary offer of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica in advance of publication was planned with a very practical object in view. It was necessary that the publishers should ascertain, before they began printing and binding the volumes on a large scale, to what extent the public would demand the work in each of its two forms (sets printed upon India paper and sets upon ordinary paper), and in the six styles of binding. A comparatively small number of subscriptions in advance of publication will be accepted at much less than the regular price, (but without any payments at present) in order that the saving which the first subscribers may effect will induce them to subscribe without delay, and thus to give the publishers an immediate indication of the ratio in which the production should be apportioned between the two kinds of paper and six styles of binding.

Delivery of early copies is about to begin.

Cambridge University Press

(Encyclopaedia Britannica Department)

December 30, 1910.

The verdict of book-buyers is almost unanimous in favor of

THE INDIA PAPER EDITION OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

¶ The preliminary announcement in the November magazines in regard to the new format in which the 11th Edition is being printed, has yielded a surprising result, and yielded it swiftly. **90 per cent. of the American orders for the new edition of the world's greatest work of reference call for sets printed on India paper (29 volumes each less than an inch thick, although containing almost 1000 pages).** The success of the India paper edition is therefore assured. The employment of this extremely light but opaque and strong printing paper was a radical innovation whose desirability,

it was felt, might not appeal quickly to the majority of book-buyers.

¶ **To make the Encyclopaedia Britannica two-thirds sligher in bulk and two-thirds lighter in weight** was an experiment whose advantages, it was decided, might not appeal to many who had been accustomed to the work in the format which had existed without change or attempt at improvement for so many generations. Familiar associations have much to do with the affection with which the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is regarded by hundreds of thousands of readers throughout the world. Thoroughly original as is the new work, searching as has been the fresh survey of every

field of knowledge upon which its 40,000 articles are founded, the new Eleventh Edition is nevertheless the successor and, in a certain sense, the inheritor of a great series of traditions, the ultimate fruit of the cumulative experience which has since 1768 produced ten successive and successful editions of this work. The publishers had no desire to force the new India paper format upon the public, and it was at the outset recognized that the man who for twenty years or more had seen the familiar binding on his shelf, eagerly as he would welcome the new edition, with its wealth of new knowledge and fresh information, might still prefer that in outward form it should seem the same. Many of the elder among the three generations by whom the new work will be enjoyed may feel even now that to use the Encyclopaedia Britannica in its more compact form will involve too great a change in fixed habits; and there is something to be said for the point of view that a portly row of volumes is the most cherished of household ornaments.

¶ The public, however, have decided in favour of India paper in the proportion of nine to one. 5625 subscriptions in advance of publication had been registered when this announcement went to the printer, and of these 5062 were for the India paper.

¶ To those who spend their lives in libraries, the loss of time, the discomfort, the fatigue to the eyes entailed by the constant use of cumbrous and heavy books, are matters of course, but to the average reader, who has no superstitious reverence for old fashions in the production of books, the efficiency of works of reference has always been limited by their clumsy form; he has always thought of the Encyclopaedia Britannica as a series of large, heavy, and more or less forbidding volumes to which he has referred but seldom and always with reluctance. **To him the novel and convenient format of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica has come as a distinct addition to the machinery of modern life in America.** He will no longer think twice about picking up a volume which he can grasp easily between finger and thumb, which can be bent back cover to cover in its flexible binding, and held for reading as comfortably as a magazine.

¶ The purpose of the preliminary announcement of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica having been attained so far as the percentage in favour of India paper is concerned, the first subscription list will soon be closed; but meanwhile the relative demand for the six styles of binding in which the new edition will appear is of not less pressing importance. A great many subscribers, while eagerly welcoming the appearance of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in thin and light flexible volumes, have entirely ignored the question of bindings, having deferred the making of a choice until the complete work is ready for delivery. The use of India paper is one new feature upon which the success of the Eleventh Edition will depend; the flexible bindings in full sheep-skin and full morocco is another, but the publishers are, at the moment, lacking that precise knowledge of subscribers' requirements in the matter of bindings that is indispensable to the production of a large edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica at low cost. **The most extensive manufacturing in the history of publishing is about to be projected.** The mere making of paper and purchase of skins for bindings will demand no little time. By common consent of all competent authorities, the demand

A LARGE CONCESSION TO EARLY SUBSCRIBERS

for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica has been accumulating for years. The first volume of the edition that is in use today (and will be displaced and superseded by the new 11th edition) was published in 1875. There have been various reprints, some unauthorized; and in order to evade the copyright law, versions were published (the sale of which was afterwards suppressed by the United States Circuit Court) which did not contain all the original articles; in the genuine and the incomplete and mutilated forms, the total sale in America was not less than 400,000 copies. Conservative estimates based upon this previous demand show that the printing and binding which are about to follow the present offer must be on a gigantic scale.

The plan of first issuing a limited number of sets, for which subscriptions are being received, will enable those who register their names now to obtain the work at a substantial concession in the price.

When the first subscription list has been filled, a supplementary (or waiting) list will be opened for those whose applications are received too late to be entered on the first list. 50,000 sets in 1911 is not an extravagant estimate of the demand for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. In view of the magnitude of the printing and binding, many subscribers will have to wait until the manufacturing has been so organized that complete copies can be produced quickly and in quantity. All subscriptions will be dealt with according to priority of application. **No money need be paid until after delivery** of the volumes; all that the Cambridge University Press now requires is an early **intimation of intention** to subscribe, whether for India paper or ordinary, and for which of the six styles of binding.

The New (11th) Edition of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

is a Fresh and Original Survey of Human Thought, Learning and Achievement to 1910. A Complete and Authoritative Exposition of Knowledge. It Consists of 28 Volumes and Index, Comprising 27,000 pages and 40,000 Articles.

The List is Open for ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTIONS

- (1) On INDIA PAPER (very light and opaque), in Three styles of binding—CLOTH (\$4.25), FULL FLEXIBLE SHEEPSKIN (\$5.25), and FULL FLEXIBLE MOROCCO (\$6.75), the volumes to be less than ONE INCH THICK (960 to 980 pages).
- (2) On ordinary book paper, in Three Styles of Binding—CLOTH, (\$4.00), HALF MOROCCO (\$5.25), and FULL MOROCCO (\$7.50), the volumes to be 2¾ INCHES THICK (960 to 980 pages).

At these prices (the Ninth Edition having been sold, when first issued in England and America, at 30/- or \$7.50 a volume), the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is a considerably cheaper book than ever before, and in its more convenient and readable form, likely to appeal to a much wider public. Furthermore, the slight additional cost for the India paper impression is not in proportion to its actual market valuation, as it is well known that books printed on India paper are always issued at high prices.

NOTE—Those who possess copies of previous editions of the *ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA* (now out of date) are requested to advise us of the fact, clearly indicating which edition they possess (giving name of publisher and number of volumes), and if they wish to purchase the new edition, will be informed how they can dispose of their old editions at a fair valuation.

NOTE—The new *ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA* is offered direct to the public, and no book-agents or canvassers are employed.

APPLICATION FOR THE PROSPECTUS

Full particulars of prices (in advance of publication), of deferred payments, bookcases and bindings, together with a prospectus containing an account of the work, with specimen pages, order form, etc., free on application.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
(Encyclopaedia Britannica Department), 35 West 32d St., New York.
Please send me the prospectus of the new *ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA* (11th Edition).

AIN-4
Name _____
Profession or Business (with address) _____
Residence _____

CRUISES



THE WEST INDIES

The Spanish Main, Panama Canal and Bermuda

By the new twin-screw S.S. "MOLTKE" (12,500 tons), largest steamer going to the West Indies this Winter. Leaving New York January 24th and February 25th, 1911, for cruises of 28 days duration, and March 28th for a Spring Cruise of 16 days duration. Places visited: Havana (Cuba), San Juan (Porto Rico), Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama Canal), La Guayra (Venezuela), Puerto Cabello, Port of Spain (Trinidad), La Brea Point, Bridgetown (Barbadoes), Fort de France (Martinique), St. Pierre, St. Thomas and Bermuda.

\$85 and \$150 and up



JAMAICA

The Caribbean and the Panama Canal

By the superb "PRINZ" and other steamers of the **Atlas Service** of the **Hamburg-American Line**, sailing **Weekly** to Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, Panama, South and Central America, —cruises of from 23 to 25 days duration, including berth, meals and stop-over privilege in either Jamaica or Cuba.

\$135 and \$140

Direct service to Cuba by the luxurious twin-screw, 11,000 ton S.S. "HAMBURG." Largest Steamship in the Cuban trade. Also by the S.S. "ALTAI" and "ALLEGHANY" carrying only second-class passengers in cabin.

A 10-day tour including 4 days' hotel accommodations, \$100. Short delightful Sea Trip. Ample time for sight-seeing.

AROUND THE WORLD

By the new transatlantic liner "CLEVELAND," 17,000 tons, two cruises

"*Around the World*," leaving New York (first cruise) November 1st, 1911, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Naples, Port Said, Suez, Bombay, Colombo, Calcutta (Diamond Harbor), Rangoon, Singapore, Batavia, Manila, Hongkong, Nagasaki, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu and San Francisco, and from San Francisco (second cruise) February 17th, 1912, in reversed order of the first cruise. Duration, 110 days, **\$650** upward, including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore.

Guide and Travel Books for sale.

Send for further particulars.



HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, New York

BOSTON
CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA
ST. LOUIS

PITTSBURGH
SAN FRANCISCO



The Fire Insurance Standard

THE fact that agents and brokers everywhere are pushing other companies with the argument that they are "just as good as the Hartford," shows that a **Hartford** policy has become the standard fire insurance policy of America. When that policy, by which other companies are measured, can be had without extra cost, is it not wisdom to insist on having the standard policy itself?

That the **Hartford** has become the standard is because

1. It does the largest business.
2. It has paid the biggest losses.
3. Its assets and surplus are larger than ever.
4. It is more than 100 years old.
5. It is the best known company.
6. It is fair in settlements.
7. It is prompt in payment.

When you need fire insurance ask your agent or broker to get you a policy in the **Hartford**. If he tells you he can get you a policy "just as good as the Hartford," ask him why you cannot have the **Hartford**. Sometimes it may take a little effort, but you can get what you want if you

Insist on the Hartford

AGENTS EVERYWHERE



AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

"The Magazine That Entertains"

\$100.00 IN PRIZES

The readers of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE may find it both amusing and profitable to try to secure one of the money prizes which we offer for opinions as to the best fiction which they may be able to find in the issues of any of the publications of the month including AINSLEE'S. The publishers, who aim to make AINSLEE'S the finest fiction magazine in the world, always pay the highest prices and are on the lookout for the best stories written.

We wish to ascertain the views and tastes of our readers, both as to our own and other publications, for we believe they should be better judges of what they want than professional readers.

Three prizes are offered for the best suggestions:

**FIRST \$50.00 SECOND \$30.00
THIRD \$20.00**

HERE ARE THE CONDITIONS:

- 1—Letters must relate to fiction only that has been published between January 15, 1911, and February 15, 1911, in any publication including *Ainslee's*.
- 2—Letters should not exceed two hundred words in length.
- 3—Awards are to be subject to the judgment of the publishers and editors of *Ainslee's*. The names of the winners will be regularly announced.
- 4.—Replies must be mailed not later than February 15, 1911.

Address "*Fiction Competition*," AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE,
Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York City, N. Y.



Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar *for* 1911

Picturing a typical American Girl in all the natural freshness and beauty of vigorous youth, the Pabst Extract Calendar for 1911 is without question the most exquisite portrayal of an ideal we have ever seen—it is simply fascinating in its artistic beauty and subtle charm.

In panel shape, 7 inches in width and 36 inches in length, it lends itself perfectly to the filling of those corners that are so hard to decorate—and, being printed in 12 delicately blended colors and gold, it harmonizes pleasantly with the color scheme of any room.

You Surely Want One for Your Home, Den or Office

It is absolutely free of all advertising on the front—even the calendar pads being printed on the back. We have tried to make this beautiful panel a suitable decoration for any home, hoping that it will act as an occasional reminder to those receiving a copy that

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

"brings the roses to your cheeks"—that it is a perfect blending of richest malt and choicest hops into a natural reconstructive agent and builder of health, strength, vigor and vitality—a malt tonic that enriches the blood and tones up the entire system.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

For Sale At All Druggists—But Always Insist Upon "Pabst"

The Calendar is Free

All you have to do is to send us your name and address and ten cents in stamps or silver to cover cost of packing and mailing. Write for one today.

PABST EXTRACT CO. Dept. 31 Milwaukee, Wis.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

\$70.50 Buys This \$159 Dining Suite in Quartered White Oak

Lowest cash store prices as follows:

No. 429 Buffet, Antique Copper Trimmings,
Beveled French Plate Mirror,..... \$ 42.00
No. 428 China Cabinet, similar Mirror, no glass, 42.00
No. 345 45 in. Pedestal Table, with 3 leaves,
Top and Pedestal Lock included,..... 47.00
No. 100 Carvers Chair,..... 5.50
Five No. 100 Diners,..... 22.50

Dealer's price, \$159.00
"Come-Packt" price, **\$70.50**

Big Furniture Book Mailed Free

Send for our big catalog full of money-saving suggestions, showing over 200 splendid pieces of Mission and Bungalow furniture, also new "Willow-Weave" Furniture and Mission Lamps, any one sold alone at half store price.

Write today to

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO.,

208 Edwin Street,

Ann Arbor, Mich.



BUY

The Only Black That Stays Black

TRY

STOVINK

(Copyrighted)

A STOVE BLACKING Never Burns Off

STOVINK, the wonderful blacking for stoves, is better than anything you've ever tried. It has no equal. Makes the old stove look like new. Quickly applied; clean and easy to use. No polishing required. It is not a paste, but a liquid blacking positively guaranteed not to burn or rub off. It never turns red or gray. Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE.

Buy STOVINK today from our representative in your city, etc.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes.

STOVINK is fully protected by patents.

We want LIVE REPRESENTATIVES to sell STOVINK in every locality. Write for prices and terms.

The Hayden-Griffin Company

141-10th St., Toledo, Ohio

Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1-30th, the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—its free for the asking. Address—

Rémoh Jewelry Co.
413 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

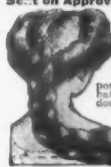


Send on Approval. Send No Money. \$2 HAIR SWITCH

WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS!

Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$2.00 in ten days, or full 3 and call YOUR SWITCH. Full. Extra shades a bit more. Include 5c postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also hair cream switches, pomades, oils, polishes, etc. **ANNA AYERS**, Dept. 500

19 Quincy Street, Chicago



THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 31 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.

Atlanta, Ga.
Bright, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.

Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.

Columbus, Ohio.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa.
4946 Fifth Ave.

Providence, R. I.
Columbus, S. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Better Stenographic Service

Did you ever notice that your stenographer does better work early in the day than she does toward night?

This is probably the reason: At the tip of each finger, close to the surface, is a sensitive nerve terminal.

Now, the constant pounding that is necessary to get action from the stiff, heavy keys of the ordinary typewriter soon tires her out. You can overcome this daily "3 o'clock fatigue" by taking advantage of

Monarch Light Touch

The Monarch has an exclusive type-bar construction, which responds to the slightest pressure of the fingers and makes possible a maximum degree of efficiency.

Compare the Monarch with any other typewriter and note the difference.

Send for Monarch Literature

Learn the reasons for Monarch superiority. Then try the Monarch to the end that you may know that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.



Representatives Wanted

Local representatives wanted everywhere. Also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

The Monarch Typewriter Company

Executive Office:

Monarch Typewriter Building
Broadway, New York

Canadian Office:

Toronto and Montreal

Branches and dealers throughout the world.



11 Years Here



PITTSBURGH, PA.
June 16, 1910

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & CO.

The Ostermoor Mattress purchased from you over ten or eleven years ago is still in use in my home, and it is so comfortable and satisfactory I assure you we would use no other.

Very truly yours,
FRANK C. MOSIER
Attorney-at-Law.

WHICH means more to you—actual proof of value from families who have used the Ostermoor for years, or the mere claim of a just-as-good" imitation, so many of which have cropped up to deceive buyers who really want and *should have* the

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS \$15. "Built—Not Stuffed"

Your education along the lines of sleeping comfort—your knowledge of mattress quality and what scientific mattress making can bring you—demands the Ostermoor, and *none other*.

It represents fifty years of *experience* instead of five years of "experiment."

144-Page Book and Samples Free

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us, and we'll give his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 174 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Furber and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST

Express Prepaid

Best blue and white

ticking

4'6" wide 45 lbs \$15.

In two parts 6 lbs each

Dust proof,

satin finish ticking,

\$1.50 more.

Mercerized

French Art Twills.

\$1.00 more.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Rate, \$1.00 a line, or \$2.475 a line, which includes SMITH'S and POPULAR Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of AINSLEE'S closes Feb. 1st.

Agents & Help Wanted

WANTED.—Railway Mail Clerks—Customs House and Internal Revenue Employees. \$800 to \$1500. Spring Examinations everywhere. Write for schedule. Coaching Free. Franklin Institute, Dept E 5 Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 13 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 1132, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

LIVE MEN OR WOMEN in every community to operate business at home. \$50 weekly. No Capital. No canvassing. Spare time. I furnish everything to start. Free particulars. Voorlies, Desk M. K. Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Carleton made \$8 one afternoon. Mrs. Bowerth made \$25 in 2 days. No experience needed. Free Samples. Credit. Freepost Manufacturing Co., 45 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$25 Weekly and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. Emery, MG 26, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS for our new Limited Policies. Premiums range from \$1.00 to \$10.00 annually. Write Today. Liberal commissions; virgin territory. North American Accident Insurance Co., Dept. A, 217 La Salle St., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money. Big pay, no experience, no capital required. 5,000 new art specialties, photo pillow tops, 25c., portraits 30c., bromides 25c. New 1911 catalog and samples free. Write, Daniel H. Ritter Co., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS side line. **FIX-ITS.** Repair furniture without glue. Days supply in pocket. Money back guarantee. Sample and terms 10c. Freeman Co., 5713 Binghamton, N. Y.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE wanted—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. E. R. Marden, Pres., The Nat'l. Co-Op. Real Estate Co., 339 B. Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

AGENTS Male and Female can earn from \$10.00 to \$15.00 daily, selling our latest style embroidered princess patterns, waist and suit patterns, petticoats, art linens, woolen sweaters, etc. Catalog free. J. Gluck, 621 Bway, N. Y.

BULLY!—GREAT!—IMMENSE!—that's what all our agents say after selling our attractive 1911 Combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. 100% to 300% profit. One Michigan agent made \$45 in 47 hours; another \$21 in 8 hours; another \$22.50 in 10 hours; Act Now—Not Tomorrow. Davis Soap Co., 19 Union Park Court, Chicago.

SALESMEN—Best accident, health policy. Old line, \$1000 death; \$5 weekly; \$100 emergency. Costs \$2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 207 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS SECURED OR FREE returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000.00 for others. Patents secured by us advertised gratis in World's Progress sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Books Free. Highest references; best results. Send for list of Inventions Wanted. Patents advertised Free. Send sketch or model for Free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 622 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT. Your ideas may bring you a fortune. \$250.000 Invention wanted. Our free books tell What to Invent and how to obtain a Patent. Write for them. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability. Patent obtained or fee returned. Patents advertised for sale free. H. Ellis Chandler & Co., successors to Woodward & Chandler, Reg'd Attys, 1202 F St., Wash., D. C.

PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward offers and Inventions that will bring from \$5000 to 10 Million Dollars; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 5c postage to Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 62, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Porcelain Miniatures.

COPIED from any picture. Sepia-tones for \$1; Tinted in Water colors \$2; Size about 2 1/2 x 3 inch oval. Stamp for booklet. Jeffers, 8 E. Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Isle of Pines

"WATCH US GROW" is the watchword of McKinley, Isle of Pines. Beautiful, healthful island, 90 miles south of Havana. Largest American Colony in Cuba. Four days from New York by Steamer. Mild, delightful climate. No frosts, no fever, no irrigation needed for trees. Fertile soil for growing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, limes, pine-apples, bananas, figs, nuts, garden truck, etc. Ten acres enough to make you independent in a few years. Write to-day for free book showing 100 pictures of American life at McKinley. Development Bureau Isle of Pines Co., 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Real Estate, Farms, Etc.

SOUTHERN California Orange Land, in the famed Riverside-Redlands district, on small payments. Water ready for irrigating. \$200 monthly, and less, buys ten acres. Unusually attractive planting proposition. You can pay for an orange grove, vineyard or alfalfa ranch while earning your living. Rich soil—splendidly located. Ill. booklet. So. Cal. Homes Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Plants, Seeds, Etc.

A REMARKABLE OFFER OF HENDERSON'S SEEDS: Ponderosa Tomato, Scarlet Globe Radish, Big Boston Lettuce, Invincible Asters, Butterfly Fanies, Spencer Sweet Peas. On receipt of 10c. to cover postage, etc., we will mail our Henderson Collection consisting of one packet of each of above varieties all enclosed in a coupon envelope which will be accepted as 25c. on any order of \$1.00 or over. In addition we will mail our 1911 Catalogue "Everything for the Garden" the biggest and best we have issued. Peter Henderson and Company, 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York City.

Poultry

GREIDER'S Fine Catalog gives list of 70 varieties of pure bred Poultry. 191, 200 pages, over 100 illustrations, 57 in natural colors. Gives low prices for stock, eggs, incubators. Only 15c. postpaid. B.H. Greider, Box 86 Rheims, Pa.

Toilet Articles

ATTENTION LADIES—Hair removed, without danger or pain, from face, hands or arms, by Depilane, at \$1.00 per bottle. Particulars free. Depilane Chemical Co., 123 Liberty Street, New York City.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Business Opportunities

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES. Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides, and similar Wonders For Sale. Catalogue Free. We also buy Magic Lanterns, Films, Slides, etc. Harbach & Co. 300 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$2,000.00. WE WILL LEND YOU \$2,000 under certain reasonable conditions, and agree that you may repay the loan from the dividends on an investment which we will suggest. Continental Commercial Company, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU IN A PERMANENT BUSINESS with us and furnish everything. We have new easy-selling plans and reasonable leaders in the Mail Order line to keep our factories busy. No canvassing. Small capital. You pay us out of the business. Large profits. Spare time only required. Personal assistance. Write today for plans, positive proof and sworn statements. J. M. Pease Mfg. Co., 988 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 YEARLY in the real estate business, without capital; we will teach you the business by mail, appoint you special representative in your locality, of leading real estate company, list with you readily salable properties, co-operate with and assist you to permanent success; a thorough commercial law course free to representatives. If you are honest and ambitious, our free 62-page book will surely interest you. Address International Realty Corp., Dept. 1274, Chicago, Ill. (Successor to The Cross Co. & H. W. Cross & Co.)

\$100 Monthly and expenses to men and women to travel and distribute numerous big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas. M.M.126 Chicago

Business Opportunities — Continued.

START Legitimate Mail-Order Mercantile business; possibilities unlimited, conducted by anyone. We print catalogs, supply merchandise at wholesale. Booklet and sample catalog free. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Music

SONG Writers-Composers Send us your songs and Inst. Mus. Publication guaranteed if acceptable. New York is the only place; we are New York's leading music publishers. F. B. Haviland Pub Co., 160 W. 37th St., N. Y.

Telegraphy

THE Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter. Sends you telegraph messages. Teaches in the shortest time. 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Mfg. Co., 39 Y Cortlandt St., N. Y.

For the Deaf

THE ACOUSTICON makes the deaf hear instantly. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theatres and Churches. In successful use throughout the country. Booklet, with the endorsement of those you know, free. K. B. Turner, President, General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

ARE YOU DEAF? "AURIS" is the latest electrical invention will make you hear. Smallest, lightest, cheapest. Trial Free. Write to-day. Auris Company, Room 1043, 1261 Broadway, N. Y.

Financial

"\$1,725,000,000 increase in value of New York City real estate by 1916"—Board of Tax Commissioners. You may yet participate on an equal footing, however large or limited your capital, with a large body of prominent investors who are securing right now a big share of this vast profit. Our plan of estate building has been conspicuously tested and has invariably returned very large and in some cases almost fabulous profits. This opportunity is yours to-day. It is exceptional, limited and is passing you by forever. Do your future the justice of investigating this. A two cent stamp may stand between you and wealth. New York Urban Real Estate Company, J. Harvey Wood, Jr., Pres., 160 Broadway, N. Y.

Coins, Stamps, Etc.

\$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; \$20 for a 5¢. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10 cents at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 49, Le Roy, N. Y.

Games & Entertainments

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 19, Chicago

Miscellaneous

TOBACCO Habit Cured or No Cost. Harmless Home Treatment of roots and herbs; sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name King Ni-Ko 5, Wichita, Kan.

AGENTS

-SALESMEN-MANAGERS- All Men Out of work—positions—Stop right here—get free information on the Greatest Household Invention ever known—A SELF WRINGING MOP. AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE EASY MONEY—AT HOME OR TRAVELING.

LISTEN!

One man's orders \$2800 one month, profit \$1600; Men boy in Pa., made \$900 in 2 1/2 hrs. A. E. Martin, Mich., says "Called at 20 homes, made 10 sales." E. Menn, Wis., says "Sold 131 in 2 days." E. Randal, Minn., says "Canvassed 11 families, took 11 orders." John D. McLeod sold 6 after supper in less than an hour. Don't need experience, sell it easy. That's the way it goes. You can't fail. You are bound to win. You can sell 100 mops a week, working only half time. "I don't see how a better seller could be manufactured," says Parker J. Townsend, Minn. "Took 10 orders first morning," N. H. Torrence, New York. "Took six doz. orders in four days," says W. E. Hill, Ill.

Two turns of crank wrings out every drop of water. Simple, practical, reliable, durable, never wears out. Every home buys. No talking necessary. Sit it, take the order. Get started now, don't wait. We will help you.

We want Agents, Salesmen, Managers in every county to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. 150 percent profit. No investment required. Sample free with first order. New catalog, instructions, sworn-to evidence, all Free.

U. S. MOP CO., 1248 Main St., LEIPSIQ, O.

WORK FOR US.

Get Your Share of this Easy Money Selling EASY WRINGER Mops.

150% PROFIT.

EVERY WEEK

Start NOW

These illustrations show the mop on the floor and also when it is wrung out. On the floor it spreads out and is held down firmly at all points. When lifted it straightens out automatically for wringing, and two turns of crank takes out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure and floor is cleaned 100 percent in half the time.



The most
remarkable novel
you have ever read

The fasci-
nating story of a
modern Dick Turpin

AN ENEMY TO SOCIETY

BY
George Bronson-Howard

IN

TWICE-A-MONTH
*The Popular
Magazine*

"The only magazine whose readers demand its
publication twice a month."

A scion of a
wealthy house,
caught by the wolves
of society, and taught
to war upon his kind.

This amazing
story begins in
the First March
number, on all news
stands February 10th



Everybody's Chewin'

**Colgan's
"Chips"**



"The gum that's round"

Sure thing—just must—can't help it! "Violet Chips" and "Mint Chips"—the cheer-up, happy-days kind of chewing gum that jollies digestive machinery, injects vigor into your spirits, tones up your breath—sets you plumb-right to rub up against this old world's rough spots!

Just Ask for Colgan's Chips
Mint or Violet

10 chips in a sanitary metal box, 5c. Choice of wise-folks—particularly sportsmen. Sold everywhere, or we'll send a full-sized box of each for 10c.

Ball player's picture in every package

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



chew
chips
and
cheer up!

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

FULL SIZE PIECES · 2 ¹/₂ and 5 ¹/₂ Boxes! · (*Blue Label*)

HALF SIZE PIECES · 2 ¹/₂ Boxes only! · (*Red Label*)

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

YOUNG MOTHERS



Should Know That CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Afford a pure, sweet and most economical—because speedy—treatment for infantile eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls upon distracted households when Cuticura Soap and Ointment enter.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston. A 32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, tells mothers about Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.



A Woman's Pride is Her Hair

If that has become thin, faded or gray, she has lost the secret of a woman's charm. No woman need ever do this if she will do as thousands of others have done who now possess beautiful hair—use

Mme. Robinnair's Walnut Hair Dye

No matter what the condition of your hair, this wonderful preparation will help marvelously in restoring its original color; make it grow more abundantly than ever before, and keep it glossy and silky.

Read what one woman says:

"Mme. Robinnair's Hair Dye is the best I have ever used. It is simply marvelous the way it can change the hair from gray to black."—Mrs. Berton, Kansas City, Kan.

Mme. Robinnair's Walnut Hair Dye can be obtained in four shades (black, brown, dark and light brown).

For sale at all drug stores. Large bottle, enough to keep your hair in perfect condition for a year, 75 cents.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us; we'll send it, postpaid, on receipt of price.

FREE OFFER—Samples of the famous Robinnair Face Powder, Cold Cream and Liquid Enamel, together with booklet "Personal Charms," sent free to any woman sending us her name and the name of her favorite drug store. Write at once to

MME. ROBINNAIRE COMPANY
10 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Georgia

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Physical Culture for the Face



RESULTS.

All thinking women know what Physical Culture does for the body. How it changes the figure of a middle-aged woman to that of a girl. **Physical Culture for the Face** removes Double Chin, Nose-to-Mouth Lines, Crown Feet, Sagging Cheeks, rounds out Thin Faces, restores Youthful Appearance and Contour, beautifies Complexions. For the Young it prevents above Disfigurements. It is easily learned, dignified and healthful.

I have taught by mail and most successfully aided many, many women. Write me for free booklet on "Physical Culture for the Face." Address

KATHRYN MURRAY, 704-Y Plymouth Bldg., Chicago

LESSONS IN HAIRDRESSING



FREE Splendidly illustrated—exactly as given in the famous

Boyd System of Beauty Culture, sent absolutely free and without any obligation of any kind. We will also include a copy of a handsome new catalog of Finest Imported Hair Goods—brushes, pins, curlers, etc., all offered at wholesale prices. **HAIR GOODS ON EASY PAYMENTS. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.** Write now for valuable Free Lessons and Catalog. Learn how you can purchase any hair goods from us on easy payments. Letter or postal.

JOSEPHINE BOYD SYSTEM, Dept. 1132, Bush Temple, Chicago

WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These Gems are chemical white sapphires. Can be told from diamonds except by an expert. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they can't be filed and will outlast. Brilliance guaranteed by years. All mounted in solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud on approval—all charges prepaid—no money in advance.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, SPECIAL PRICES AND RING MEASURE.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 706 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind

A CREAMY COMPLEXION IN FORTY DAYS



The World's Greatest Facial Remedy Restores Injured Complexions to the Beauty and Fertility of Youth.

If your blood is impure, or if you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy, sallowness or any blemish under the skin, you need **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers.**

These marvelous beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form are wonderfully effective and are absolutely safe and harmless.

The regular price of **DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS** is \$2.00 per large box, but to introduce them to thousands of new homes we will mail (in plain cover) two large boxes for \$1.00.

RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 55, 415 Broadway, New York



The touch of time falls lightly on the face that is daily cleansed with

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream

This delightful cream has been used for years by our sweethearts, sisters and mothers to protect and improve their beauty. Time has proven that it supplies exactly what is needed to keep the skin soft and fair and retard the telltale wrinkles of time. It prevents chaps and roughness, cleanses grime and impurities from the pores, is splendid for clearing the complexion and for skin troubles generally. Its world-wide use has come from users telling their friends about its excellence. You ought to try it. Guaranteed absolutely **NOT** to make hair grow. Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50 everywhere. Write today for

FREE SAMPLE

and instructive book on the care of the skin, entitled "Beware the Finger of Time."

Address Dept. F
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL,
D. & R. Bldg., New York.

We Sell You At Wholesale

AGENTS' PRICE, ONE

AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle



If we haven't an agent in your city. We want our machine introduced in every town. We also want live agents and offer the best money making proposition on American Motorcycles and American Bicycles. Write us—do it now, American Motorcycle Co., 182 American Bldg., Chicago

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

FOUR SEASONS—ONE LABLACHE

There are four seasons, each vying with the other to harm Nature's greatest legacy—a fair complexion. There is but one LABLACHE. It positively keeps the fairest skin like that of a babe. An invisible, exquisite toilet necessity that lasts longest because it is so wonderfully adherent.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50 cents a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10 cents for a sample box. BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers, Dept. 40, 135 Kingston Street, BOSTON, MASS.



Each
Number Contains
A Delightful Sermonette
By Charles Battell Loomis

Also
A Complete
Novel, a Serial and
Numerous Short Stories




A Striking Fea-
ture Each Month is the
16 Page Art Supplement
Containing Portraits of
Well-known Stage Favorites.

Stories
for 1911 by
Holman F. Day, Anne
O'Hagan, Wallace Irwin,
Virginia Middleton and others.

All over America

White Rock

The
**MOST
POPULAR
WATER**





CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS
606
GOLD EDGES

50¢ per Pack

A Little World of Art-Beauty is Revealed in

CONGRESS CARDS

GOLD EDGES. IVORY AND AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
LARGE INDEXES—IDEAL FOR BRIDGE.

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES. HOYLE
SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS. UP TO DATE
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.



BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

25¢ per Pack

BICYCLE CARDS

LARGE INDEXES. IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
Card Players Appreciate the Splendid Dealing and Wearing Qualities
of Bicycle, the Most Durable 25 cent Card Made.



Ten Days' Free Trial



allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval** and **trial** to anyone in the U. S. and **prepay the freight**. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle **within 10 days**, ship it back and **don't pay a cent**.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest Art Catalogs of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our unheard of prices and marvellous new special offers.

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it Now!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half normal prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. S-110 CHICAGO

Copyright

"Can take a pound a day off a patient or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent."—*N. Y. Sun, Aug., 1891.* Send for lecture, "Great Subject of Fat."

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE
For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.
Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment **\$6.00.** Mail or office, **1370 Broadway, New York.** A **PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED**
"The Cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald, July 9, 1885.*
"On Obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. World, July 7, 1890.*



Your Winter in Florida

(Land of Flowers and Sunshine)
Should include Tampa and

The Tampa Bay Hotel

(FIREPROOF)

Situated in one of the most beautiful tropical parks.

Here you enjoy the most exquisite of all climates—mild and dry, balmy and exhilarating. Every facility for luxurious living that the great cities afford. Every amusement at your command—you may enjoy pleasurable excitement or perfect rest and relaxation.

Fishing—Hunting—Boating—Motoring—Riding—Driving—150 miles of oiled shell roads.

Booklet on Request. **DAVID LAUBER, Gen'l Mgr.**
1910-1911 Season begins December 27th

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Will Fox, Pres. Fox Typewriter Co.

Free Trial

As a business man, I appeal to you not to purchase any typewriter, at any price, nor from anyone, no matter how flattering the proposition may seem to you, until you have given me an opportunity to send you for inspection and trial a new Fox Visible Typewriter. I will do this at my own expense—will not even ask you to pay express charges. This will give you an opportunity to call in any other typewriters you may have in mind and compare them side by side and point for point, with mine—and if the new Fox Visible Typewriter is not a better typewriter than the best of the others—not merely "just as good"—I certainly do not want you to keep it.

For 20c a Day

THE FOX—"THE ONE PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER"—FOR 20 CENTS A DAY! Sent on free trial to anyone—wherever—at my expense—to be returned if not better than the best of other makes. If purchased you can pay me a little down, after trial, and the balance at the rate of 20 cents a day—no payments on Sundays and Holidays.

The Fox is visible—you do not have to look beneath a lot of moving typebars to see what is written! It has a Back Space Key, Tabulator, Two-color Ribbon with Automatic Movement and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Platens, Card Holder, Stencil Cutting Device and Variable Line Spacer with Line Lock and Key Release. Its Speed is fast enough for the speediest operator, slow enough for the beginner—it is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.

Let Me Help

Will you let me help you to come to such a wise decision that there will be no after regret—no financial loss—on your part? If so, fill out the following coupon and mail it today—do it now before you forget it.



Send for Catalog and Other Advertising

Date _____ 19__

W. R. FOX, Pres., Fox Typewriter Co., 4502-4512 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sir—Please send catalog and arrange for the free trial of a Fox Visible Typewriter at your expense—not mine—without any obligation on my part. I will return the typewriter to you within ten days, if I decide not to purchase it.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

MIS

There is One Safe and Speedy Way to Reduce Your Flesh

That is by inducing perspiration wherever reduction is desired. Drugs are dangerous as is also excessive massage and neither will produce the results so surely and speedily as



Dr. Jeanne Walter's famous medicated Rubber Garments FOR MEN AND WOMEN



These garments are made either to cover the entire body or any part. The results from their use are quick and they are absolutely safe, being endorsed by leading physicians.

Used by Athletes, Jockeys, etc., the world over.

Neck and Chin Bands, \$3.00
Chin only, - - - 2.00

A's Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Write at once for further particulars

DR. JEANNE WALTER

Inventor and Patentee

Dept. F, 45 West 34th St., New York

Chicago representative, CARROS, PRIDE, SCOTT & CO.

Philadelphia Representative, BERN. KAMMERER, 1029 Walnut Street



Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 138-page book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run incubators successfully. Send 10 cents for the book, to cover postage.

J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 218, FREEPORT, ILL.

HEADNOISES

STOPPED by simple device. Don't suffer another minute. Write today and I will send you full information by return mail absolutely free.

Address,

G. C. POWELL, (Patentee)

7513 Bank Building

Peoria, Illinois

CHIP, OF THE FLYING "U"

By B. M. BOWER

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. **PRICE, \$1.25.**

STREET & SMITH - Publishers - New York

EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY



That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." Write for Free Trial Offer and Free Book.

ACTINA APPLIANCE CO.

Dept. 28N, 813 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT



No 43

BIG BARGAINS. Diamond rings, any style meeting. Terms: \$5.75 per Month.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. 1523

Our Great New Year Bargains FULL JEWELLED WALTHAM \$10.65

In Fine 75-Year Gold-Plated Case. Guaranteed to keep accurate time SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID.

You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

Greatest Bargain Ever Offered \$1 a Month.

No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will trust you for a high-grade adjusted Waltham Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection.

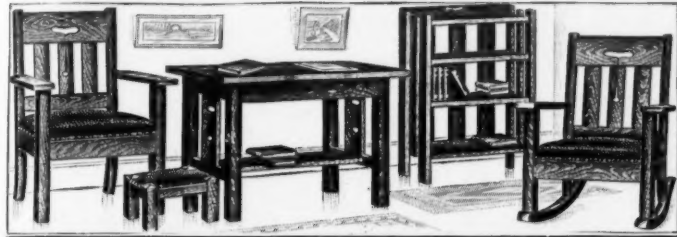
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE

Dept. B29, 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Write for handsome New 1911 Catalog, filled with beautiful photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, solid gold jewelry, Silverware and choice Novelties. Select any article you would like to own or present to a loved one; it will be sent on approval. Write today. Don't delay.



THIS 5-PIECE SET



Sent for
\$2.50

Luxurious mission rocker, massive and elegant; handsome mission arm chair; fine library table to match; good sized mission book rack and foot stool to complete the set. Richly made in select quarter sawed oak, finished in Old English style and upholstered throughout with genuine Nantucket leather. An ornament to any home. Sent to your home for \$2.50 each—balance \$2 a month—cost of set complete only **\$12.95**.

And this is merely one item, selected at random from our immense stock, of the wonderful bargains we offer in high grade, attractive, artistic home furnishings.

You can furnish your home—as 2,000,000 other people have furnished theirs—with furniture that will be a pride and joy to you—that will make your good taste a source of comment among your friends.

Through our 22 big retail stores we furnish hundreds of the most elegant and artistic homes in the large cities. The same opportunity is open to you, at direct-from-factory prices and on terms of payment arranged to suit your pleasure. There is no red tape or inconvenience. You simply select what you want from our catalog and the goods are shipped for your approval. They must satisfy you or there is no sale. Every home-lover should send today for our mammoth



Free Book "EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME"

you how and why we can furnish homes better and more cheaply on our liberal, open-account credit system. Write today for your free copy.

300 pages of interesting ideas about home-fitting, illustrated with pictures of the articles themselves. Tells

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

209 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world.

Established 1856—55 years of success—22 great stores—2,000,000 customers.



\$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

\$1 down, balance small amounts monthly, buys any Table \$6 to \$15. Larger Tables \$25, \$35, \$50, \$75, easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free. The Burrowes Table is high-grade and adapted for the most expert play. Set it on library or dining table, and set it aside when not in use.

NO RED TAPE.—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalog.

E. T. BURROWES COMPANY, 15 Elm Street, Portland, Me.

FOR WOMAN, CHILD AND HOUSEHOLD.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

1911 Yale Motorcycles



1911 4 H. P. YALE, \$200.

With Bosch Magneto, \$235.

1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN, \$300.

Note the straight line frame and low, easy saddle position. All the splendid characteristics of the 1910 models are retained, and increased power gained by offsetting the cylinder and increasing the length of the stroke.

We could build more motorcycles if we were more easily satisfied—if we didn't build them so well. **YALE means QUALITY**—the proof is in the records of every big endurance and reliability contest.

Write for the 1911 literature today.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO.,

1719 Fernwood Ave.,

Toledo, Ohio.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Learn a Good Paying Profession



If YOU will give us part of your spare time for 30 days, we will positively teach you the **Best System of Shorthand**. It is a wonderful new method, easy to learn, simple, only nine characters, no words to memorize; yet so simple and complete that it puts the entire English language at your command in 30 days. Anybody can learn it and become an expert stenographer. We have graduates earning high salaries everywhere. Write for Testimonials & Free Book.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
975 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Illinois.

Have you tried for a prize in Ainslee's Fiction Competition? Read the prize offer on another page in this number.

ORIGINAL-GENUINE HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Tell the substitute: "No, thank you. I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

**"THE KNOB
DOES IT"**

**JUST A SIMPLE PRESSURE
AND THE PEN
FILLS.**

Made Right-To Write Right.
No More Leakage or
Soiled Hands.

Simple,
Safe, Secure.

With No. 2 Gold Pen \$2.00
With No. 4 Gold Pen \$2.50

**"VULCAN"
Self-filling
FOUNTAIN
PENS**

"VULCAN" STYLOS

UNEQUALLED FOR FAST WRITING,
RULING OR MANIFOLDING!

TWO SIZES—4½ AND 5½ INCHES

TWO COLORS—BLACK OR RED \$1.00

Can be carried in any position.

LARGE SIZE 8 INCHES, BLACK ONLY \$1.25

ANY STYLE SENT POST PAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
J. ULLRICH & CO., 603 Thames Bldg., 27 Thames St., N.Y.



THIS MAN

and a thousand others have secured good positions as Traveling Salesmen through our Free Employment Bureau recently, and earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. There are hundreds of other such positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman, and earn \$100 a month or more, while you are learning. Write today for our free book, "A Knight of the Grip," and list of good openings, also testimonials from hundreds of men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office,

Dept. 104, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

BARODA DIAMONDS. Flash Like Genuine

ANY STYLE at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Blind acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. \$5.00. Costa ring 1 ct. \$4.00. 14k Band 1 ct. \$4.00. Send C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring range included, 14k. The Baroda Co., Dept. A-6, Leland and Dover St., Chicago

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart — Soothes Eye Pain

Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00

Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00

EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Delicious, Invigorating MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.

Better than Tea or Coffee.



Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should also be courteous

when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

He will not knock at the telephone door and run away, but will hold himself in readiness to speak as soon as the door is opened.

The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

The success of the telephone democracy depends upon the ability and willingness of each individual to do his part.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

ANNOUNCEMENT OF
PRIZE WINNERS IN

December Fiction Competition

THE results of our second competition for prizes for the best letter of criticism and suggestion as to Magazine fiction were more satisfactory from every point of view than those of the first. It was natural and more or less inevitable that they should be, for the reason that those who took part in the November Competition profited by their experience, besides which very many readers who missed the first joined the host of competitors in the second.

This has been an illuminating experience also for the publishers and editors of AINSLEE'S. While we make it our business to study and anticipate, so far as possible, the tastes and wishes of the reading public, we must under ordinary circumstances rely more or less upon chance to satisfy those tastes. But now, with the piles of letters drawn out by these competitions, we have a definite and unerring guide to direct us. The task of digesting and assimilating the views and opinions of the competitors is an extremely interesting one, and it is going to show results in the pages of AINSLEE'S:

The prizes have been awarded as follows:

First Prize of \$50.00 to

HELEN H. BLAKE, East Orange, New Jersey.

Second Prize of \$30.00 to

JENNIE H. BERNEY, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Third Prize of \$20.00 to

C. S. KELLOGG, New Orleans, La.

Notice of another competition is to be found elsewhere in the advertising pages.



You are
judged
before
you speak

WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream. Pompeian is for both, just as much as soap is for both. But Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin as no soap possibly can. There is no logical reason why either man or woman should have the cleaner or more wholesome skin.

We are all judged largely on first and general appearances—yes, judged before we speak. Comparatively few people come to know our inner selves. Hence the value of appearance; hence the necessity of a fresh, healthy, wholesome skin. Such a complexion is in itself a good introduction for man or woman into either social or business circles.

You are judged before you speak! "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."



POMPEIAN Massage Cream



Don't confuse Pompeian with "cold" or grease creams. Pompeian Massage Cream is entirely different in purpose, use and results. Pompeian "rolls" out of the pores, bringing the hidden dirt with it. It is this rolling-out feature which makes Pompeian Massage Cream entirely different from "cold" or grease creams, which stay in the pores. Use cold creams for cold cream uses, but when you want a cleansing massage cream insist on Pompeian. At all dealers.

**Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin)
for Postage and Packing**



All dealers
50c, 75c and \$1

For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

**The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
34 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.**

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin), for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

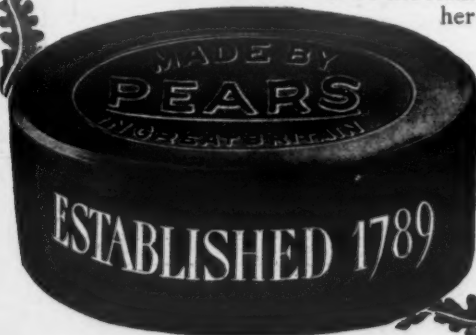


Fashion's Favorite

There is one thing that is always fashion's first favorite, and that is beauty. Style of dress, of coiffure, of head-gear, and so on, may change with every month or season, as whim, fancy, or milliners' decree may dictate, but beauty of skin and complexion are of the fashions that remain permanent from age to age. This explains the fact of the enduring popularity of

Pears' Soap

which, being all pure soap, possessing unique emollient properties, that preserve, refine, and improve the beauty of the skin and complexion, never ceases to be the leading soap wherever beauty holds her enchanting sway.



Delicacy—The delicacy and daintiness of the skin of youth are preserved by the daily use of PEARS.

Refinement—The skin is refined, softened and beautified by the exquisite soothing influence of PEARS.

It is far more economical to use PEARS than it is to use ordinary toilet soaps.

"All rights secured."

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

"Ha
a



Fairy Soap Looks Good Enough to Eat

That's because it is white—untainted with dyes and high perfumes—and is made from edible products. We could charge you five times the five cents we get for it, and we could add nothing to the quality. In higher-priced soaps, you are paying for expensive perfumes and fancy labels, not better soap.

Try Fairy—the handy, floating, oval cake—and know true soap luxury.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Have You
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

FAIRY



Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada.

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY